THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

JANUARY 17, 1914 — 5cts. THE COPY

The Stolen Life—By Melville Davisson Post

First of all—

you buy a jimmy pipe. Get one that chums-up with your spirit right off the bat, natural like. Then lay a dime against a tidy red tin of Prince Albert tobacco that's all pleasing and fragrant and fresh. A match!—and you're off!

Get jimmy pipe joy'us quick as you can beat it up the pike to any store that sells tobacco. Don't put off P. A. pipe joy till tomorrow. You just can't afford delay, because every day you pass up Prince Albert the longer your regret will be.

Hook up a jimmy pipe packed with Prince Albert and you've got the best bet any man fond of a real smoke ever did play. P. A. can't burn your tongue—can't parch your throat! Just mellow and cheerful. Why, men, to open up the A. M. with some P. A. is like getting money from home in the first mail—just punches a smile right into your system!

Get under this:—Prince Albert is made by an exclusive patented process that cuts out bite and parch. P. A. has made it possible for thousands of men to smoke a pipe who never could endure the tongue-sting brands. *And realize:* No other tobacco can be made like

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Copyright by
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C., 1914

"P. A. makes a fellow feel so fine and dandy," says Pap, "that I don't care what the weather is, so long as there is P. A. in the near vicinity.

"Smoke P. A. red hot as if old Jimmy was an engine and she can't touch your tongue. Go to it like sixty!

"That's wise smoking, that P. A. You hit her up any speed, from a full load to a sweetheel, and she is there good and true, like a high top thoroughbred."

You don't have to paste this in your hat, because you can buy Prince Albert down in the village, on Broadway, anywhere, everywhere—*afloat or ashore!* In toppy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; also in handsome pound and half-pound humidors. You get it fresh and fragrant—the real P. A. flavor—*wherever* you drop in, because Prince Albert is the *national* pipe smoke. You can travel anywhere tobacco is sold and you'll find the tidy red tin *yours to command!*

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

"No More Darning for You, Mother—

This Holeproof Six Months' Guarantee Settles That"

MADAM, why does your family wear stockings and socks that need darning every week? Here is hosiery that doesn't need darning—socks and stockings for *men, women, children and infants.*

Six pairs of Holeproof will wear *half a year* without holes or tears. That is guaranteed. If any of the six pairs *fail* in that time we will replace them with *new* hose free. Tell your family about them. They don't *want* you to darn for them. And none of them likes the *discomfort* of darned hose.

For 14 Years

For 14 years *hundreds of thousands* of people have worn no other hosiery than Holeproof.

More than 1,000,000 people ask for Holeproof *today* in thousands of stores in the United States.

Europe is sending for thousands of boxes. And we are operating a factory *in Canada.*

Pure Worth

We go to extremes to get the finest materials. We use the world's *highest-priced* cotton yarns. We could buy yarns in this country for less than *half* what we pay.

But we use yarn of an *extra-long fibre* which means pliability, light weight, softness and strength.

No other yarn permits better *style.* And we produce Holeproofs in all the smartest shades.

Sold Everywhere

The genuine Holeproofs are sold in your town. We'll send the dealers' names on request, or ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance. We make Holeproofs for men and women in cotton or silk.

We have the heavier weights for winter. You will never have any more darning to do once your people learn the reasons of Holeproof's widespread popularity. Write for the free book that tells all about Holeproofs. Let *all the family* see how they are made.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd., London, Canada
Holeproof Hosiery Co., 10 Church Alley, Liverpool, England

Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

$1.50 per box and up for six pairs of men's; $2.00 per box and up for six pairs of women's and children's; $1.00 per box for four pairs of infants'. Above boxes guaranteed six months.

$2.00 per box for three pairs of men's *silk* Holeproof socks; $3.00 per box for three pairs of women's *silk* Holeproof stockings. Boxes of silk guaranteed *three months.*

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. 1906

Holeproof Silk Gloves FOR WOMEN

For long wear, fit and style, these are the finest silk gloves produced. Made in all lengths, sizes and colors.

Write for the illustrated book that tells all about them and write for the name of the dealer near you who sells them.

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An Advertising Idea from Darkest Africa

IN ENGLAND a large proportion of all the coal tar produced is burned up as some form of fuel.

In America 95 per cent is used in valuable manufactures. One way, at least, in which the New World is less wasteful than the Old.

In one of these valuable uses of coal tar there is a story—a story that takes us into darkest Africa, that gives us an inspiring glance at the persistence of men and a hint of the romance of business.

A certain firm manufactured coal tar products. They had seen great industries made greater by advertising. They thought there must be some way in which they could employ this force, but try as they might, they could not see just how So they called in an advertising man.

He asked how coal tar was used.

"One thing," they said, "is for making tar and gravel roofs—the kind of roof you had on the ell back home."

What the Problem Was

These roofs, he found, are made with coal tar pitch and felt. They cannot be bought ready to lay like prepared roofings, but must be laid "on the job" by a local builder or roofer. Right there was disclosed one reason why this firm ought to be in touch with the public through advertising.

There was no accepted standard method for laying roofs. You can lay a poor roof that will look and act all right until after the weather has had a chance at it. The result was that, either through skimping or through mere lack of skill, many roofs did not last very well.

This had two bad effects:

First, owners of houses and buildings did not get as good roofs as they should.

Second, good roofing materials were not being used as freely as they should be, which hurt business.

The advertising man packed his bag and took the train for the West. During the next two months he interviewed about 500 builders, architects, dealers and workmen. He came back—with no recommendation. It looked hopeless—to advertise something that could not be sold all ready for use, but which must be mixed with other ingredients and spread out on top of a building by a third party.

How the Inspiration Came

Soon after, this advertising man was taken ill with a malarial fever. After he had tried all sorts of remedies without success, a doctor gave him a certain prescription. It was filled at a drug store round the corner, and it cured him. Being of an inquiring mind, he asked what was in the prescription. The doctor said:

"When Henry M. Stanley went into Africa to find Livingstone, his men were attacked right and left by fevers. The physician in the party, whose job was to fight these fevers, was a Dr. Warburg. By experiment after experiment, under the pressure of necessity, he finally worked out a certain specific, made up of a number of standard drugs. After he had returned to civilization he did what the ethics of his profession demanded. He gave his secret freely to the world. It was accepted by medical science, and is today published in various standard works of medicine, and is known by Warburg's name. Any doctor can write it, and any druggist can compound it. That's what cured you."

That night the long-sought-for idea flashed on the advertising man.

"Why," he asked himself, "shouldn't there be a recognized prescription for tar and gravel roofs, which any owner or architect can specify and any roofer can carry out, buying his materials from any builder? With the right specification honestly followed, roofs would be laid right."

How They Worked It Out

He took the plan to the manufacturers. They consulted engineers and architects. The best methods and proportions of materials were set down in black and white. And, with some hesitation, they began to advertise. What they decided to advertise was not their own materials, but a method, a specification for laying roofs. Their own firm was so large that they could afford to promote the whole coal tar industry, and let competitors reap a share of the advantage.

The first advertising was done in trade and technical papers, to reach architects and engineers, and in *The Saturday Evening Post* and one other general medium, to reach consumers. Circulars and other mail matter were also sent to architects and builders.

Scientific and progressive men are quick to adopt a plan based on scientific methods. They tried the specification, and, finding that it produced better and longer-lasting roofs, used it again and again. And the layman was gradually educated to ask for that kind of roof on his construction.

What Were the Results?

The increase in the demand for the goods was so noticeable that methods were worked out for advertising other uses of coal tar, one by one. This year that same firm is investing in advertising to the extent of twenty times its original appropriation, and is getting its money's worth.

Let us see, then, what national advertising accomplished in this instance:

First, it corrected a condition in an industry which was suffering because of the misuse of its product.

Second, it found a way to make sure that owners of buildings should get *good* tar and gravel roofs instead of *poor* ones.

Third, it greatly increased the use, for an economical and beneficial purpose, of a product which in England, for example, is generally burned up as fuel.

Does not this show how advertising can be of true economic service to

(1) the business man
(2) you, the consumer, and
(3) the whole American public?

The Curtis Publishing Company

This story is told more fully in "Selling Forces," the 282-page illustrated work on national advertising recently issued by The Curtis Publishing Company. If you live in any of the large cities you can probably consult this book free in your public library. Or it will be sent prepaid for $2.00. Address The Curtis Publishing Company, 1 Madison Ave., New York City.

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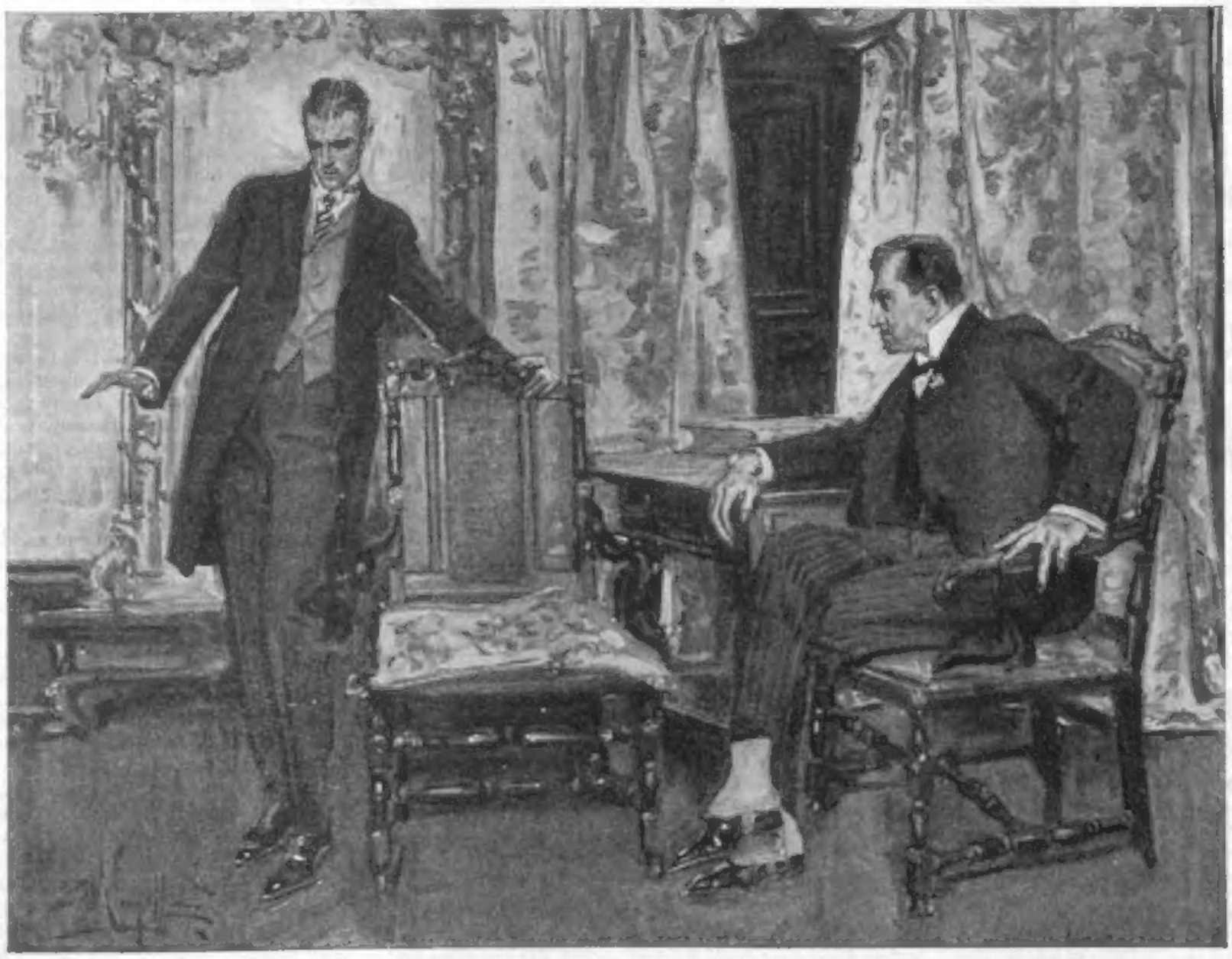
THE STOLEN LIFE

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL



"One Would be Bound as a Man of Honor to Go Back to Them"

IT HAD been a trying voyage from the first day. The Martagne had come out of Cherbourg to meet the great April storm. The liners to follow her were forty hours getting to sea and then they wallowed out in a tornado.

It was about five o'clock in the morning when the gale struck the Martagne. The officers knew they were going into bad weather, but not even the oldest of them was prepared for that storm. It struck with a great cap of wind that put the ship on end and then ran up to a hundred-mile gale. There was no pause to make the ship tight by decks, as is usual. All the portholes were closed with steel plates, the steel doors were put up and the ship from stern to bow sealed over like a steel bobbin.

The Martagne is one of the newest and largest liners, equipped with every device to make her steady; but she teetered in the sea that came on, like a bit of nutshell. Everybody remembers that storm; not a ship came in whole. The greatest English liner was reported lost in it.

For four days the Martagne struggled westward in a sea that washed entirely over her top decks. She pitched, with a long, sickening fall; her screws raced, and the great wrench of the seas threatened to twist her hull. The ship rose with a vast, hideous shiver, like a creature in some deadly fear, and fell as though she were going down to the bottom of the Atlantic.

Those of the passengers able to be about the ship gathered in the saloons; but there was nothing social in these groups. They came together by virtue of that instinct common to all animals in fear. The closed ship and the ungovernable sea oppressed them. And they felt the feeble loneliness of every human creature—and the hideous indifference of those awful elemental forces among which he dwelt, unprotected and at his peril.

On the fifth day the gale ceased and the Martagne, driven south of the main Atlantic track, entered a sea that undulated in vast swells as though the waters were thick and viscous. There lay a clinging mist upon the rim of this oily water; but to the horizon it was clear, though a thin, drizzling rain fell. The top decks were opened and the passengers in greatcoats went out; but the decks were wet, the air was damp and cold, and they presently returned to the shelter of the saloons.

Everybody on the Martagne was depressed. The long confinement in the closed ship, the late fear of the sea, and this gray day, threatened by a creeping fog and washed by a mistlike rain that never ceased to fall, chilled the heart. Nothing changed as the day advanced—neither the undulating sea, nor the line of fog on the horizon, nor the rain—until three o'clock in the afternoon, in longitude fifty; then suddenly the ship stopped. And immediately, with incredible swiftness, it became known that a passenger had gone overboard.

Everybody went out on to the top deck. The prow of the ship was lined with sailors. All the lookouts were full, and an officer with a picked crew was endeavoring to lower a boat; but the boat could not be lowered. It hung a third of the way to the water, with its crew laboring to prevent it from being crushed against the side of the ship. The passengers crowded forward, inquiring of every one and searching the sea.

Suddenly some one cried out:

"There he is!"

The voice was thin and nervous. And immediately everybody looked down where a hand, held out over the rail of the deck, pointed into the sea. At first they saw only a cap that floated at a certain distance from the ship, rising and falling with the long swells. Then, quite close under the prow, they saw the man. He hung in the water precisely as a wounded bird hangs in the air before it falls. He seemed to stoop over, his face down and his arms and legs extended into the sea under him. The back of his head and his shoulders were above the water.

And this strange attitude of the drowned man was that of one who gropes blindly about for something he has lost. The long swells, that did not break, lifted the body, but they did not cast it out of the water or against the ship; they enabled it, rather, to move gently—as though thus, with its face down, the creature, at its leisure and unhurried, searched the depths of the sea.

The boat, impossible to launch, was now ordered back to the davits and a ladder was put over the side. A sailor with a lifeline tied round him descended; but the ladder swung like a pendulum, flinging the man far out over the sea, and with difficulty he regained the deck.

Then the crew, squatting along the prow and clinging to the rail of the deck, fished for the body with grappling hooks; but with a ghastly nimbleness the dead man eluded them. When the hooks landed near him he slipped away, and when they touched him he ducked quickly, with an evasive shrug of the shoulders.

And, always with his face buried in the water, the dead man continued his patient, unhurried search of the abyss beneath him.

The passengers crowded against the rail and, peering into the sea, plied the officers and every sailor with innumerable questions; but no one knew either the man or any detail of the tragedy. He had been seen to go overboard and the ship had been put about. It had cruised in great circles, drawing in on its course until the floating body had been discovered. The man had been in the sea for an hour. He had been floating always thus—with his face under! He had been long dead.

The rain fell steadily; and the passengers, huddled together, pale, shivering with the cold, continued to watch this ghastly contest until presently a strange thing happened: Abruptly, as though suddenly aware that the thing he sought was not here, the dead man began to move away from the ship. He moved out north as though he took a determined direction.

And all at once everybody realized that the ship was on her way. The line of fog inclosing the horizon crept in. Far off, rising and falling with the great swells, the dead man, groping in the sea, continued his journey. And almost immediately night descended.

Sir Rufus Simon, the barrister, enjoyed a reputation unequaled in the whole of London. He stood for a scrupulous integrity and the nicest honor. He belonged to a race given to extremes—great figures that shadowed over mankind and the lowest trickster.

It may have been for this reason that Sir Rufus Simon, who occupied the top floor of his race, felt a pressing need to maintain the very highest ideals by which a man could live.

Every charity came to Sir Rufus for his name upon its list. And every enterprise pretending the public welfare and seeking the confidence of London stripped before this barrister for the stamp of his approval. And he gave it or withheld it upon his conscience. He took his measurements by no decalogue.

The man was a gentleman. He required only that one should act from the motives and according to the customs of a man of honor; but he did press for that. He pressed for it with a ruthless insistence. Moreover his high-standing character put him outside of fear. He was not afraid to handle the mysterious and equivocal from the underside of life. What availed it to be a great surgeon if one drew back before the loathsome malformations of the body!

Early in April Sir Rufus Simon received a letter asking him to come at once to Ostend, in Belgium. He did not know the name, but the writer referred to Blackwell's Bank. Sir Rufus inclosed the letter to the bank, with a note of inquiry.

He got an immediate reply by special messenger.

The bank advised him that the correspondent was one of its depositors and had arranged with it to advance the barrister's fee. The reply was in formal terms and inclosed a draft for five hundred guineas; but at the bottom of the sheet, in the cramped hand of the old Scotch manager, Mackenzie, were added the words:

"For God's sake, go!"

Sir Rufus put the letter into his pocket and took a hansom to the bank. He went directly into the manager's office and laid the letter on the table.

"Mackenzie," he said, putting his finger on the written line, "what does this comment mean?"

The old manager was visibly embarrassed.

"I ask you to overlook that, Sir Rufus," he said. "It was an impulse. I was moved by the urgency of our depositor's directions to us. They were pressing. I may venture to say unusually pressing!"

He stepped about in his embarrassment, fingering his waistcoat.

"We did not presume to fix your fee, Sir Rufus. We were directed to send five hundred guineas—but if you thought that insufficient to increase it, to meet the sum you named."

"The fee," replied the barrister, "is enough; but what does this man want?"

"Now that," cried the old manager, "I cannot tell you, for I do not know it. He has connections—I may venture to say the best connections. Our directions from him are insistent. The man is in some mortal need of you, Sir Rufus. I cannot say more than that, for I know nothing more."

The barrister took the afternoon boat from Dover. The final words of the Scotchman decided him. Men of that race were not given over to extravagance of language, and those of them who banked in London, in old conservative houses, were the very last persons in the world to be moved by an emotion. To strike a human cry out of such commercial mechanism the need must indeed be—as the man had said—mortal. For no less would Mackenzie have added those four words to his letter!

There was a fog in the Channel and it was night when Sir Rufus Simon reached Ostend. He found an empty dock. There was no cab to be had and he set out on foot. The address was a little street entering the Digue de Mer, and the barrister, who knew Ostend, felt fairly certain he could find it. He crossed the drawbridge and proceeded along the quay.

There was here the scoriæ and the stenches of a human settlement, but there was no living creature to be seen. There were lights at intervals above the street and now and then behind a door, but they were not the lights of occupancy—they were the lights of abandonment.

Sir Rufus felt that if he should knock on these doors no one would reply, and if he should push one open he should find a burned-down candle guttering in the stick, and about the room hurried evidences of flight. The stripped masts of the fishing boats crowded into the stone elbow of the quay, and a rat that crawled out from a rotten door-sill before him added to the illusion of an exodus.

The rat looked old, gorged and unwieldy, and it crippled along on the cobblestones with that curious movement of such creatures when they are unhurried. The man felt that if he should strike it with his cane it would utter some loathsome, abominable plaint—as though it had every right to consider itself safe here and had been taken advantage of.

Sir Rufus quickened his steps. It did not help him to remember that this was a summer city, emptied in these months. The explanation was not sufficient to exorcise the fancy that possessed him. He traversed the quay and turning south entered the great sweep of the Digue de Mer.

The fog had moved out, leaving the incomparable boulevard, paving the arc of the sea and bordered by a fantastic and extravagant architecture, uncovered to the eye. Below it the whole desert of sand, reaching from the curve of the seawall to the water and extending interminably into the distance, seemed a thing organic—a thing that lay prostrated, oozing with moisture, as though but now released from some vast and poisonous pressure.

In spite of the hard, practical discipline of his trade the sensitive and impressionable nature of the man, steeped in the legends of his race, could not escape from the idea that he traversed an abandoned city—a city cursed by one of those awful visitations mentioned in the sacred books of his religion, from which every man had fled precipitously and in mortal terror, casting down the utensil in his hand.

The caryatides of the villas and the Asiatic architecture of the great Casino, abounding in a confused oriental imagery, grotesque and illusive—and the elevated promenade beyond it, supported by pillars and arches, as though it were a hanging garden—established the illusion of an ancient and wicked capital of pleasure. And the evidences of a baleful toxic blight, withdrawing from a work of deadly ministration, were in this poisoned beach, this yellow fog that rolled out, and this phosphorescent sea that burned along its edges with a blue flame, as though the hideous virility of this thing threatened even the inorganic substances of Nature!

Sir Rufus was approaching the Casino; and he began now to examine the narrow streets that entered the Digue de Mer. Presently he found one that corresponded to his memory and turned into it. Within a dozen steps he stopped before a door.

It was the entrance to a villa in the Italian fashion that occupied the corner and fronted upon the Digue de Mer. Under his hand a bell far away within the bowels of the house jangled. After some time the door opened and an old woman let him in. She spoke some words in Flemish; but, seeing that he did not understand, she turned about and began to go up the stairway. He followed.

She went slowly, hoisting her huge bulk from one step to the next with a labored effort but with no sound, for the stairway was carpeted. At the first landing she opened a door and Sir Rufus entered. A man warming his hands over a coal fire that smoked in the chimney rose; and two things impressed themselves upon Sir Rufus—that he had seen this man somewhere before tonight; and that he belonged to an elevated class.

The man placed a chair for his guest, closed the door and turned up the lamp. He offered an apology for the discomforts and the journey he had forced on the barrister. The bearing of the man, his manner and his words, established his social status. He was dressed with care, and there was about him, even in this equivocal position, a certain insolence that presumed to command the attendance of any one in a profession upon the payment of his fee; but it was the insolence of habit and not of intention. The man was beyond every sham and pretense. He was in some mortal extremity and he came to it with the directness of those who face that way.

"Sir Rufus," he said, "I have sent for you to ask your opinion."

"Upon the law," replied the barrister, "my opinion is to be commanded."

"But it is not upon the law," returned the man, "that I would have it. I am sick of the law! I am sick unto death of every artificial standard in this world. I want to know what to do!"

"I do not presume to advise upon matters outside my profession," replied the lawyer.

"You will not refuse me on that account!" cried the man. "You are the one person whose opinion I must have—whose opinion will be sure. I put you before any man in England." He made an annoyed and exasperated gesture. "I know what a lawyer would say, what a clergyman would say, what all the ruck of professional advisers would advise me; but I want the opinion of a man of honor. I want the opinion of a gentleman!"

Sir Rufus thought he had never seen a living creature in such anxiety of insistence.

"I want you to give me your opinion," the man continued. "I want you to give it to me fully, with no reservations. I want the reasons for it. I want the whole thing put before me as in your mind it is before you. When I have asked you, go on and tell me, and I will listen."

Sir Rufus looked closely at the man. He was astonished and profoundly puzzled; and the need—the common primitive human need—of the man laid hold on him.

"I will do anything I can to help you," he said finally.

"Then," cried the man, "tell me: Can any man—no matter who, no matter what his training and instincts may be—can any man say how he will conduct himself in the sudden presence of an awful and unimagined peril?"

Sir Rufus Simon looked at the man in astonishment, but he answered at once.

"Ah, sir," he said, "it is indeed the living truth that no one of us can answer that question. Caught on the moment, out of the security of life, to face the King of Terrors, in spite of every hope, one may prove to be no better than a coward. But there is this distinction, I think, between a gentleman and that one who is not: When he has a little time to compose himself the gentleman will begin to act like a man of honor."

He stopped for a moment and looked keenly at his host.

"If it were not for this," he continued, "the distinctions of class would be an abominable pretense. If one man is better than another it is because he will act better in a given case; it is because he maintains what we call principles at some peril to his life and fortune.

"One cannot precisely say what this standard is, but the presence of it is the distinguishing mark of a man of honor. We think he would not send one under his authority into a thing that he feared to face himself; we think he would not advance himself upon the ignorance or incapacity of another; and we think he would not go out of danger before the weak and helpless."

The barrister went on with an appalling frankness.

"All men, however, do not estimate these principles at so great a value. To very many this value is excessive. And so it happens that there is a certain peril in pretending to be what one is not. One cannot take the distinctions of a gentleman and leave behind him the obligations that go with it. He may be called upon to meet the standard he pretends. And he must then disclose the sham he is or he must sacrifice himself for an ideal he does not believe in; and his vain end becomes, beyond that of all other creatures, miserable: for he will reflect that, but for these false principles of honor, he would have won a way out of this disaster with his life."

Here the stranger interrupted: "Might not a man's life be worth so much—so much to some great enterprise—that he ought to save it?"

"I think such a consideration would never occur to a man of honor," replied the barrister.

The man got on his feet at that and faced Sir Rufus Simon.

(Concluded on Page 39)

MISTER CONLEY

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

A NICKNAME is like a porous plaster—you slap one on a fellow to cure him of something and it takes hold easy enough, but it fetches the hair with it when it comes off.

Mister Conley was what we called him, with the accent on the Mister. We wished the title on him to cure him of freshness, and it stuck so tight that we came near making a stranger out of the best third baseman in the league.

Most ballplayers are christened by the newspaper men, but Conley wasn't. We named him ourselves and we gave him a monaker that was meant to hurt. Sarcasm is the stuff that gets under the skin. It's harder to bear than downright abuse; but, even so, I claim that he might better have been Mister Conley than just plain Conley, 3b.

Did you ever stop to think that it's a bad sign when a ballplayer hasn't a nickname of any sort? Take the Guide and pick out the boys who are known simply by their last names, and you'll find you haven't many stars in your collection. They'll be just good enough to get by. No bats or gloves will ever be named after 'em.

It takes an exception to make a rule. For some reason or other they never say Walt when they talk about Johnson. He's always Walter; but, shucks! that fellow doesn't need a nickname! He's got everything else.

"The Next Time I Get You at the Plate I'm Going to Hit You Right in the Ear. Do You Get Me?"

We tacked the Mister on Conley at the spring training camp, and it was his own fault. You know how it is down South in March—especially when the ivory-hunters have been beating the jungles the season before. The place is all gummed up with infielders and outfielders and pitchers—minor leaguers and sandlotters and semi-pro's—until you don't dare to turn round quick for fear of stepping on one of 'em.

We regulars don't pay much attention to recruits, as a general thing—we see so many of 'em. If a youngster shows a lot of class we look him over, but that's as far as we go with him. We don't present him with the keys of the city on suspicion.

It isn't that we're swelled up or stuck on ourselves; we're only particular. Some clubs are different, but we have always been clannish. When the boss picks out a new man we give him the third degree; and if he stands the acid and comes out ninety-nine per cent human being we let him in—when we get good and ready. We're never in a hurry about it and we don't like to be rushed. It's easier for a St. Louis woman to break into Chicago society than it is for a busher to land a front seat in our family circle.

We'd been hearing a few things about Conley from Gagus, the chief scout. Gagus found him out West somewhere during the boy's first year as a professional ballplayer. Before that he had been at some jerkwater college or other.

The trouble with him was that he expected too much of us in the welcome-to-our-city line and expected it too soon. There wasn't anybody to give him a quiet tip to lie back and wait; so he came tearing into our midst as frisky as a fox-terrier pup—he wanted to paw everybody and slobber over 'em. The kid meant it all right—he just didn't understand our system. He was loaded to the guards with college notions, and I think he joined out with us under the impression that a big-league ball club is a cross between a college fraternity and a six months' joy ride.

Lots of bushers have that idea; but after they've been farmed out and traded round a while they get over it. That sort of experience would have been the best thing in the world for Conley; but he missed it. Conley took a running jump and landed square on third base, owing to Rance Murdock's coming down with matrimony and emotional insanity at the same time. I'll explain about him:

Most of us regulars met at St. Louis and started South from there, that being a sort of shipping point for ballplayers in the spring of the year. Our party was complete—all but Rance Murdock, who was to join us there after wintering in Kansas City. Rance had been our third baseman for five years—and a corking good one he was. It was a treat to play beside him; and if a shortstop doesn't know a third baseman when he sees one, who does?

Billy Howard, the club secretary, was with us, representing the Bald Eagle, who was already at the training camp sizing up the recruits and trying to get a pitcher or two out of the mess. We were all sitting in the lobby of the hotel and Billy was scuttling round like a wet hen, fussing about Rance, the baggage and a lot of other things—the way club secretaries always do.

"I wired him a week ago to meet us here today," says Billy. "Come to think of it, he never answered—oh, here he is now!"

It was Rance, sure enough, all dressed up like a horse, with a flower in his buttonhole. I knew the minute I laid eyes on him that something was wrong. He was nervous, and it showed in the way he laughed and slapped us on the back. That wasn't like Rance—and it wasn't like him to carry a dinky little cane either.

"Well, stranger," says Billy, "I was beginning to think I'd have to leave your transportation here and let you follow us. We're hitting the rattler at seven-thirty. Where is your trunk?"

"I didn't bring one," says Rance—and then he pulled it on us as unexpected as a triple play.

He had gone and eloped with a Kansas City girl a couple of days before; and her father, after he recovered from the shock and cooled off, had offered him an interest in the retail clothing business to quit playing baseball.

"So I guess I won't need that transportation," says Rance; he didn't have the nerve to come out flatfooted and say he was going to quit.

"Why, man alive," says Billy, "you ain't a-going to run out on the club, are you?"

"Well, no-o," says Rance—"not exactly run out; but I'm a married man now, and ——"

"G-o-o-d—night!" says Smokeless Solly Jones, the pitcher, putting in his oar. "Any time they begin to pull that I'm-a-married-man-now stuff you don't have to ask for waivers. You can hand 'em an unconditional release on the spot. They may look all right and they may talk all right, but they'll never be the same again! If I was a manager I wouldn't give a nickel for a whole carload of bridegrooms. It's a form of insanity, sure!"

"Wait!" says Howard, dancing up and down. "Wait a minute, Solly! You're hitting out of your turn. Let me talk to him: Now, Rance, you wouldn't want to leave the boss flat on his back, would you?"

"No," says Rance, stalling, "I wouldn't want to do it, Billy; but my wife's old man has made a sweet business proposition and I don't see how I can overlook it. A third interest in the best clothing store in Kansas City is pretty soft. There's no future in baseball—you know that as well as I do. In a few years I'll be all through, and then what have I got? Nothing but a lot of jammed-up fingers and inflammatory rheumatism. I talked it all over with my wife, and she thinks ——"

"Police!" howls Smokeless, breaking in again. "That's the tip-off, fellers! His wife thinks! Those wishing to take a last view of the remains kindly pass to the right! Why, you poor deluded simp, have you quit thinking for yourself? Did it strike you that it was going to ruin this ball club to have a gap at third base? I'll bet no such notion ever knocked a splinter off that granite dome! You've got an elegant gall—haven't you—coming round here, shaved nine days under the skin and all disguised up with cologne and chrysanthemums!

"And so you're going to peddle hand-me-downs to the yokels because your wife thinks you hadn't better play baseball any more! It's a wonder she'd let you out alone this evening, for fear you'd catch cold! Great Cupid! You didn't marry a suffragette, did you? You've still got a vote, I hope! Just because you let a girl take you by the arm and drag you down the aisle ——"

"Here!" says Rance, red as a beet, and pretty mad; "this is the second time you've stuck your cue into a private game, and if you do it again I'll knock all the chalk off of it for you. Do you get me?"

"You never saw the day!" bawls Solly. "You and all your wife's counterjumper relations! You couldn't do it if you were in your right mind! Did she have to tell the preacher 'I will' for you?"

Well, that was pretty raw, and for a few seconds it looked like war right there in the lobby; but some of the boys got hold of Solly and herded him into the bar, and the rest of us closed in on Rance and argued with him. It wasn't any use though. It never is any use to argue with a bridegroom; he glories in his shame. Whenever we got Rance treed and out on a limb he'd tell us what his wife thought. That benched us every time—didn't even leave us a comeback.

Pretty soon Solly came back and said he was sorry. Old Smokeless has his faults, but he's always willing to apologize when he sees he's wrong. Sometimes he has to be licked before he can see it; but in this case it wasn't necessary.

"Rance, old hoss," says he, "I went a little too strong with that bawl-out and I'm sorry. Of course I don't really think that she kidnaped you, even if ——"

"Let it go at that," says Rance, and they shook hands.

"This is on the level?" asks Solly. "You ain't trying to stick the Bald Eagle for more dough, are you? You're really going to quit?"

"Yes, I'm going to quit, Solly."

"Too bad!" says Smokeless, shaking his head. "Too bad! I'm going to miss you when I'm in there working—especially on the bunts. We'll all miss you; and don't fool yourself, Rance—you'll miss us. The afternoons will be awful long, with nothing to do but carry a tape measure round your neck. You'll get to thinking how good it feels to hook a fast one on the nose and watch her sail."

"Oh, I don't know," says Rance; but he couldn't look Solly in the eye.

"Some day," says Smokeless, "you'll run across a big-league ball club on the road. You'll see men who have been like brothers to you looking out of the Pullman windows, and you'd give all the clothing stores in Missouri to be with them again—just for one game; but you'll be fat and out of shape, and you won't be able to get your hands below your knees. You're selling out awful cheap, Rance, old boy—awful cheap!"

"Oh, I don't know," says Rance, doing his best to smile and not getting it across very strong. "I don't think it will be as bad as that, Solly."

"You just wait!" says Smokeless. "It'll be worse."

Rance went to the depot to see us off and somewhere on the way he lost the fat, self-satisfied look of an amateur married man. I was on the observation platform as the train started to pull out and I got a good look at him. He was shy all the earmarks of a bridegroom.

Have you ever seen a kid outside a circus tent—a kid who knows that he's not going to get in to see the show,

but can't quite bring himself to the point where he'll give up hope and go home? Well, that was Rance. He was standing there in the gateway, all alone, looking through at us; and, believe me or not, I wouldn't have traded places with him for the entire state of Missouri.

By golly, a man ought to pick out a regular wife to break even for the loss of all his old pals, and I hoped Rance had been lucky in the draw. Well, that's how we came to be shy a third baseman, and it explains why Mister Conley got his running jump into the regular line-up.

II

THE Bald Eagle shed a few tail-feathers when he heard that Rance had signed a life contract in the Matrimonial League and left a hole at third base you could drive a furniture van through.

It's no joke to lose a third baseman, because those fellows are born, not made; and they don't grow on every bush. I'm supposed to be a fair sort of shortstop, which is my regular position, and I've done some second-basing that wasn't so rotten; but put me on third and I'll kick away a dozen games a season. Real third basemen are like black pearls—worth anything you can get for 'em; and there's never enough to go round.

What made it particularly bad was that the boss didn't have a word of warning. He'd been counting on Rance as good for five years more and he didn't have a spare third sacker in sight or under cover. The Bald Eagle—we call him Jimmy Patten to his face—had to get a third baseman in a hurry, and there were only three ways to do it—two of 'em hard and the third a miracle: he could trade, buy outright, or find the sort of man he wanted among the recruits.

You can figure what sort of terms you get on a trade when the other fellow knows you've simply got to do business with him. The boss knew that if he traded he'd have to give his right eye and a piece of his immortal soul to boot; and if he bought an established star it would be a five-figure deal. It was good horse-sense to look for the miracle first; so the Bald Eagle took another quick slant at the recruit infielders. And there was young Conley right under his nose—a born third baseman; I will say that for him.

The first day at the practice park I sized up the bushers carefully, for I was interested in seeing the third-base gap plugged. There was one redhead in the bunch who loomed up like a twenty-dollar goldpiece on a collection plate—and it was Conley. He was a sure-enough ballplayer and it showed in every move he made.

There is such a thing as baseball instinct. Almost any man who is fast on his feet and has good eyesight can be taught to field grounders and handle throws; but it's what a man does after he gets the ball in his hands that counts. Up to that point the work is mechanical.

Conley knew what to do with the ball and he didn't have to stop to think. He had nice hands; he went after the ball the right way, handled it clean, and got it away from him like a streak. In the batting practice he stood up to the plate as though he'd seen one before and took a good, snappy jolt at the ball. I saw the Bald Eagle watching him, grinning like he does when he picks up a pair of aces on the draw. It didn't take half an eye to see the boss was sweet on the redhead.

That night at dinner some of us were talking about Conley. We weren't boosting him, you understand—it was a little early for that. We were just mentioning that we'd noticed him as among those present. About the middle of the discussion in walked the bird himself, looked all round, and then came over and sat down at our table.

Well, it wasn't exactly a crime; but it wasn't the right thing either. In our camp the recruits have tables of their own and do their sword-swallowing in a bunch. There was a dead silence for a few seconds; and I guess Conley felt the drop in the temperature, for he fished out a little leather case and handed his card to Solly Jones. It was just his luck to pick out the strongest kidder in the club. Smokeless looked at the card for some time.

"Conley—Mister Marshall P. Conley. H'm! Don't recognize the name. Are you—stopping in the city, Mister Conley?"

Conley started to laugh, but it fizzled out on him, for nobody laughed with him.

"Why, yes," says the redhead. "I—I'm with the ball club. Conley—from the D. P. D. League, you know."

"Huh!" says Smokeless, and went on eating.

Conley didn't quite know what to make of it; he sat there looking foolish and turning the cardcase over and over in his hands. More silence. "Pretty nice weather for spring training," says he at last.

Solly began to talk across the table to Husky Mathews.

"No, sir; I tell you you're wrong!" says he, as if he were getting back to an old argument. "I claim there's a better way than sawing 'em off short or knocking 'em off with a club. That's a quick way, but it's likely to fracture the skull."

"If I'm wrong show me," says Husky, without the least notion of what it was all about, but willing to help it along.

He'd Kept Himself Bottled Up So Long He Just Couldn't Stand It Another Minute

"I use a kind of salve," says Smokeless. "If anybody is troubled that way rub a little dab into the scalp and in a few days they drop off by themselves. And it don't damage the horns either."

"Horns!" says Conley, trying to shoulder in on the play and leaving himself wide open for the comeback. "Horns—on a human being?"

"Oh, I wouldn't go so far as to say a human being." And Smokeless took another look at the card. "It's used on goats, Mister Conley—and bush leaguers. It keeps 'em from butting in. I've got a box of it in my trunk if you'd like to try it."

That was about all for Conley. It spoiled the meal for him; but the redhead was too proud to push back his chair and quit. He sat there, going through the motions of eating, and now and then trying to edge in on the conversation; but somebody crossed in front and took the ball away from him every time. The best he got was a chance to look interested and nod his head once in a while. It was a pretty rough deal on a beginner; but if he had played his proper position he would have missed it.

Smokeless was responsible for the nickname. He carried that card round with him even when he was in uniform, and every time the redhead opened his mouth Smokeless would begin to look through his pockets. He'd dig up the card, take a slant at it and then pull the Mister Conley on him.

In a few days we were all doing it. The newspaper men took it up next, and after Conley saw his press notices he began eating by himself over in a far corner.

"It's like this," Smokeless explained: "When they were dealing out the humility this young third-basing demon didn't draw to his hand. It's a cinch he's going to be one of us, but it won't hurt him to be reminded once in a while that he's only related to this ball club by marriage. When he's tame we can let up on him."

Conley took his taming like a little man and didn't talk back to any of the regulars; but it wasn't exactly nutritious for any of the other bushers to call him Mister.

There was a big, rawboned recruit pitcher named Hendricks—from out West somewhere—and he made it his business to ride Conley every chance he got. He Mistered him all over the place for a few days and then the redhead invited him over behind the grandstand. The Bald Eagle refereed it—Jim Patten wouldn't give a nickel for a ballplayer who won't fight—and Conley gave that big rube thirty pounds and as swell a licking as you could wish to see.

"That's a plenty!" says Hendricks as he was getting up the last time. "I'm no hog! I know when I'm satisfied. I'll call you anything you like if you'll only teach me to use my left hand like that. I never saw her coming once."

"Don't call me anything. Just keep away from me," says Conley. He went back on the diamond and after that he was cock-of-the-walk with the recruits. The Bald Eagle was tickled to death with him.

"He can lick any man on the team," says the boss. "It's a treat to see a good straight left again."

"Yeah," says Smokeless; "but his footwork is coarse and he telegraphs that right hand every time he cuts it loose. He'd be a chopping-block for a man who would step in and beat him to it."

Solly is a wonder at picking out a boxer's weak points, but nobody ever saw him find any of 'em with his fists.

"Take a tip from me, Jones," says the boss, "and lay off of this sorrel-top. Some day he'll weary of your comedy and eat you alive."

"Well," says Solly, "in that case I have a ticket that I won't go hungry entirely. I'll gather a toothful here and there while he's making a meal."

"All right," says the Bald Eagle, hitching up his belt, "if that's the way you feel about it; but don't forget that the real comedians are the ones who know when to get off the stage, and the best thing about a joke is knowing when it's played out."

III

WE DIDN'T ease up on Conley, and Solly worked that cardstuff on him until he wore the card out; but the kid never said a word. I can see now that the college-frat idea must have been strong in his head. A fraternity candidate gets an awful rough ride before he's finally taken in as a brother, and the better he stands the ragging the more they think of him, as a rule.

Conley must have had a notion that he was being initiated; and when the boss told him to pack up his junk and get ready to start North with the regulars it was natural for the boy to figure that he'd passed his examinations and been elected a blood brother.

That was the time when he should have held back a little and let us make the advances; but I suppose he'd kept himself bottled up so long that he just couldn't stand it another minute. And he was a friendly kid by nature. That night he came swarming into the Pullman with his bags; and the first crack out of the box he jammed my derby down over my eyes and slapped Husky Mathews on the back.

"Well, by golly, we're all here, fellers!" says he.

"Mister Conley is crowding the mourners a trifle," says Solly to me. "Somebody ought to tell him that it's a long time till October and the averages ain't quite figured up yet. Look at him jab Dugan in the slats! Ain't he freshlike, all at once!"

Well, it probably wasn't all freshness at that. A lot of it was excitement and sheer happiness at getting what every young ballplayer dreams of—a chance in the big league. I remember I was as daffy as a canary bird the first few days myself; and when a kid is happy he's simply got to talk and laugh and make a noise, or he'll bust. After all that silence and dignity the reaction had got Conley, and his tongue was loose at both ends.

Even then I think he would have made the riffle if he had used ordinary judgment. Everybody was feeling lively and cheerful, what with the training season being over and the salaries going to start in a couple of weeks, and so on. It wasn't any time to be carrying grouches and picking flaws, and Conley's little burst of freshness might have got by in the general wave of good feeling if he hadn't put himself in line for a bawl-out. It was his second bad break.

Of course there was a poker game, and Eddie Pine, our first baseman, dropped thirty bucks right off the reel. Then, like a fellow will do sometimes when he's a loser, Eddie began trying to run everybody out of the good pots—and, of course, he got trimmed some more. Conley was leaning over from the seat behind making a lot of comments about the different plays and the pots, and so on. That was tolerable rank judgment, to begin with.

I saw Eddie look at him once or twice, a little sour; but there wasn't any real clash until Conley tried to tell Pine how he should have played his three queens against Dugan's one-card draw. That was bad enough; but, to make it worse, Dugan caught his man and back-raised Eddie clear to the roof. It really wasn't any time for conversation—let alone advice from an outsider.

"You should have laid back with 'em, Eddie," says Conley. "If Joe hadn't hooked up that other tenspot he wouldn't have bet into your two-card draw, and ——"

"Say, who is this guy?" asks Pine, turning round and taking a good long look at Conley.

"Oh, you mean Little Bright Eyes here?" says Smokeless, who was in the game. "Wait; I think I can place him." Solly rummaged round a while and fished out what was left of the card. "Why, this is Mister Marshall P. Conley—from the D. P. D. League. His horns have grown out again—makes him look different."

"Is he a friend of yours?" asks Pine.

"Oh, I wouldn't go so far as to say a friend; but he introduced himself to me once."

"Well, you tell him," says Pine, "that if he sticks his lip in this poker game again I'll take him over my knee and spank him."

It isn't necessary to kick a good dog when all he wants to do is jump on you to show you he's friendly. Conley drew back as if he'd been hit in the face.

"Why, I didn't mean ——" he began, sort of stuttering.

"Ain't that pest gone yet?" snaps Eddie without even looking over his shoulder. "Whose deal?"

"Excuse me, gentlemen—and Mister Pine!" says the boy; but nobody paid any attention to him.

Pretty soon he went back to the other end of the car and sat down alone. He looked out the window for about three hours, which was a stall and didn't fool anybody, because it was so dark he couldn't see a thing but his own reflection in the glass. I could imagine how he felt.

According to his way of thinking he'd served his time and worked out his probation; and just when he was bursting with happiness because he was going to be a real big leaguer and one of us—zingo! he was back where he started: Mister Conley, from the D. P. D. League.

He'd been running his head off on a foul tip.

IV

WELL, sir, from that night on, Conley Mistered every one of us. I suppose that was his notion of getting even—a typical kid's trick.

It was funny at first and we thought we'd see how far he would go with it; so we Mistered him back whenever we got a chance, which wasn't often, for he never opened his mouth except on business—that is to say, something about baseball.

While we were traveling North he spent most of his time up ahead in the smoker; he never came back to our car except to sleep. In the towns where we played spring exhibition games the only place we saw him was at the ball orchard. I had an idea that it would last only a few days; but Conley fooled me—he never forgot to Mister us, even on the bench.

"Mister Daly, what was that one you hit?"

"That was a spitter, Mister Conley."

Can you imagine that kind of talk—on the bench?

After the season opened and Conley began to break up games with that long pole of his, and show so much class that the fans quit yelling for Rance Murdock, we judged the thing had gone far enough and tried to make a few advances; but Conley wouldn't have it. He froze us stiff and then crawled farther back into his shell. A grown man with a grievance can't be near as nasty as a half-baked kid, and Conley was a fright. He peddled out insults right and left—and did it so darned politely too!

The Bald Eagle, being a strategist, thought a battle might clear the atmosphere; so he rigged up a little trouble one night in the clubhouse. Conley knocked out eighty-five dollars' worth of crown and bridge work for Eddie Pine and put an awful head on Solly Jones; and the worst of it was he refused to shake hands afterward.

"The storybook dope is wrong," says the Bald Eagle. "Peace ought to come after war, but this is a reversal of all previous form. The boy has got a screw loose somewhere; but, so long as he's hitting .325 and third-basing all over the shop, he can be as upstage as he likes. If he begins to show politeness in his hitting I'll climb on to his collar. . . . Solly, I thought you said that he'd be a sucker for any man who'd step in and beat him to the punch?"

Smokeless was over in the corner, and Absalom, our black rubber, was working on his face.

"Well, didn't you see me step in?" mumbles Solly. "Trouble was that I forgot to step out again. . . . Ouch! Easy there, Absalom! You're getting that stuff in my eye!"

The newspapers got hold of the Mister business; but, of course, they took the wrong slant. The plain truth might have done Conley good, but I suppose they figured it made a better story the other way. A woman reporter came to the hotel in Chicago, took one peek at Conley—I'll swear the kid never said ten words to her—and tore off a whole page of slush.

The Chesterfield of the Big League was the heading, and there were pen-and-ink drawings of Conley in a claw-hammer; Conley playing polo; Conley turkey-trotting with a blonde heiress—and I don't know what all; but the write-up that went with 'em had the drawings skinned a mile.

The woman said Conley was a member of the younger set—she didn't mention what set his old folks belonged to; so we're still guessing on that point—and she pulled a fierce line of bunk, accusing Conley of being rich and handsome, and playing ball for the love of the sport! It made a lively little article; but it would have been better for Conley if she had said he was a pin-feathered kid, with a sour disposition and eighteen hundred a year.

"Even on the field," raved this literary female, "in the rush of conflict, surrounded by the rougher element, mingling with men of lower standards, this young Chesterfield of the diamond maintains his lofty ideals, commanding the respectful admiration of his teammates, who see in him everything a professional athlete should be but too often—alas!—is not."

"Help!" says Smokeless Solly when he read it. "The rougher element—that's us, fellers. We're the men of lower standards. She's been opening our mail. . . . And who in Sam Hill is this Chesterfield person? I don't seem to make him at all. Chesterfield! Where did he ever tend bar?"

Conley was mighty sore about that write-up. He told the hotel clerk he had a girl in Dexter, Iowa, who wouldn't care for that turkey-trotting picture at all. It would make her think that he was leading a double life.

That was a fair sample of the guff that got into the papers—and the baseball writers knew the truth, but wouldn't print it. The fans Mistered the kid from Boston to St. Louis, so that he never had a chance to forget his grouch and be human.

In spite of his faults Conley was popular with the crowds. Anybody who plays the difficult corner the way that kid played it, with a fancy line of extra-base knocks on the side, can have plenty of people cheering for him; but popularity didn't make Conley happy. He was the saddest and the lonesomest big-league star in the business; and I'll bet there were times when he'd have given twenty points off his batting average for a heart-to-heart talk with a real pal. There wasn't a man in the club he could call his friend—and the ballplayer who hasn't at least one chum on the payroll is in hard luck.

Well, it went along that way until the end of the season, Conley getting crustier and crustier, but playing like a wild man and breaking up many a game with that fifty-five-ounce bat of his. He never loosened up with us for a minute—not even after the game that cinched the pennant and made us sure of the World's Series; and, believe me, there was some celebration that night too!

V

AFTER every Big Series it is customary for the long-range critics to get in their fine work. In the corner groceries and cigar stands from Maine to California you can meet fellows who know more about baseball strategy than the men who get twenty thousand a year for handling a pennant-winning club. These wise Ikes, who never saw a regular game, can tell you just where the mistakes were made and how each game might have been won.

I'm not in the class with these experts, so you needn't expect me to tip off any real lowdown stuff on the series we played with the Grizzlies for the World's Championship. It's enough to say that at the end of the fifth game the score stood three games to two in our favor. We needed another to win the long end of the money.

It never should have gone beyond five games; but Scotty MacPherson, pitching the fifth game, laid a fast one across the outside corner of the plate for Shag Robinson, the Grizzly first baseman, and Shag hit it a mile, with two on the bases. Scotty had 'em licked 2 to 0 at the time, but Shag's home run beat us. Any pitcher who gives that dynamiter a fast one, outside, ought to have his roof examined by the nut commissioners.

Before the series began we were all a little bit nervous about Conley. It was practically certain that the Grizzlies would center the attack on him as much as possible, figuring that on account of his inexperience they might be able to rattle him. Nobody knows how a recruit is going to act in his first World's Series; and, for that matter, I've seen many a veteran choke up and kick away easy chances when he was in there playing for the difference between sixty and forty per cent.

It is good baseball tactics to shoot at the weakest spot on a team, and it was good judgment for the Grizzlies to figure that the soft place in our lineup would be at third. If they could make Conley nervous or get him to fighting the ball they would have just that much advantage.

Sure enough, they went after the kid from the tap of the gong. The players kidded him, the coachers yelled at him, and the pitchers gave him the old beanball. In the very first game and Conley's first time at bat, Buzz Gaffney, the big Grizzly righthander, whistled a wicked one right at Conley's head. That sort of thing is calculated to worry a hitter and get him to thinking about what would happen if his head got in the way of one of those beanballs. Conley ducked, of course—and Gaffney laughed.

"Take your foot out of the water-bucket, Mister Conley," says Buzz, which is about as insulting a remark as a pitcher can make. "Stand up there—if you ain't afraid!"

I forgot to say that Conley never Mistered any opposition players or umpires.

"I'm standing right here!" he pipes, thumping the rubber with the end of his bat. "Shoot another one like that and I'll let it hit me and take a base. Why, you poor miserable old has-been, you haven't got enough speed to dent a derby hat! Come on! Show me!"

Then Conley hogged the plate. Buzz switched to a curve and the kid lined it out for two bases. That should have been enough to convince 'em that Conley wasn't the scaring kind; but they kept right after him, trying to find out where his goat was pastured. They were still looking for the animal when the sixth game opened on their home grounds.

Old Smokeless Solly was selected to pitch the sixth game; he had already trimmed the Grizzlies once with his slow ball. I claim that Solly Jones has the slowest ball in the major leagues—which is where he gets the name of Smokeless. It floats up to the plate like a toy balloon and a man can read the signature of the league president on it before he takes a swing. It looks easy to hit and it is easy to hit—in the air. Solly had let the Grizzlies

(Continued on Page 33)

"You Poor Deluded Simp, Have You Quit Thinking for Yourself?"

THRIFT AMONG THE RICH

By Isaac F. Marcosson

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

ONE day when E. H. Harriman was changing the face of the railroad map a great corporation lawyer sat alongside his desk discussing a business transaction. Following his habit the little wizard was doing two things at once—as he talked he went through his correspondence.

He threw useless papers into the wastebasket, but he carefully removed the metal clips that held them together and laid them aside. When he came to a two-page letter, with writing on one page only, he tore off the blank sheet and put it away for memorandum use. The visitor was so much impressed by these acts that he remarked:

"I see you are still thrifty, Mr. Harriman."

"Yes," replied the Master of the Pacifics; "no man can afford not to be. Only the poor are wasteful."

Here was the overlord of our steam transportation marching to a personal conquest of nearly a hundred million dollars and doing a simple piece of conservation that a small-salaried clerk would despise! Yet his performance was typical of the attitude of most of his colleagues in the gilded circle of vast estate.

Strange as it may seem to the average man, whose idea of thrift is the tiny sum snatched by the worker from his weekly wage, the habit of small saving finds constant and picturesque expression among the rich. The selfmade millionaire amassed his wealth because he knew the value of thrift—it is the basis of all prosperity—and he remains a millionaire because he continues to practice the prudence that conserved the pennies on which his fortune was reared.

The spectacle of Harriman saving clips and scraps of paper is not different from that of John D. Rockefeller—bargaining with a caddy over a difference of five cents in his hire; from that of August Belmont—stooping to pick up every pin he sees; from that of James Stillman—wandering over the National City Bank in the old days, turning out the lights that careless subordinates had left burning when they went out.

Analyze thrift and you find that it may range from putting aside pennies for the rainy day to a definite, organized campaign against waste among millions.

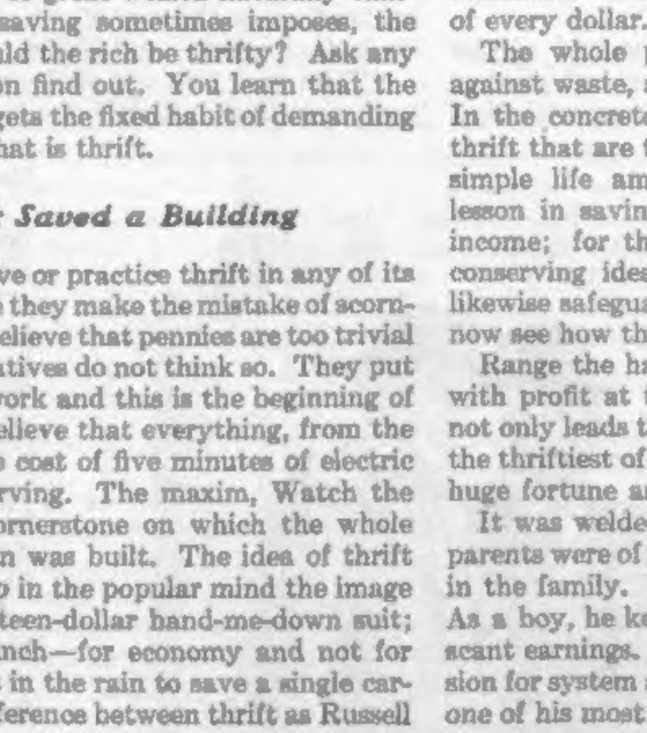
Since the common idea of great wealth naturally eliminates the sacrifice that saving sometimes imposes, the question arises: Why should the rich be thrifty? Ask any rich man and you will soon find out. You learn that the accumulation of money begets the fixed habit of demanding a full return on outlay. That is thrift.

How Mr. Frick Saved a Building

MANY people do not save or practice thrift in any of its many aspects because they make the mistake of scorning the small thing. They believe that pennies are too trivial to save. But their rich relatives do not think so. They put their first pennies out to work and this is the beginning of their investment. They believe that everything, from the pin on the sidewalk to the cost of five minutes of electric light, is well worth conserving. The maxim, Watch the small details! was the cornerstone on which the whole career of C. P. Huntington was built. The idea of thrift among the rich conjures up in the popular mind the image of Russell Sage clad in a fifteen-dollar hand-me-down suit; munching an apple for lunch—for economy and not for simple diet; walking miles in the rain to save a single car-fare. But there is a big difference between thrift as Russell Sage practiced it, and the constructive thrift of the average selfmade millionaire. Thrift among the rich was best expressed perhaps by one of the great Wall Street bankers, who said:

"Men of wealth learn the value of money; and when they expend it, no matter for what purpose, they are determined to get its full equivalent."

Now this equivalent may be anything from a square inch of stationery to the last minute of interest on a loan. It has no limitation. What sometimes seems extravagance at the start, such as happened in the tremendous engineering projects of Harriman, proved in the end to be farsighted economy. Thrift among the rich is merely private economy, and that sort of economy is the very essence of saving.



"You Know I Drink Only One Cup of Coffee in the Morning! Five of Them are Wasted"

Nor does this economy confine itself to minute attention to small details. It may have a larger range among myriad things pointing always the same moral.

Take the illustration presented by Judge W. H. Moore, one of the old kings of Rock Island and Tinplate. He determined to have the finest stable in America. He did not go about it in the reckless fashion of John W. Gates, determined to get what he wanted regardless of cost. He proceeded just as if he were building up a huge business. Careful investigation preceded all expenditure.

Take the case of Henry C. Frick, the coke boy who rose to be Carnegie's chief rival. He wanted to build a magnificent mansion on Fifth Avenue, in New York. He bought a piece of property in the path of the most productive progress, which would increase tremendously in value each year. Every detail of the costly edifice has practicality and utility for its first purpose. Even the approach to the structure is common sense.

The old Lenox Library—a very substantial building—stood on the lot. Most men of Mr. Frick's means would have ruthlessly torn it down and called the wreckage junk; but he had it removed stone by stone—every stone was numbered—and the building can be again erected on some other site.

In the last analysis you discover that money bestowed by the rich, whether in gratuities to servants or for the cost of living, must answer the question: Has full value been rendered? A hundred cents' worth of work is demanded of every dollar.

The whole passion of the selfmade rich is directed against waste, and that is the very highest conservation. In the concrete examples of this little-known domain of thrift that are to follow—just as in the explanation of the simple life among the millions—lurks an illuminating lesson in saving for everybody, regardless of station or income; for thrift, like necessity, knows no caste. The conserving idea behind the bulwark of the billion may likewise safeguard the humble hoard of the toiler. Let us now see how the rich do it:

Range the hall of our money fame and you may pause with profit at the very first niche. John D. Rockefeller not only leads the simplest of lives but he is likewise one of the thriftiest of men. Ask him what lies at the basis of his huge fortune and he will answer with one word—Thrift.

It was welded into his character during boyhood. His parents were of moderate means and there was little money in the family. With his A B C's he was taught to save. As a boy, he kept a little book containing a record of his scant earnings. He called it Ledger A—for early the passion for system and detail was strong in him—and it is now one of his most cherished possessions.

At the age of eight he earned his first money, and by a curious coincidence it was all profit. His mother had given him some turkeys, which he carefully tended and sold to good advantage. The record of these sales were the first to appear in Ledger A. From that time until today he has preached the gospel of systematic accounting. He has always regarded it as a first aid to thrift.

It is a striking and, I believe, hitherto unpublished fact that Mr. Rockefeller's whole theory of the worth of money is based on the parable of the man with the five talents as revealed in the Gospel of Saint Matthew. He has always been a profound student of the Bible, and early in life when he came to handle funds he set this parable up as his ideal. His whole life certainly emphasizes that section of the chapter which reads: "For unto every one that hath shall be given."

The piling up of his great wealth never disturbed Mr. Rockefeller's ideas of frugality or thrift. I could cite scores of incidents that show his remarkable genius for conservation. Waste is abhorrent to him. Here is an illustration that shows the extreme to which he carries his campaign:

"I Do My Own Shopping Because I Get One Hundred Cents' Worth for Every Dollar"

He drinks only bottled water, and a bottle always stands at his place or on the table where he reads. No matter how great his thirst he never pours out a full glass—he invariably pours a third of a glass. Then if he wants more he will use the bottle again. His idea here, of course, is that much water poured out for drinking is not consumed and is therefore wasted.

Though he has commercialized philanthropy and given princely gifts to scientific investigation, he is extremely careful about his personal gratuities. His Sunday distribution at the church that he attends regularly when he is living at Forest Hills is typical. After the services he goes among the children of the congregation distributing shining new pennies. With each gift he is in the habit of saying: "Save your pennies and some day you may be rich."

He practiced a characteristic piece of thrift last summer at his estate in the Pocantico Hills, near Tarrytown, New York. Here he has hundreds of acres of meadowland, and part of the area is devoted to his private golf links. It was an expensive job to keep the grass trimmed. Mr. Rockefeller had an inspiration that sheep could keep the grass cut more cheaply than men; so he got a flock and found that he could dispense with part of his farm force.

Mr. Harriman's Ideas on Suspenders

THOUGH he could own a hundred private cars he never uses one when traveling. The drawing-room car is sufficient for him and his needs; in fact he has never affected many of the luxurious habits of the rich, as the following incident shows:

Once he took his wife and two of his children up to a celebrated camp in the Adirondacks. He merely wired that he was coming with his family. Just about traintime the proprietor of the camp got into a great state of excitement. He rushed about exclaiming:

"Good heavens! John D. Rockefeller and his family are coming in and there isn't a private carriage in the place to be had!"

At that moment a man stepped up to the bewildered host and said:

"Calm yourself. Your guests have already arrived."

Turning to the door he pointed out the tall, spare form of America's richest man, who had ridden up from the station in the battered old hotel omnibus.

I could continue the list of Rockefeller incidents almost indefinitely. Each would teach the same lesson of frugality and thrift. A fitting close to this chapter is an incident that happened the other day in New York:

Some bankers were discussing the stringency that has flattened the Wall Street purse. One of them remarked:

"If we had practiced John D. Rockefeller's ways we should not be telling hard-luck stories now. If there were such a thing as canonization in America I should like to nominate him for the patron saint of Thrift."

Though E. H. Harriman fairly flung millions about him he had an extraordinary and innate sense of thrift. According to the theory that he scrupulously practiced, money had a definite work to perform and it had to be kept on the job all the time.

Like Huntington, whose railroad inheritor he became, he believed in watching small details. On one occasion he sent a clerk out to buy him a pair of suspenders. The young man returned from the haberdasher's with a pair that cost one dollar and fifty cents. Harriman was furious.

"What do you mean by spending so much for a pair of suspenders?" he said. "Get the money back and go down to that peddler who stands in front of the National Park Bank and buy me a quarter pair. Twenty-five cents is enough to pay for holding up any man's trousers!"

Like many rich men Harriman carried very little money on his person. Often he would turn to the man with him and say: "Lend me twenty dollars. I am broke."

This was part of a definite policy that he made the practice of his life and that he once summed up as follows:

"Never carry much money on your person. If you carry it you will spend it. Instead of using money, play your credit—and credit always makes a man cautious."

Right here you get a curiously significant sidelight on the business philosophy of an amazing man. Harriman regarded credit as a sort of fetish. I can explain this best, perhaps, by an anecdote:

One day he was talking about credit to an associate. In his abrupt way he suddenly turned and asked:

"What is a millionaire?"

"A man with a million dollars," was the prompt reply.

"No," flashed Harriman; "it is a man who owes a million."

His theory was that the man who owed a million dollars was worth more than that sum. He judged men by their capacity for borrowing.

"Borrowing," he always declared, "means progress. A man should borrow. It is the only way he can get ahead. When firms do not need money it is an evidence that they are standing still. Credit not only brings expansion but it puts individuals and corporations on their mettle to meet the obligations that spell advance."

Canny shrewdness was behind his many-sided manipulation of men and of properties. One of his favorite maxims was this: "Never pay a man all he is worth. If you do there is no profit in him."

He seemed to plunge in millions; but, in the end, you always found that it was a good investment. Two conspicuous examples will illustrate this phase:

When Harriman announced that he was going to build the Lucin Cutoff across Great Salt Lake the railroad world stood amazed. Even his engineers opposed it, saying that it was folly. "Besides," they said, "it cannot be done."

"It can be done," replied Harriman; "and, what is more, it shall be done!"

It was a stupendous and costly piece of work to trestle the inland sea, but experience has shown that Harriman was right. It not only shortened the distance from Salt Lake City to the Coast but it has saved millions of dollars in wear and tear on equipment, in traffic, labor and in a score of ways. In short it was a good business.

Most Men Would Have Called the Wreckage Junk

Close Buying

TAKE the tunnel through Sherman Hill, near Cheyenne. Once more the engineers said it was folly; but Harriman bored that huge pile of rock—and it paid. For one thing the gravel excavated served to ballast part of the system. Here was the utilization of the by-product that Harriman delighted in. Like Rockefeller he abhorred waste. It was part of his thrift policy. Instead of having six purchasing agents for the various roads that comprised his vast system he concentrated all the purchasing under one director of purchase.

"Buy in big bulk," he said, "and you buy cheap."

Nor was this venture without an expression of humor. In discussing this concentration of purchasing he once said with a twinkle in his eye:

"If there is to be graft in buying, it is best to have it in one place instead of six."

The Harriman idea of thrift did not always express itself in direct saving, though it invariably meant ultimate conservation of some kind. Here is an example:

While on a trip he was invited to stop over at a certain stock farm. He knew the owner was hard up financially and that the hospitality was the prelude to a touch; so as soon as he arrived on the scene he bought two horses from the man for a thousand dollars apiece. This purchase at once prevented any loan. When the horses reached the Harriman farm, after the return of the owner, the stable boss looked up his boss and said with some surprise:

"Mr. Harriman, if you paid a thousand dollars apiece for those horses you got stung."

"No," answered the magnate; "they saved me about ten thousand dollars."

It was the shrewdest kind of foresight, because it averted an imminent bad loan.

Harriman's conception of thrift was no more keenly developed than that of his multimillioned colleague, James Stillman. With him thrift is a passion. It is one of his favorite subjects of conversation. His daily act in turning out the lights left burning by careless clerks was simply part of the strict scrutiny he kept on waste in the National City Bank.

Though he has a magnificent home in New York he will not tolerate the slightest waste amid this luxurious environment. One little incident will show the careful watch he keeps: Mr. Stillman eats the simplest food. His breakfast consists principally of a cup of coffee, which is mostly milk, and a roll. This meal is served in his bedroom.

Every Day He Receives Scores of Appeals for Help

One morning the second serving man brought up his coffee. As he lifted the coffee-pot the banker noticed that it was quite heavy. He rang a bell and summoned the housekeeper. Then he ordered his man to bring him half a dozen empty coffee cups. Spreading the cups on the tray he filled them with coffee. Pointing to them he said to the servants: "You know I drink only one cup of coffee in the morning—yet you make me six cups! Five of them are wasted. Don't let this happen again."

This is apparently a trivial incident, but it shows the point of view of one of the richest men in America. When you analyze the sources of his fortune you will find it was by paying attention to such small details as this waste in coffee that he was able to amass his great wealth.

Stillman has numberless prototypes throughout the glittering empire of wealth. Wherever you turn you find reasons why these men remain rich. No one is more prudent than J. Ogden Armour, of Chicago. Unhappy lies the head of the clerk he finds leaving lights burning when not needed. Like Stillman he has a habit of going about his offices turning out needless lights.

This mention of Armour brings to mind the thrift of his longtime fellow beef baron, the late Nelson Morris. He was a member of the board of directors of the First National Bank of Chicago. For years he wrote many of his personal letters at the bank—because there he got free stationery and stamps.

Many rich men use street cars to save cab hire. The late H. B. Claflin, who was one of New York's merchant princes, was a conspicuous example of this. He lived uptown and rode down every day in the Madison Avenue cars. One of his employees—head of a large department—who had considerable income and extravagant tastes, rode down in his carriage. One day he met his chief afoot. The old merchant stopped and said with indignation:

"You should not drive to work in a carriage. The example is bad. Besides, you should save your money and not spend it on horses. If I can afford to ride in the street cars, you can."

The man did not heed the advice. To deceive his employer he got out of his carriage a block from the store and gave the impression that he had walked down. But what happened? He lost his job; he had saved no money and died in want. Mr. Claflin, who could afford to ride in a street car, left millions.

The rich are more careful about interest on their money than the poor. More than one financier who has bills due on Monday will not mail checks until Monday morning, in order to get the last second of interest on his money.

Many people think that the rich men who are directors in corporations, and who receive ten-dollar or twenty-dollar gold pieces to attend meetings, regard as a joke this pay and give it to their grandchildren. As a matter of fact they are very scrupulous about collecting and keeping it. One rich man I know of has a separate fund that he calls the gold-piece fund, and it has a definite purpose.

Russell Sage, who served on various boards, was perhaps the most faithful attendant at directors' meetings in New York. He always made it a point to go on rainy days. The reason was quite obvious. In many corporations the gold pieces are put into a pool and divided among those present.

There is another story about Russell Sage that shows his keen realization of the value of money: Since he only ate an apple for lunch he had considerable time on his hands while his colleagues were eating. One day he met a friend on the street and asked him to accompany him over to the Bowery, where he wanted to get some socks. The man went along; and the financier, after much haggling, succeeded in saving five cents on half a dozen pairs. On the way back the friend said:

"Why do you—such a rich man—walk over to the Bowery just to save five cents?"

The grizzled old moneylender pulled a silver dollar out of his pocket and, pointing to it, said:

"Five cents is a whole lot. This dollar would have to work a year and a half to earn it. Yet I can save it by a short walk at a time when I am not busy."

As you probe into the thrift of the rich you find that it is a many-sided activity. Nor is all the genius of it devoted to the prevention of small waste, for now we come to an ingenious phase of thrift that is new and striking.

It concerns the subject of liability for damage—one of the nightmares of the corporation and the rich individual. The corporation is more immune against excess because, by the very process of its corporate existence, it can claim a limit to liability; but the average man with property has no such protection. He is the prey of accident hazard, and more than one person has been wiped out by an excessive verdict handed down by a prejudiced jury recruited from that host whose slogan is: Let the rich pay!

The Financier, After Much Haggling, Succeeded in Saving Five Cents

How to Limit Damage Liabilities

HOW, you will ask, can the thrift idea come to the aid of the individual in the matter of damage liability? It can come, as the simple and businesslike procedure of one resourceful New Yorker will show.

This man has abundant assets, which include a farm in New England, a country house in New Jersey, four automobiles and an unusually large holding of very valuable bank stock. One night his chauffeur became intoxicated, took out one of the family cars for a joy ride, and narrowly missed running down a child. The owner realized that if the car had killed or maimed some one he would have been liable to large damages. He also knew that if one of his employees, through carelessness, fell through a trapdoor in the barn up on the farm he might also be heavily mulcted—and so on down the long line of loss possibilities to which all property ownership is heir.

Though this man is rich a succession of heavy losses from damages would play havoc with his surplus and possibly impair some of his resources. He is a lawyer, and he knew that, under the law, a corporation is liable for damages only up to the amount of its net assets. There is no personal liability for the stockholders such as obtains under a partnership. So he said to himself:

"If a corporation can claim limited liability, why cannot an individual convert himself and his personal belongings into a corporation and obtain the same protection?"

The result of this inspiration was the organization of four corporations, embodying practically all his visible assets subject to damage. In each instance the lawyer is the whole corporation. He owns all the stock issued; and he has transferred the farm, the country house, the automobiles and the bank stock over to the respective company that has become its legal owner.

If suit is now filed the corporation, and not the individual, becomes the defendant. Each little corporation has its full quota of officers, recruited from the lawyer's family or employees.

Stock ownership is not necessary to hold office.

Let us take a concrete case, such as is furnished by the corporation owning the automobiles: It is capitalized for two thousand dollars, of which one thousand is common and one thousand preferred. A thousand dollars of the stock is paid in and converted into a fund for the maintenance of the garage.

If one of the cars injures a man he can sue the corporation, but his damages are limited to the sum that all the cars owned by the company would bring at sale, less any other claims existing against the corporation. If this accident happened without the protection of the corporation the jury could return a verdict for any sum and the owner would be personally liable.

The corporation owning the bank stock, however, sets up the greatest safeguard. Here you have real financial genius. Clearly to understand this protection, let me first explain that bank stock is subject to what is called double liability. This means that when a bank in which you own stock fails you are liable to lose not only what you have paid for the stock but are subject to an assessment equal to the par value of the shares.

What happens when you transfer your stock to such a corporation as this New Yorker has formed and the bank fails? Since the company is liable for only an amount equal to its net assets, and since those assets consist of the bank stock—now worthless—all the stockholder loses is the original amount he paid for the bank stock, plus the price of the paid-up stock in the little corporation. He escapes the double liability.

It is only fair to warn readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST that they would be wise to seek competent legal advice before going ahead with incorporations of this kind. It is far from certain that the courts would regard with complacence the attempt of an individual to shield himself behind a corporation charter obtained for the evident purpose of enabling him to evade his legal responsibilities.

The lesson of this kind of incorporation is significant. It is just one more evidence of the larger thrift among the rich.

Of course the idea of personal incorporation is not entirely new. Mark Twain incorporated himself to maintain the integrity of his name as a literary asset.

The idea has spread to other uses. Various rich families in New York and elsewhere have formed membership corporations. They are in reality family clubs and, though in most cases the principal object has been social, you find that in some instances there is a strong underlying current of thrift and conservation.

The corporation that really established the precedent for all the rest is worth explaining. It was created by a very distinguished New York lawyer who is one of six sons. There was some financial tangle over the father's estate, so the corporation was formed to keep this estate together. The six sons became trustees of the corporation. Being like a club it had no stock and the members had no legal property rights in the assets.

Now here is where the wisdom of the organization comes in: Under the law no creditor can attach a member's share in the estate or any of the other assets of the corporation, because technically he has no property rights.

This safeguard has enabled fathers to leave inheritances for spendthrift or extravagant sons in charge of the family corporation. The patrimony thus becomes a part of the assets of the company and as such is immune from assault by creditors. All the son gets is the income.

In some family corporations the poor relations are taken in as club members. When they fall into distress the other members of the corporation raise a common fund and come to their assistance. This relieves the drain on one fat purse.

Even in their recreations and diversions the rich practice thrift and often derive a profit. The case of the rich man as a farmer is one in point.

The rich succeed in farming or gardening or dairying because they organize it in a definite, orderly way—just as they would organize a business. It is an investment that represents a certain amount of money and it must yield a return in pleasure or in income.

To get the best example of this we shall have to return to E. H. Harriman. All roads of thrift and profitable procedure led to him. He had a magnificent estate at Arden, in Orange County, New York. Here he owned a whole mountain crowned by a marble palace. Yet the detail of his estate that concerned and probably pleased him most was the model dairy he operated. It was no rich man's plaything, but a serious business proposition. He called it the Arden Farms Dairy Company, and he sold milk and butter to his neighbors of high and low degree. He developed the business to such an extent that the company was able to establish distributing depots at Arden, Harriman and Southfields.

Harriman and his family owned all the stock in the dairy company. When he died it was so admirably organized that it has kept right on, and continues to furnish milk and butter all up and down the Ramapo region.

Behind Harriman's dairy project was a characteristic piece of Harriman thrift. As he once said: "I have to own cows; I raise hay and other fodder, and I need milk and cream. Why not combine all these things and make a business out of it?" And he did.

Harriman was not the only successful farmer among the rich. Norman B. Ream, a many-millioned magnate in steel, biscuit and a score of other great enterprises, has a show place in Connecticut; but out in McLean County, Illinois, he owns a two-thousand-acre farm which he runs like a big business and which produces a handsome profit.

Mention of Mr. Ream, who created a model system of farm accounting, brings us to another illuminating phase of conservation among the rich. It concerns the check they keep on personal expense. Popular vision beholds the average millionaire burning up yellowbacks which stream from some fathomless and unaccountable source.

As a matter of fact rich men—and I mean the constructive type of course—keep the most careful account of their expenditures down to the last penny. That little Ledger A in which John D. Rockefeller kept the record of his first pennies becomes the glorified and gilded biography of millions. The caution behind both of these wide extremes is just the same.

Building a great fortune simply means the magnified practice of a few fundamentals. Just as selfmade men realized that thrift is the basis of all wealth, so did they also learn that systematic accounting of money is one of the first and best aids to the permanence of that wealth. The income must know what the outgo is doing, and when it does not know disaster is liable to lurk in the path of what seems to be the most invincible prosperity.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Marcosson. The second will appear next week.

ONE WAY

By MONTAGUE GLASS

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

Mr. Lamkin Reads a Best Seller

What, From a Back View, Seemed to be as Spoony a Looking Couple as Ever I've Seen

ASIDE from the fact that I used to be in the wholesale produce business and never pretend otherwise, Mrs. Burton M. Liddell; her sister, Miss Laura Higg; and her mother, Mrs. Jane D. Higg, had no use for me right from the start on account of my not knowing that Mr. Liddell was the well-known author of that name. Mrs. Jane D. Higg was particularly sore at me, because she told me when we got into conversation the first morning they arrived at the Pension Thompson-Licciardi, Florence, that she was a Miss Dundonald, of Georgia, and I said the only person I knew from Georgia was a man who used to candle eggs for J. H. Bayle & Company, corner of Washington and Laight streets, by the name of Pete, who subsequently fell down the elevator shaft there; and Mr. George Bayle and I were instrumental in getting his four children into the colored orphan asylum.

It apparently made no difference to Mrs. Higg that her daughter, Mrs. Liddell, had three little girls of her own, from two to six years old, all staying right there at the pension with her; and I understand from some of the other guests at the pension that Mrs. Higg told them, in mentioning my name, that it was no wonder Americans got themselves so disliked in Europe. However, neither Mrs. Liddell or Mrs. Higg worried much about the children, as a lady by the name of Miss Fenner took entire charge of them; and, though she was no connection of the family, I never see children more attached to a relation as they was to her.

I passed a remark to that effect in talking to Mr. Liddell, and he said Miss Fenner was very competent. I gathered from his tone of voice that he considered her to be hired help, and I judged further that, to his way of thinking, hired help was only in the human-being class by a very narrow margin. Then I told him I would like to read one of his pieces when I got the time, and that seemed to make him mad; so that, taking it all in all, I guess, without meaning to, I didn't make much of an impression on any of the Liddell family except the children, as I used to be quite good at giving an imitation of a hen laying an egg and a man sawing a board with knotholes into it—and so on.

In fact Mr. and Mrs. Liddell and Mrs. Higg used to pass such remarks about me to the guests that I seriously considered leaving the Pension Thompson-Licciardi, though I had been staying there three months and had got to like it there. In my experience there are mighty few boarding houses that the boarders like, and the reason why some boarders do like boarding houses is never the fault of the boarding-house keeper, who makes rules about not smoking in the parlor, and so on. But you take the Pension Thompson-Licciardi and the cooking was really first class. Also they had a smoking room with a wood fire in it—not gaslogs, which give a man no comfort at all, as you can't poke them.

That was my reason for liking the Pension Thompson-Licciardi. Other people staying there did so on account of the fact that the pension occupied the third floor of the Palazzo Bevilacqua, a building five stories high. It had one hundred and eighty rooms in it, or thirty-six rooms on a floor; and every floor was taken by a pension, of which sixty per cent of the ladies boarding at these pensions wrote home that they was staying at the Palazzo Bevilacqua.

I presume Mrs. Higg had written home to that effect, for I read in the literary news section of a New York paper, weeks afterward, an item as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. Burton M. Liddell have arrived in Florence and have taken the Palazzo Bevilacqua for the season, where Mr. Liddell will work on his new novel, to be published next spring. Mr. Liddell's last book—One Way—is now in its tenth edition.

How I came to read the literary news of this New York paper was because, though I am retired from business, I took ten thousand dollars of a hundred-thousand-dollar butter deal with Mr. George Bayle, who is also retired; and as packing stock, June make, Number One, was up to twenty-four cents the last time I saw a New York paper, I was naturally anxious to find out where I stood; and the way papers are run nowadays I didn't discover the produce-market quotations until I had gone through every page twice over.

"I see where the paper says Mr. Liddell's last book—One Way—is in its tenth edition," I said to Miss Fenner when I sat down to breakfast that morning. "What kind of a story is it?"

"It's a love story, I believe," she said.

"Didn't you ever read it?" I asked her, and she shook her head. "Well, I can't bear love stories either," I said;

"He Must be Worth Two Millions if He's Worth a Cent"

"in fact I ain't read a story book in some years now. I guess perhaps I'm getting too old for that sort of thing."

"Perhaps I am too," Miss Fenner said.

"Well, I don't know," I told her. "I should judge you ain't much over thirty-five, though you are pretty gray."

"Twenty-eight last Christmas," she said; "and at that age I'm too old for some love stories and not old enough for others."

"Do you mean that Mr. Liddell's books are a bit risky?" I asked.

She shrugged her shoulders and smiled at me.

"How long do you expect to stay in Florence, Mr. Lamkin?" she said.

Considering I was thirty years in the produce business up to a year ago last June, I realize that I'm apt to make etiquette breaks once in a while; and since I've retired I'm so used to having the subject changed on me, by touchy people I meet, that I never said another word about One Way. I just told Miss Fenner I was staying in Florence till a friend arrived from America—Mr. George Bayle, that I mentioned before—and as we're all human I didn't waste no time about finishing my breakfast and going right down to a book store on the Via Tornabuoni, where I paid three prices for a copy of One Way.

I read a couple of chapters and glanced through the rest of the book before lunch-time; and I will say this much: though it is greatly to Miss Fenner's credit that she thinks One Way is a little off color, I couldn't see it myself. I won't deny there are a few places where, if Mr. Liddell had taken the trouble to tell some more at the end of the chapter, the book might be considered so by some; but, as it stands at present, the only people who have a right to complain about One Way are those who buy it with the expectation that it isn't all right—and such people don't deserve any sympathy anyhow.

After I made up my mind to it that there was no use looking any more for off-color parts in the book, I begun to like the story, which was mainly about a man called Remington, who made sixty million dollars in the packing business out West and had gone to the city of New York to live. He married a young woman by the name of Van Wyk, who, according to the scratchy picture in the front of the book, looked as much like Miss Laura Higg as Miss Higg could manage, considering what she had in the way of good looks to work on.

I was reading the book in the parlor of the Pension Thompson-Licciardi one day that week when old Mrs. Higg came in and begun to play the piano before she noticed I was reading there.

"I hope I don't disturb you," she said when she saw me.

"Not a bit," I said, though I don't hold with a woman of Mrs. Higg's age playing on the piano unless it's hymn tunes. "I once had my desk over the engine room of a refrigerating plant and nothing in the way of noise feazes me."

Then I told her I was reading her son-in-law's book and said I found it mighty interesting, as I had been in the produce business and had known a number of men in the packing business.

"But," I said, "I never knew any of them to retire at from thirty-five to forty—according to the way the pictures run—with sixty million dollars; in fact I don't know as I ever heard tell of a man in the packing business who did retire, unless it was Mr. George Bayle—and he was also in the wholesale produce business as a special partner of J. H. Bayle & Company."

Mrs. Higg laughed quite good-naturedlike for her.

"Mr. Lamkin," she said to me, "you have the strangest ideas about making conversation. What interest do you suppose I have in Mr. George Bayle and J. H. Bayle & Company?"

"Well, Mrs. Higg," I said, "you sprung your Georgia family connections on me the first time I spoke to you, and the only difference is that I never expect to see any of your relations in Georgia; whereas this Mr. George Bayle I was telling you about will arrive in Florence next week and will probably stay right here at the pension."

"That will be pleasant for you, no doubt," she said, getting snappish again. "You'll have some of your own class to talk to."

"I'm not throwing any bluffs, ma'am," I said; "and I'll tell you right here and now, Mrs. Higg, that, though Mr. Bayle is a bachelor like me, I'm not in his class at all, because he has more dollars than I have nickels. He must be worth two millions if he's worth a cent."

The old lady had gone away from the piano and was about to leave the room, but she sat down again when I mentioned Mr. George Bayle's rating and got a funny expression on her face. I've seen the same change come over a man when he's made up his mind to ask a big favor from his nearest competitor.

"From what you know of business, Mr. Lamkin," she said, "don't you think that Mr. Liddell has drawn a very true picture of a rich business man in Remington?"

"Of course," I said, "I'm not much on art, and it may be that they're the latest fashion in pictures; but from the scratchy way they're done I couldn't tell you a thing about whether they look like rich business men or not. They certainly don't look like Mr. George Bayle."

Mrs. Higg explained to me that Liddell didn't do the pictures; but what she meant was: Didn't I think from the way Mr. Liddell wrote about this Remington that Mr. Liddell knew a whole lot about business men? And I said not packing business men, as there are some of the slickest propositions making money in the packing business that ever any one heard tell of.

"I wish you could hear Mr. George Bayle get off some of his experiences buying hogs in Central Ohio," I said; "and he didn't retire with sixty million dollars at that. I take it, therefore, that this Remington must have been a world-beater to do as well as he did; and yet he fell for this Miss Van Wyk when he ought to have known that she was in love with that foreigner whose name I've forgotten, as she actually touched Remington for twenty thousand dollars for this foreigner. Then, ten minutes afterward, on page two hundred and twenty-five, he found this foreigner with Miss Van Wyk in the gum room—whatever kind of a room a gum room might be—and he believes she's sitting on the foreigner's knee because she felt faint from the heat."

"Such things can happen in real life," Mrs. Higg said.

"Not with retired packing men they can't," I said.

"A retired packing man can forgive much in a beautiful highborn girl," she said; and with that she lectured me about social standings, and so on, till she pretty near convinced me that making a success of the packing business was something midway between arson and murder in the first degree. However I didn't mind it, because from that day on Mrs. Higg got quite friendly with me. Miss Laura Higg also seemed inclined to be more agreeable, and Mr. and Mrs. Liddell began to take such an interest in me that I asked Miss Fenner one morning what the reason could be.

"Perhaps Mr. Liddell intends putting you in his next book," she said.

"How so?" I said. "I was never in the packing business."

"No," she said; "but you have friends who were."

And I didn't see what she meant by this until Mr. George Bayle arrived, the following week. I got a letter from him, mailed in Bologna, to say that he'd be along in a couple of days; and as he didn't say what train he was coming on there was nothing for me to do but to hang round the pension and wait for him.

It was the finest kind of October weather, too, and everybody that could be was out-of-doors; so that there wasn't a soul in the house to talk to except Mrs. Higg, who had a touch of rheumatism. I naturally told her why I was staying home; and that afternoon and, in fact, all the next day until Mr. George Bayle arrived, Mr. and Mrs. Liddell, Mrs. Higg and Miss Laura Higg kept me company.

They even had a railroad guide to help me out with; and Mr. Liddell and Mrs. Higg had quite some words as to whether Mr. Bayle would leave Bologna at thirteen-forty-five and arrive in Florence at sixteen-fifty-five; or leave at fourteen-fifteen and arrive at seventeen-twenty-five; because in the latter case Mr. Liddell would have time to go down to the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele and buy some cigars.

I can only say that this embarrassed me considerably, as I think I ought to explain that, though Mr. George Bayle has always been a good friend of mine and I have had lots of dealings with him in a business way, he and I never mixed much socially; in fact Mr. Bayle has always sort of kidded me about being quiet and found some connection in the name Lamkin, as I admit I am not in Mr. George Bayle's class, because you take me when a crowd of produce men get together and I am always the first one to say I will have a cigar.

I have quite a weak stomach in some respects, while Mr. George Bayle don't look forty-five years of age, and he is at least seven years older than I am. So naturally I felt that if I was to take Mr. Bayle aside and tell him that I suspected Mrs. Higg and Mr. and Mrs. Liddell were trying to work up some game on him in connection with his marrying Miss Laura Higg, it might put him on his guard—but he would go right back to New York and tell it on me all over the wholesale produce district.

That being the case, I thought I would let him use his own judgment in the matter; and half an hour later, when Mr. Liddell was in the midst of an argument with Mrs. Higg that seventeen-twenty-five Italian railroad time was twenty-five minutes past seven by civilized railroad time, and not twenty-five past five, which it was—and therefore

Well, I Followed Them Back Down the Path

he had plenty of time to get the cigars—a maid came to the door and said a gentleman wanted to see me down on the street. I went downstairs and, sure enough, in an automobile next to the driver was sitting Mr. George Bayle.

"Hello, old sport!" he said. "How's everything with the Lamkin? Frisky as usual?"

"How do you do, Mr. Bayle?" I said, though I ought to have told him to go on to Rome while there was still time.

"Shake hands with the count, Bob," he said, and slapped the driver on the back. "He don't speak much English yet, but otherwise he's perfectly square."

I shook hands with the driver, who was a good-looking young fellow with a black mustache, and showed a fine set of teeth when he smiled.

"The car belongs to him," Mr. Bayle explained to me, "and I hired him in Genoa to tour Italy with me at sixty dollars a week—gasoline, lubricating oil, board and lodging included."

"Yes-as," the count said, which was the only name Mr. Bayle knew him by.

"And, speaking of board and lodging," Mr. Bayle went on, "before I go upstairs and commit myself, I'd like to find out whether I can get bacon and eggs for breakfast here without serving ten days' previous notice in writing through an attorney."

I told him that he could; and I wanted to tell him a lot of other things before he went upstairs and committed himself, but he didn't give me time.

"Garage, count," he said. "Then come back here."

"Yes-as," the count said, and Mr. George Bayle and I went upstairs.

II

I NEVER saw any one take to a family the way Mr. George Bayle did to the Liddells and Higgs; and, though I did my best to let him know how the land lay without actually telling him outright, the very next day after he arrived he had Miss Laura Higg out in the automobile for the whole afternoon, and he kept this up day after day for over a week.

"She's a bright girl, Bob," he said to me when he arrived home one afternoon; "speaks Italian like a native, so far as I could gather from the way she buzzes the count."

"I shouldn't be surprised," I said; and then it occurred to me that he might get some impression of what Mrs. Higg was up to by reading One Way. So I remarked that he must be tired after his trip that afternoon and no doubt would like to spend a quiet evening in the house.

"If so," I said, "I could lend you one of Mr. Liddell's books to read."

"That's not my idea of a good time, Bob," he said.

"You don't always read books for a good time, Mr. Bayle," I said. "Sometimes you get a lot of information out of them."

"Well, Bob," he said, "I'm not so strong on improving my mind as you are, and I've already fixed up a date with Miss Higg to take her out in the machine and see Fiesole by moonlight."

"Mr. Bayle," I said, "you know your own business, of course; but this book is mighty interesting."

"Well, I'll read it on the boat going home," Mr. Bayle said; "but just now I'm hiring an automobile by the week, Bob, and I'm going to get my money's worth."

I didn't have a chance to suggest anything more, because the dinner bell rang and Mr. Bayle said he never knew a table d'hôte to be any the better for being kept waiting; so I concluded I would have to do a little work on my own account without letting Mr. George Bayle know anything about it.

Of course I realize that nothing makes a man so sore at you as to find out that you are trying to do something for his own good without letting him know about it, as it implies that he's too weak a character to do it for himself. Nevertheless I laid for Mrs. Higg in the sitting room that evening; and I determined that—if I had to stand a suit for libel from Mr. George Bayle—I would get Mrs. Higg so disgusted with him that she would take Miss Laura Higg back to America to get rid of him.

First, I told her that he drank, which, as I said before, he does—but only when he's out with a crowd—and I never knew any one that could say they ever saw him intoxicated in the slightest degree; but all I said to Mrs. Higg was that he drank and let it go at that. Mrs. Higg then told me liquor stories about relations of hers who are all the way down from governors of states to generals in the army, and from what I could gather drunkenness was the one thing that the Georgia Dundonalds were really proud of.

I then hinted that Mr. George Bayle had been having quite a time hushing up some private chapters in his past life. I didn't say what kind of chapters they were, but Mrs. Higg assured me that a man who hadn't any experience with the opposite sex was nothing more or less than a milksop; and she spent the rest of the evening advising me to lead a dissolute life by way of getting on socially. She gave me instances of three judges of the Supreme Court, a United States senator and several college presidents, all of whom had been rakes and had then settled down and married—and the least their sons had been was ambassadors to the Court of England.

"And besides," she said, "if you're at all worried about Laura taking automobile trips with your friend, Mr. Bayle, let me tell you that they have been properly chaperoned Miss Fenner has been with them on every trip."

Then she gave me a lecture about friendship and how one should gloss over the faults of a friend; and the result was that I went to bed feeling pretty mean about myself. Furthermore it was plain to me that nothing short of Mr. George Bayle's going into bankruptcy would hurt him

(Concluded on Page 26)

THE BUCKLED BAG

V

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

I Had No Idea There Would be Further Mystery to Solve

MY FIRST feeling was one of horror. Her condition was frankly terrible. I even feared at first that she was dead. I found a pulse, however. I am big and strong; I got her down off the staircase and laid her flat on the floor. All the time I was praying that none of the family or the servants had been roused. I did not want anyone to see her yet.

I brought down some aromatic ammonia and gave it to her in water. Mrs. March was sleeping calmly; across the hall Mr. March also slept, audibly. I had a little time; I wanted an hour—maybe two.

She came to very gradually, throwing an arm over her head, moving a little, and finally opening her eyes. Always I talked soothingly to her.

"Now don't be alarmed," I said over and over. "You are at home and everything is all right. I am a nurse. Everything is all right."

"I want—Julie," she said at last feebly.

I had never heard the name.

"Julie is coming. Can you sit up if I hold you?"

She made an effort and by degrees I got her into the music room. She collapsed again there; and, there being no couch, I put her down on the floor with a cushion under her head. Terrible thoughts had been running through my head. The papers had been full of abduction stories, and I confess at once I thought nothing else could explain her condition, her rags.

"I am hungry," she said when I got her settled. "I am—I am starving! I don't know when I have had anything to eat."

She looked it too. I had the beef capsules in my pocket and I left her there while I made some broth. I brought it back, with crackers. She was into a chair by that time; and she drank the stuff greedily, blistering hot as it was.

I had my first chance then to take an inventory of her appearance. It was startling. Her hands were abraded and blistered. She held one out to me pathetically, but without comment. Over one eye was a deep bluish bruise. Her face was almost colorless, and her forearm where the sleeve had been torn away was thin to emaciation. Every trace of beauty was eclipsed for the time. She was shocking—that is all.

Her clothing was thin and inadequate—a torn white waist, much soiled; a short, ragged black skirt; and satin bedroom slippers, frayed and cut. She had nothing on her head and no wrap, though the night was cold. She looked up at me when she held out the empty cup.

"How is mother?"

"She has not been well. She is all right."

"Was it worry?"

"Yes. Do you think you can get up the stairs?"

"Is that all I am to have to eat?"

"I'll get more soon. You mustn't take too much at once."

She rose and I put my arm round her. She had taken me for granted, childishly, but at the foot of the stairs she halted our further progress to ask me:

"Who are you? You are not a servant."

"I am a trained nurse. I've been caring for your mother during her illness."

We went up the stairs and into her room.

Mrs. March wakened about the time I had got the girl to her own room.

"Don't tell mother yet," she begged. "Give me a little time. I—I'd frighten her now."

I promised. When I went back, half an hour later, Clare had undressed herself and put on a negligee from the closet. She was sitting in front of the fire I had lighted, brushing out her hair. For the first time she was reminiscent of the girl of the photographs. She was not like them yet—she was too gaunt.

I tried to coax her to bed, but she would not go. I was puzzled. Her nervous excitement was extreme; more than once she stopped, with brush poised, as if she was on the point of asking me some question; but she never asked it—her courage evidently failed her. It was a horrible night. I sat inside the door of my patient's room, in darkness, and watched the door across. I could hear the girl pacing back and forth; I was almost crazy.

I offered her a bromide, which she refused to take; but about half-past three I heard her lie down on the bed, and some of the tension relaxed. I had a chance to think, to work out a course of action. Mr. Patton should be notified at once; and as soon as the girl was really composed I would rouse Mr. March. I knew I had been criticized in the family for not rousing them all at once, but I am always willing to take the responsibility for what I do—the doctor's orders first and my own judgment next is my motto. And there have been times when the doctor's orders—but never mind about that.

I looked at my watch. It was almost four o'clock and still black dark. I went down to the library, where the telephone stood on a stand behind a teakwood screen, and called up Mr. Patton's apartment; but I could not get him. I hung up the receiver and sat there in the darkness, meaning to try again in a moment or so. It was while I was still there that I heard Clare on the stairs.

She came slowly and painfully—a step; a pause for rest; another step. Once down in the lower hall, she made better progress. She came directly into the library, through the music room, and turned on the lights.

I was curious. It was easy to watch her through the carved margin of the screen. It was only curiosity. I had no idea there would be further mystery to solve. In the morning she would tell her story, the law would take hold, and that would be all. But I recall distinctly every movement she made.

First she went to the long table littered with magazines, with the bronze reading lamp in the center. She glanced over the magazines as they lay, picked up the framed picture of herself and looked at it for a long moment, her hands visibly trembling. Then she took a survey of the room.

There was an English fender about the fireplace, with a tufted leather top. Mr. Plummer habitually sat there, with his back to the fire. And just inside, thrown carelessly, lay a newspaper. It was the newspaper she wanted. It was not easy for her to reach it in her weakened condition. She stooped, staggered, bent again, and got it.

The wood fire had burnt itself out, but the warm bricks and ashes still threw out a comforting heat. She curled up on the floor by the fender and proceeded to go over the pages, running a shaking finger through paragraph after paragraph. I was most uncomfortable, half-ashamed, and cramped from my position.

When I felt that I could stand no more she found what she was looking for. I heard her gasp and then saw her throw herself forward, her face in her arms, crying silently but fiercely, her shoulders shaking. She paid no attention when I bent over her, except to draw herself away from my hand. When I tried to take the newspaper, however, she snatched it from my hand and sat up.

"Go away!" she said hysterically. "You're always round watching me. Can't I even cry alone?"

I was rather offended. I was raw and new, and it hurt. I drew back, like a fool, and lost a clew that we did not find until weeks later.

"I'm sorry you feel that way," I said coldly and went out and up the stairs.

She burned the paper before she made a laborious and faltering ascent of the staircase half an hour later—at least, when I went down there was no sign of it or of any of the newspapers that had littered the room. And, though Mr. Patton secured them all later and we went over them patiently, we could find nothing that seemed to have the remotest bearing on what we were trying to learn.

She was much better by morning—had slept a little; was calmer; had a bit of color in her ears, which had been wax-white; but the bruise on her forehead was blacker.

I broke the news of her return very gently to Mr. March at dawn and left it to him to tell his wife. I went in afterward and found her hysterically impatient to see her daughter. I induced her to wait, however, until she had had an egg and a piece of toast. I do not believe in excitement on an entirely empty stomach. We covered the bruise with a loop of Clare's heavy hair; and then her father and mother went in and I closed the door.

Somebody had telephoned for Mr. Plummer; but she sent her father out to say she would not see him just yet. It was like a blow in the face. He almost reeled.

"That's the message, boy," Mr. March said. "I don't understand it any more than you do. She's in frightful condition; we've sent for the doctor. Tomorrow I am sure——"

"But what does she say?" Mr. Plummer broke in. "Where has she been? I'll wait until she wants to see me, of course, but for God's sake tell me where she has been!"

"She has told us very little," Mr. March had to confess. "She is hardly coherent yet. She says she will talk to the police sometime today. She has been imprisoned—that is all we know."

Mrs. March's sitting room was open and Mr. Plummer went in and sat down heavily. Sometime later, as I passed the door, he called me in.

"You let her in, didn't you?" he asked. "Will you sit down and tell me all you know about it?"

"Let Him In, Ma. We Ain't Got Nothing to Hide"

I was glad to talk—I had been bottled up for so long. I told him everything—except my reason for being down in the library behind the screen.

"Did she ask for me at all?" he asked when I had finished.

"I—I think so. Naturally she would."

He smiled at me wryly.

"You know she did not ask for me," he said and got up.

I was very sorry for him. He was so earnest, so bewildered. He waited round all morning, hoping for a message, and about noon she said she would see him. Her own maid dressed her and together we put a little rouge on her face and touched up her colorless lips. Except for the hollows in her cheeks, she looked lovely. I took her message to him.

"Tell him I want to see him," she said to me; "but he is not to ask a lot of questions, and he is to stay only a minute or two—I am so very tired."

He was uncertain of his welcome, I think. I took him to the door. She was on a couch, propped up with pillows, and the bruise was covered. And when I saw the look in his eyes and the answering flame in hers I knew that, whatever else was wrong, it was nothing that lay between them. The vision of the blond man as Clare's lover died at that moment and never came to life again.

The story of the almost two months of Clare March's disappearance she told to Mr. Patton that afternoon. She would not allow her father and mother to be present, and only Mr. Patton's insistence that the nurse should be there to see that she did not overtax her strength secured my admission. The story was short and was told haltingly. It gave me the impression of truth, but of being only a part of the truth. Her descriptions of the people and of the surroundings, for instance, were undoubtedly drawn from painful memory. They were photographic—raw with truth. The same was true of her story of the escape.

"It was on the third of September that you started home," Mr. Patton said. "We know that, and that you arrived on the morning of the fourth. We lost you from the time you got into a taxicab at the station. Did you order the man to drive you home?"

"Not directly. I went to ——." She named the department store to which she had been traced. "I had made my purchase when a young man came up to me and introduced himself. He said I did not know him, but that he was living in the same house with an old German teacher of mine, Fräulein Julie Schlenker. She had taught me at boarding school and I was very fond of her. He said she was—dying."

Tears came into her eyes. Mr. Patton caught my eye for the fraction of a second.

"Was this before you bought the blankets or after?"

She looked startled, but he was smiling pleasantly. If she had to reassemble her story she did it well and quickly.

"Before. I was terribly worried about Julie," she said. "I agreed to go there at once, and I asked him what I could take her to make her comfortable. He said she couldn't eat, but perhaps blankets—or something like that. I bought blankets and had them put in the taxicab."

"What address did this blond young man give you?"

"I did not say he was a blond young man," she objected. "I do not remember what he looked like. I should not know him again."

Mr. Patton nodded gravely.

"My mistake," he said. "Was this the same taxicab?"

"No; I had dismissed the other. I got into the taxicab and the man gave an address to the driver. I paid no attention to it. I was upset about Julie. I hardly looked out. We went very fast. All the time I was seeing Julie lying dead, with her poor old face——" She shuddered. Clearly that part of the story was true enough and painful. "We drove for a long time. I was worried about the bill. When the register said four dollars I was anxious. I had checks, but very little money."

She stopped herself suddenly and gave Mr. Patton a startled glance, but he was blandness itself.

"Four dollars!" he said. "Did you know the neighborhood?"

"Not at all. I was angry and accused the driver of taking a roundabout way. He said he had gone directly and offered to ask a corner man."

"You were still in the city then?"

"Yes; but it was far out. When the driver drew up I had just enough money to pay him. It was almost five dollars."

"Can you remember exactly?"

"Four dollars and eighty cents. I gave that man five dollars. I had only a dollar left."

"The young man was still with you?"

"No, indeed. I was quite alone. I wish you would not interrupt me."

Mr. Patton sat back good-humoredly and folded his hands. I knew why he had continually broken in on the story. I thought he had caught something, by his look.

"I got out. I had the blankets and they were bulky. The man carried them to the doorstep and drove away. I thought it was a queer neighborhood. It was a mean little house, off by itself, with only an unoccupied house near. I felt very strange, but Julie was always queer.

"I asked for Julie. A hideous old woman answered the door. The whole place was filthy. I felt terribly for Julie—she was always so neat. I went in and up the stairs. The stairs were narrow and steep, and shut off below with a door. All I could think of was Julie in that horrible place. There were cobwebs along the stairs. I held my skirt away from them. We turned toward the back of the house and stopped before a door. The old woman did not rap. She opened it and said: 'In here, miss.' I went in. The room was empty. I said: 'Why, where is Julie?' But the old woman had gone. I heard her outside locking the door."

That was a strange story we listened to that afternoon—a story of futile calls for help; of bread and water passed through a panel in the door; of a drugged sleep, from which she wakened to find her clothing gone and rags substituted; of drunken revels below; and of the constant, maddening surveillance through the panel by a man with a squint. She described the room with absolute accuracy and even drew it roughly for Mr. Patton—a low attic room with two small windows; a sloping roof; discolored plaster from a leak above; a washstand without bowl or pitcher; for light a glass lamp with a smoked chimney; and for furniture a cot under the lowest part of the ceiling, and a chair.

Once a day, she said, the old woman brought her a tin basin for washing, and a towel, rough-dried. The basin had a red string to hang it up by, she said. The towels were checked—pink and white.

"Like glass towels," she said. "There was a grate for coal and a wooden shelf above it, with an old steel engraving tacked up on the wall. One corner was loose, and if I left the window open it flapped all the time. I had a fire only once; but I did not suffer from cold—the kitchen was beneath, and the flue was always warm."

"This steel engraving—do you remember what it was?"

"The Landing of the Pilgrims," she said promptly. "Some one had colored a part of it with crayons—a child probably."

Mr. Patton looked puzzled. She might have invented the panel in the door or the man with the squint; but parts of her story bore the absolute imprint of truth—the chimney flue being warm; the flapping picture; the rough-dried towels; the basin with a red string through its rim.

"In a moment I want you to tell us how you got away," Mr. Patton said; "but first—I want a reason for all this. Was it—did they try to force you to anything?"

"Nothing at all."

"They were not white-slavers then?"

She colored.

"No."

"They never threatened you?"

She hesitated, considered.

"Only when I cried out—and that would have done no good. There was only an empty house near."

"Miss March, this is an almost incredible story. A crime must have a motive. You are saying that you were imprisoned in an isolated house for two months, were unharmed and unthreatened, but under constant surveillance, and finally made your escape. And you can imagine no reason for it!"

"I haven't said that at all—I imagined plenty of reasons. Couldn't they have wanted a ransom?"

"They made no attempt to secure one."

She told of her escape rather briefly. If I can give in so many words my impression of her story it was that here and there she was on sure ground, and that the escape was drawn absolutely from memory and was accurate in every detail.

"Every now and then they all got drunk," she said. "I—I always thought they would set the house on fire. The two younger women would sing—and it was horrible."

"You did not say there were younger women."

She was confused.

"There were two. One was married to the man. They called the old woman ma. And there was a man with a wooden leg who visited the house. He came over the field; I saw him often. For the last two days they'd been drinking, and the old woman fell down and hurt herself. I could hear her groaning. And I was hungry—I was terribly hungry." She looked at me. "You know how hungry I was. I had not even water."

"She was starving," I said.

"Nobody came. I was frightened. I kept thinking that something had happened." She checked herself, started again. "All evening I lay in darkness. I could hear them yelling and singing and now and then the old woman groaning. And I was so thirsty I hoped it would rain and the roof would leak. That's how thirsty I was. I slept a little—not very much. Mostly I walked about and worried. The house was so quiet that it drove me crazy."

"Quiet! Were they asleep?"

She looked at him quickly.

"They went away—all of them. There was only the old woman, and she was hurt. When I called nobody answered."

"How was your door fastened?"

"On the outside."

"Couldn't you have put your arm through the broken panel and unlocked it?"

"The key was not in the lock. It never was. It was always on a nail at the top of the staircase. I could see it."

No one could have doubted her. The key was kept at the top of the stairs on a nail. It takes a perceptible second to invent such a detail. She had not invented it.

"I Lowered Myself by My Hands and Then Dropped"

"All the next day no one came near me. One of the windowpanes was broken. I called through it for help. Sometimes there were people in the fields beyond the house. There was nobody that day except some little boys. They paid no attention; perhaps they did not hear me. I was getting weaker all the time. I thought that pretty soon I would be too weak to try to escape. The fire was out below and my room was cold. My hands were so stiff I could hardly move them. I worked a long time at the window. They had driven nails in all round it. I worked them loose."

She held out her hands. They were cut and blistered.

"I got them out at last, but I broke a pane of glass. I hardly cared whether it was heard or not. I had never been able before to see what lay below the window. There was a sort of shed there.

"I had to wait until night. The room was freezing, with the window out. They were still away, except the old woman. She lay and groaned down below. I lay on the mattress the rest of the day and shivered. As soon as it was dark I crawled up on the windowsill. I was frightened—it looked so far down. I lowered myself by my hands and then dropped; but I slipped. I thought I had broken my ankle. The loose boards on the shed made a frightful noise."

"How did you find your way home?"

"I walked for hours. I do not know anything about the streets. I just walked toward the glow of the city lights against the sky. When I got into the city proper I knew where I was."

"Where were you when you first recognized your surroundings?"

"I saw the North Market."

"Do you remember from which direction you approached it?"

"The west side, I believe." Her tone was reluctant.

Mr. Patton drew a soiled lavender envelope from his pocket and took out its inclosure.

"'Am all right. Clare,'" he read. "Now, Miss March, just when and where did you write this little note?"

Her only answer was to break into hysterical crying. "Julie! Julie!" she cried. She absolutely refused to explain the note. It was an *impasse*. She could neither explain it nor ignore it. She took refuge in tears and silence.

That was the end of Clare March's story. It sounded like madness; but there was proof of a sort—her general condition; her hands; her brief but photographic descriptions. It was true—at least in part. It was not the whole truth. She had not spoken of the blond man or of the little old lady in black; and yet I was convinced she knew about them both. Mr. Patton thought as I did; for when she was quieter he asked for a description of the old woman of her story.

"She was very stout," she said slowly, "and very dirty. She always wore the same things—a blue calico dress and an apron. She seemed to be washing all the time; the apron was always wet and soapy. And she had thin gray hair drawn into a hard knot."

"Could you tell her nationality by her voice—her accent?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Did you ever see her dressed for the street?"

"Never."

"Then you never saw her in a black bonnet trimmed with jet, and an old-fashioned dolman, and carrying a pocketbook fastened with two buckles?"

She leaned over suddenly and caught Mr. Patton by the wrist.

"I can't stand it any longer!" she cried. "What do you know? Was the paper wrong?"

When she saw by his face that he did not understand and could not help her, she sank back among her pillows. She would not answer any more questions and lapsed into a watchful silence.

VI

NATURALLY I have never taken any credit for the solution of the Clare March mystery. Even now, when I am writing under an assumed name, I am uneasy. To be suspected would be my professional ruin. So far I have been able to keep my double calling a profound secret. I may have been in your house. Think over it, those of you who have something to conceal—are you certain that the soft-walking, starched, white young woman to whom in your weakness you talked so freely—are you sure it was not myself? Under the skin, I said in the beginning—aye, and under the flesh and its weaknesses. Do you recall that day when you and a visitor talked at the bedside and I wrote letters in a corner by a window? How do you know but that your entire conversation, word by word, was at the Central Office in two hours? Did it ever occur to you before?

I wrote many letters that week. Mrs. March was up and about, bustling and busy; Clare was my patient. I no longer met Mr. Patton in the evenings. He was combing the outskirts of the city, I believe, and interviewing taxicab drivers. I sent a daily report by mail to him:

MONDAY—I notice one curious thing: She will not let me do much for her. Hortense, her maid, does some things—not much. She gets rid of us both whenever she can. I feel worse than useless. I have offered to give her massage, but she refuses. Mr. Plummer only comes to the door—she does not wish him to come in.

TUESDAY—Still weak and inert. A box of flowers every day from Mr. Plummer. I had thought possibly she did not care for him; but today I saw her eyes when she looked at the roses—I believe she is crazy about him. She would like to get rid of me, but her parents insist she needs me. Her hands are healing. There is one curious thing—her wrists are abraded. Did she say her hands were tied?

WEDNESDAY—The blond man has been here. I saw him from the stairs and went down. He is not what we thought at all. He is untidy and shabby. He was waiting inside the door, turning his hat round in his hands. I told him Miss March was ill, but he refused to leave. He said: "Tell her it is Samuels, and this is the last call. She'll know what I mean." I said: "I think she has had a letter from you." He turned livid. "Then she got it!" he stormed. "And she paid no attention to it! You tell her, for me, that she'll fix things with me now—today—or I'll tell the whole story!" He felt in his watch pocket and seemed to remember that his watch was gone. That added to his rage. "You tell her that. Tell her she'll have it at the old place by three this afternoon or I'll go to her precious sweetheart and tell him some things he ought to know." I tried to follow him when he left, but by the time I'd got my hat and ulster he was out of sight. If Samuels is his real name you can probably find him. He is blond and smooth-shaved, and has a gold tooth—right side, upper jaw; wears a tan overcoat and a soft green felt hat.

WEDNESDAY, four P. M.—I have just come back from an errand for Clare. I have been to the "old place" with a parcel for Samuels. It was money. He was so greedy that he tore it open while I waited. It seemed to be considerable—well over a hundred dollars. When he had counted it he put it in his pocket. He looked better than in the morning and was calmer. He looked at me after he had counted it. "Don't look so damned virtuous!" he said. "This isn't blackmail. It's for value received."

The "old place" is at the corner of Tenth Street and the Embankment. We stood in the doorway of a vacant building and talked. Samuels looks decayed—as if he has seen better days. I tried to get you by telephone to follow me. You were out.

THURSDAY—A very curious thing happened today: Clare asked for some chicken cooked in cream. The cook had never done it and I volunteered. It took some time; I was in the basement more than an hour. When I came up with the chicken she had disappeared. We were all terribly frightened. I called the office twice, but you were out as usual—you will have to arrange some way for me to get you in emergencies. She had taken her wraps and gone out by the garden door. The parlor maid had not seen her. It was two hours later when she came back, exhausted. She locked herself in her room and it was almost the dinner-hour before she would admit me.

Her father had a talk with her tonight. He said:

"You must not do such unwise things. You will drive your mother frantic."

"Poor mother!" she replied. "I'll tell you before long where I was. Don't ask me."

I thought she had been crying. I believe she has pawned or sold her sapphire ring; I do not see it.

That letter, sent special delivery, and unsigned, as all of them were, brought a telephone message from the detective and an appointment for that evening.

"Ask for an evening off," he said. "I think I've got it. And I want to talk to you."

He had a taxi at the corner that night. It was when it was well under way that he began to talk.

"We've got the house," he said. "The man with the squint did it—but that's a long story. In her anxiety to tell as much as she dared of the truth she went a little too far. Given a four-dollar-and-eighty-cent taxicab radius, an isolated house with two young women, an old hag and a

man with a squint—put a shed on the back of the house and a bad reputation all over it—and you have perhaps two dozen possibilities. Add such graphic touches as a built-in stairway and a tin basin hung up by a red string as identification marks, and an empty house and a man with a wooden leg for neighbors, and out of the two dozen there will be one house that fits. We've found it."

"Is that where we are going?"

"To that neighborhood. I really wanted a chance to go over the whole thing with you. Now, then, what do you think? You've been close to the case—closer than I have. How much of that story of hers is true?"

"About half of it."

"Which half?"

"Well, I think she was not a prisoner. I believe she was a voluntary guest in the house she described and that she was hiding from something."

"I see. And not expecting us to find the house, she gave a circumstantial description. But what was she hiding from? So far as we can learn, her past has been an open book—she was away at school for four years, and spent a year abroad with a party of girls and a chaperon. She came out two years ago—I remember reading about the coming-out ball, something very elaborate. That first winter she went about with young Page, became engaged and broke it off. Page has been away ever since. It can't have anything to do with Page. Last spring she took on this Plummer—has been with her family all summer—has never, except during the year abroad, been away from her mother for any length of time. That doesn't look like anything to hide from. What do you think of the Julie story?"

"I don't believe it. But there is a Julie."

"Does the family know the name?"

"No. The girl is paying blackmail, Mr. Patton."

"The blond chap?"

"Yes."

"That was rotten luck, my being out of touch that day. If we had him—or if we had your friend the little old lady!"

He stopped the taxicab shortly after and we got out. We were well out of the center of town, in a scattering suburb. I had never seen it. And before us stretched one of those empty spaces that are left here and there, without apparent cause, during the growth of the city. House-builders are gregarious—they build in clusters. Perhaps it's a matter of sewers or of gas and water. To right and left of us stretched a sort of field, almost bare of grass, with straggling paths across it. Long before, a street had been cut through; its edges were still intact—a pitfall for the unwary.

I did not see all this that night. It was late October and very dark. Mr. Patton had a pocket flash, and with that and his hand I managed fairly. Our destination was before us—a little house faintly lighted.

"I'm afraid this isn't very pleasant, Miss Adams," he apologized; "and I haven't a good reason for bringing you. But I'm up against it in a way. I want you to see this place and perhaps your instinct will tell you what I fail to make out. I've been here once today and it stumps me. They swear they've never had a girl there; that the man with the wooden leg sleeps in the garret sometimes. He's a watchman at the railroad over there. By the way, did she speak of a railroad?"

"I think not."

"It's a bad place. The police protection doesn't amount to much, but over there in the town they say it's a speak-easy. The cellar's full of beer. They say other things too—that the old woman is a white slaver, for one thing. That bears out the story partly. And another thing does also—the hag hurt herself lately. She's going about with a cane. On the other hand—well, if they were lying today they did a good piece of work."

There was a wagon near the house as we approached. At first we thought they were moving out. Then Mr. Patton laughed.

"Getting rid of the beer and the empties," he said. "Got them scared! Now don't be nervous. You needn't speak to them. I want you to keep your eyes open—that's all."

I was nervous. There was something sinister about the very location. I have even now rather a hazy recollection of Mr. Patton's rap at the door, the imperious summons of the law, and of a hideous old woman who peered out into the darkness.

"Well, mother," Mr. Patton said cheerfully, "here I am again. I want to look round a little."

The hag made to close the door, but a woman spoke from behind.

"Let him in, ma," she said. "We ain't got nothing to hide. Come in, muster."

A man came up from a cellarway with a box of bottles. I can still see his face over the bottles—his sickening pallor, his squint. He thought it was a raid, clearly. Then he saw me and his color came back.

"I guess a man's 'ouse is 'is own," he snarled. "We drink a little beer ourselves. That ain't again' the law, I reckon."

"Not at all," Mr. Patton said good-humoredly. "I'll have a lamp, please."

It appeared to be a four-roomed house. We stood in the front room, an untidy place with a bed in a corner and heavy with stale odors. Behind there was a kitchen with a table littered with the remains of the evening meal. Between the two rooms was a narrow, steep staircase shut off with a door below and ending above in a small landing. From this landing two doorways opened—one into a front room, the other into a half room, or attic, over the kitchen. It was into this room that Mr. Patton, carrying a smoky lamp, led the way.

"This is the room," he said. "That is the window with the shed below. Here is where the flue comes up from the kitchen."

I looked round. It was a sordid, filthy place. The plaster had broken away here and there. Where it was intact it was discolored from a leaking roof. For furniture there was a mattress on the floor, with soiled bedding, a chair with a broken seat, and a washstand. Clare had said the washstand was unfurnished, but had mentioned a tin basin. Here was a tin basin with a red string. Mr. Patton was watching me grimly.

"Well, what do you make of it?" he said.

"It looks queer," I admitted. "Only there are some things—the panel in the door, for instance. There is no door."

"I asked about that. They say it came off the hinges a month or so ago and they chopped it up for firewood."

I was still looking about. He had stooped and was examining the door-hinges.

"She said she broke the glass. One window is broken, but this one over the shed is not."

He came over and ran his hand over the windowframe.

"Sash is nailed in, which I believe was also mentioned!" he said. Our eyes met in the dim light—a friendly clash: he was so sure of the place and I was so doubtful.

As I stood there peering into the squalid corners of the attic I remembered the daintiness of the girl's room at home—its bright chintz and shining silver; its soft lamps; its cushions; its white bath beyond. I remembered the exquisite service of the March household and tried to picture the hag below climbing that ladder of a staircase with a platter of greasy food. I tried to forget Clare, in her lovely negligée, and to recall the haggard creature who had dropped in her rags at the foot of the staircase. And I tried to place the wretched girl of that night in this wretched place. I could not do it. There was something wrong.

Mr. Patton turned to me, gravely smiling.

"Now, then, your instinct against my training," he said. "Is this the place?"

"I do not believe she was ever here," I said. "Don't ask me why—I just don't believe it." But a moment later I felt that my instinct had received a justification. "Do you remember," I said, "a graphic description of a steel engraving that flapped in the wind?"

"By George!"

"There is not only no engraving—there are no nail holes in the plaster. There has never been such an engraving here," I said in triumph.

VII

I HAVE often wondered what would have happened had we taken Clare March the next day to that untidy house in Brickyard Road. Brickyard Road was the local name of the street that had been cut through and forgotten.

Would she have told the real story or not? If not, how would she have explained the discrepancy, for instance, of the missing engraving? Would she have taken refuge in silence? Had she hoped by the very detail of her description to throw us off the track? Did she wonder, those dreadful days, how the bag with the buckles had come into the hands of the police and yet had not led us farther? Did she suspect me at any time?

Sometimes I thought she did. She would not let me do much for her. I gave her the medicines that were ordered, saw to her nourishment, read to her occasionally. Her own maid looked after her personally. It rather irritated me. More than once I found her watching me. I would glance up from my book and find her eyes on me with a question in them; but she never asked it.

Mr. Patton was waiting eagerly to take her out to Brickyard Road; but she was still very weak and she

(Continued on Page 45)

"And I Was Terribly Hungry. I Had Not Even Water"

MAKING OVER A BIG STORE

IT WAS one day while I was on the local staff of a big evening paper that for the first time in my life, I think, I read the newspaper advertisement of a department store. It was an announcement of some new suits on display at the Castlemarket Store and it filled me with rage.

"How stupid!" chafed I. "How absolutely senseless to spend money on newspaper space and then fill it with anything like this!"

The advertisement was, in fact, an excellent specimen of those that fifteen years ago used to be clicked off daily by the department stores. From it you got the feeling that the words had been stitched in by a sewing machine. Every line was a seam of cold, lifeless detail; and the cut that accompanied it had the settled look of a mausoleum.

I was just out of college and prone to gratuitous criticism; so in the heat of my vexation I sat down and wrote Mr. Castlemarket what I thought of his advertisement.

"Why don't you make every woman believe that she needs a suit instead of merely appealing to those women who do need one?" I asked. "With a live news story on these suits—with one single touch that made you feel how beautiful they were—you might throw a noose about every reader's fancy. As it is, you are content with taking a few women on the leash of their necessities."

I wrote this letter in a spirit of sheer intellectual relief. Never once did the idea of any possible profit to myself enter my head. Indeed I did not even look for a reply; and consequently it was with some surprise that a few days afterward I opened a letter from Mr. Castlemarket. When I saw that his letter asked for an interview the surprise changed to bewilderment.

Never shall I forget the day when, on brushing aside the anteroom sentinels, I found myself for the first time in the presence of one of the greatest merchants of his time. Not until then, I think, had the impudence of my criticism really struck me. My cheeks blazed and I stood there in a confusion that almost choked me.

I Remodel a Temple of Futility

MR. CASTLEMARKET looked up at me in surprise. Evidently he had suspected as the author of that criticism a lady with an Alpine hat and a capsule-size knot of hair.

"So," said he at last, "this is the person who doesn't like our advertisements!"

"Yes," stammered I, "it is."

For a moment he looked very solemn; then, his face breaking into the jolliest twinkle, said he:

"Neither do I." We both laughed at that, and though in an instant he had become grave again I was no longer ill at ease. "You are a student of advertising?"

Little imps of humor lit up the corners of my mouth.

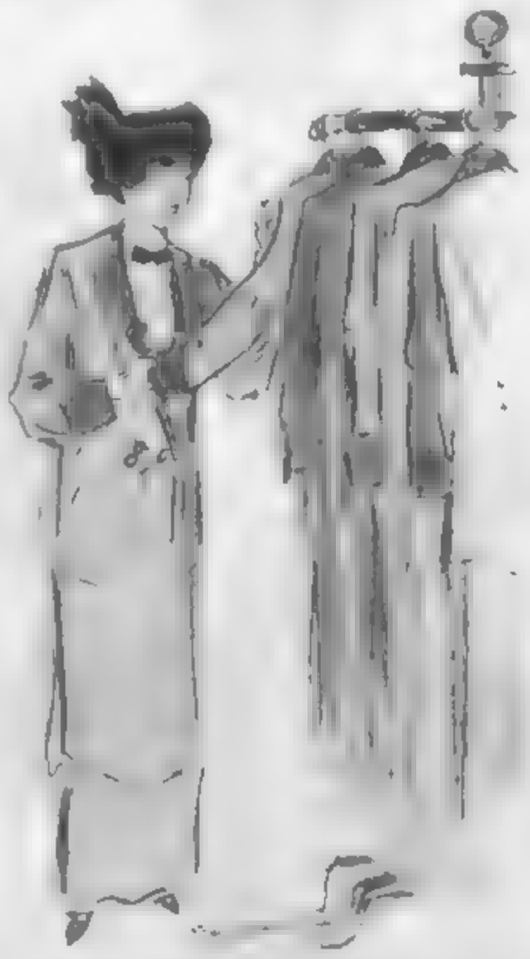
"I? Oh, no, indeed. That advertisement I wrote you about was the first I ever read in a newspaper."

To my great surprise he looked pleased.

"So much the better. I should rather have the opinion of a man who has looked at a single leaf than of another who has examined the forest. Miss Van B——" he turned to me suddenly, his eyes very keen—"I think you could be useful to me. Will you accept a position in my advertising department?"

"But I couldn't write an advertisement," I faltered.

"A news story!" he interposed swiftly; then, seeing my look of doubt: "Why not?" he urged. "Is there anything more thrilling than the drama of merchandise? Why, any one with imagination could write a volume on the history and manufacture and beauty of one single handkerchief. Think where it takes you to the flax fields of Ireland and Germany and Belgium; to the great linen manufactories of Ireland. Yet they tell me advertising with imagination wouldn't pay! Miss Van B——, will you come with me and show them that it will?"



"But It Makes Every Woman Think She Can Look Beautiful"

And, before I could think, "Yes" picked me up bodily and set me down in the Castlemarket Store. The very first day on which I assumed my new duties Mr. Castlemarket told me that he wished me to spend a week in familiarizing myself with the store. After that I was to take another week in visiting all the other department stores in New York. The results of this prolonged inspection were to be embodied in a typewritten report.

If he had asked me then and there for a commentary on cuneiform tablets I could not have been less prepared for the work. Truth to say, I had never been fond of department stores. "Temples of futility" I was wont to call them as I pursued my reticent way through the specialty shop.

One talent, however, I do possess—the ability to get myself interested. Anything from saucepans to threshing machines fills me with intense curiosity. And it was with something of a Stanley's feeling that I penetrated my way through farthest department-storedom.

My report, when finished, was sweepingly brief.

"The trouble with the department store," wrote I in the confidence of my youth and ignorance, "is that it fails of proper setting for its goods. The merchandise itself is beautiful, but it loses through improper display. Simply because a thing is big it need not be a jumble. It seems to me that it should be the aim of every department to introduce something of the charm of the specialty shop."

There were other criticisms included in this report; but I placed chief emphasis on that one point—how to introduce the air of the specialty shop into the big department store! To this one thing I returned unceasingly through many years of service, and it was only half a decade ago that I partially solved the problem.

The significant feature of my inspection, however, was not the report I made but the attitude in which making the report placed me. From the day I started my inspection I ceased to belong to the Castlemarket Store—it belonged to me. Mine it was; and, just as some women spend their energies on fixing up their houses, I commenced spending mine on fixing up the Castlemarket Store. To this fact of absolute absorption in my work may be traced any success I have had in life.

Meanwhile the reorganization of the advertising department had taken place, and as successor to the former manager was installed Mr. Devine, a young newspaper man. Together we laid out as districts all the departments of the store; and just as newspaper districts we covered them. Gone were the days when a buyer's duties to the advertising department were dismissed by laying on one's desk such inspiring bits of data as: "For sale tomorrow—twelve sets of stone-marten—muff and stole—sixty-five dollars from ninety dollars."

Instead of this we insisted on knowing all about the merchandise; on finding out whether it was fashionable and whether it would wear. The supreme law of our department became, in fact: "Never write about any bit of merchandise you have not seen."

Incidentally to this kind of advertising we took up a great deal of the buyers' time. We pricked them with questions as to why they were reducing certain stocks; we demanded the exact difference between the wearing qualities of different materials; we asked them for information concerning the foreign factories they visited. All this they resented very much. They poohpoohed our artistic advertising, spoke of our department as the School for Journalists, and declared that nothing brought results like a good, solid phalanx of prices combined with an equally solid cut.

Well do I remember, for instance, the wrath of the linen buyer after he had finished reading one of my store romances entitled: The Autobiography of a Turkish Towel.

"I say," he cried wrathfully, striking like a tambourine the paper, which he held aloft, "do you think I'm going to pay for this kind of thing? You must imagine you're Sir Walter Scott—that you're trying to make a hero out of a Turkish towel! Do you suppose anybody's ever going to respond to such nonsense as this?"

"Perhaps not tomorrow," replied I quietly, "but you wait and see whether in the course of two years your department has not increased its sales."

If, however, they objected to the advertisements, how much more did they to the illustrations that accompanied them! These illustrations had by this time experienced a change of style proportionate to the new ideas of writing. In place of the old stiff cuts we now had pen-and-ink drawings made for us by a prominent young

Most Employers Would Have Considered It a Foolish Waste of Money to Send Me on This Expensive Tour

illustrator. They were dear young things, those girls he drew for us, with perfect profiles and bonbon smiles; and they used to fairly blister the skin of the poor cloak-and-suit buyer.

"Give me a picture of the thing I'm selling!" cried she impatiently. "I'm not selling pretty girls, but suits with circular skirts. This drawing is all right for a holiday calendar—it goes well with the months of the year; but it doesn't go with my new suits."

"But," argued I, "it makes every woman think she can look as beautiful as this by wearing one of our suits."

In spite of all these objections from the people with whom we worked, our advertising pulled more and more. People got to reading the news stories we wrote because they were entertained by them. And at the end of a year various stores over the country were following our lead.

Just two years after I entered his store Mr. Castlemarket called me to his office one day in late January. As I entered the room he looked up from a folder he was studying.

"Can you be ready to go to Europe by next week?" asked he.

"Europe!" exclaimed I radiantly; "Why, yes; of course. What ——"

"I never had any intention of keeping you permanently in the advertising department," he continued. "So long as we were remodeling our style you were immensely useful to us. Now that we've got things started, though, I can get some other bright young newspaper woman to take your place. I have decided, therefore, to put your interest in the store and your talent for merchandise direction to a new use."

Seeing my blank stare Mr. Castlemarket proceeded to make himself clear.

Abroad in Search of Atmosphere

HAVING already received from my advertising experience a wide knowledge of merchandise I was now to spend six months in Europe in order to deepen that knowledge. I was to visit the great potteries of France and England and Germany; I was to inspect the embroidery manufactories of St. Gall; I was to take a trip through the linen-making districts of Ireland and Scotland and Saxony; and I was to see the making of fine lingerie and laces in the convents of France.

Above all, I was to study Paris—its fashions and its shops; its salesmanship and its atmosphere. "For," asserted my employer in words I never forgot, "Paris represents the very heart of fashion and of merchandise. That we should admit that is no more slavish than for a Parisian to admit that America is the citadel of the great practical inventions. It is the gift of France to the other nations of the world and we cannot ignore it."

Most employers would have considered it a foolish waste of money to send me on this expensive tour, and would have allowed me to hang on my little advertising peg to the end of time. Yet I was only one of many to whom the great merchant extended this favor. In the course of time his other advertising writers and a number of his buyers were sped through a tour of the world. Indeed, the finest enunciation of his wisdom was that no money was ever misspent when applied to deepening the enthusiasm and knowledge of his helpers.

The week before my departure for Europe was mainly occupied by training my successor in the advertising department. Miss Cochrane was a very brilliant young newspaper woman. She got fairly intoxicated with the fizz of adjectives, and her advertisements were the most sparkling and charming that had ever appeared in our columns. She wrote them, however, not for the sake of the Castlemarket Store, but for the sake of writing.

Not one whit did it matter to her whether we had the right kind of waists or whether we had a poor day in rugs. She was merely a mercenary who enjoyed her swordplay quite independently of the cause that called it forth.

Nothing could have better illustrated this point than the day we stood looking at the desolate space that should have surged with crowds at our fur sale.

"Oh, isn't it just too bad?" I cried in vexation. "This warm weather has just ruined the fur sale."

She looked at me in amused wonder.

"Why should you care?" she asked lightly.

I could see she regarded me as a poor, dazed fanatic, and felt that her sense of humor protected her from any such concern. Yet I, too, have that sense of humor. Only I feel toward it like some people do toward a dog—I like it in its place. This difference between us probably explains why I was being sent to Europe.

And now begins the most fascinating period of my whole career—my travels through Europe. Europe! How little do you mean to the ordinary conscientious visitor of ruins and famous art galleries! How sorry I always feel for the touristy person, who goes pecking at the shell of ancient culture! For me, I looked into the living Europe; saw the wheels of industry on which spin the manners and statesmanship and progress of the Continent of today.

What was more, I saw for the purpose of bringing away. Everything, from the rare old furniture of the Cluny Museum to the geranium and daisy window boxes of London houses, filled me with a mad desire to pick it up and set it down in the Castlemarket Store.

For instance, one spring day while I was sitting in one of the stalls of the quaint Cheshire Cheese, in London, it occurred to me that our store might very easily install a restaurant of this English type—an idea that has since been carried out. Why, I was exactly like some Venetian buccaneer of old, who always had in mind that treasure of gold or bronze or marble which he must bring back to St. Mark's.

Paris was, of course, the central point of my tour; and here for four months I remained. Like a rubber ball I bounded from the establishments of noted dressmakers and milliners to the Louvre and the Cluny; from the fashionable restaurants and theaters to the Palace of Versailles; from the home of a famous actress to the tomb of Napoleon. I quivered with the excitement of the place; but through all my delight there gnawed the problem of how to transport this charm and beauty to the Castlemarket Store.

The little jewel-like shops that twinkle down the Rue de la Paix—how, for instance, they did madden me with this sense of uncapturable perfection! I wanted to bring their exquisite setting and their even more exquisite salesmanship straight to the harbor of New York. After many years of thought, too, I did do something like that—but the account of how that was accomplished must be left until later in my story.

All this time I had been sending back for publication in our advertisements chatty descriptions of the latest modes and the latest events. It was this fact that probably suggested to Mr. Castlemarket the idea of a permanent Paris-style service. At any rate, just as I was about to return to America I received orders to remain.

"Your duties," wrote Mr. Castlemarket, "are to keep your finger on the pulse of Paris; send us a weekly letter of the modes; be there to show our buyers round when they go to Paris, and send us from time to time anything that may be useful to us for exhibition purposes."

So it was that for ten years I sat up with that restless Paris pulse. Not only did I cable back in the case of any important style developments—not only did I write back letters regarding the gown that Madame la Comtesse de Côteau wore at Longchamp, and the hat that Mademoiselle Suzanne de Somebody flaunted at Rumpelmayer's—but I bought for the store everything pungently Parisian, from paintings to candy boxes.

These purchases of mine were charged to the buyers of the departments for which they were destined. As a result the buyers felt that I was encroaching on their domain and—especially if they did not succeed in selling the things bought—they did not love me; in fact I think that if I had sent back among my novelties a cute little guillotine they would have tried to put it to practical use.

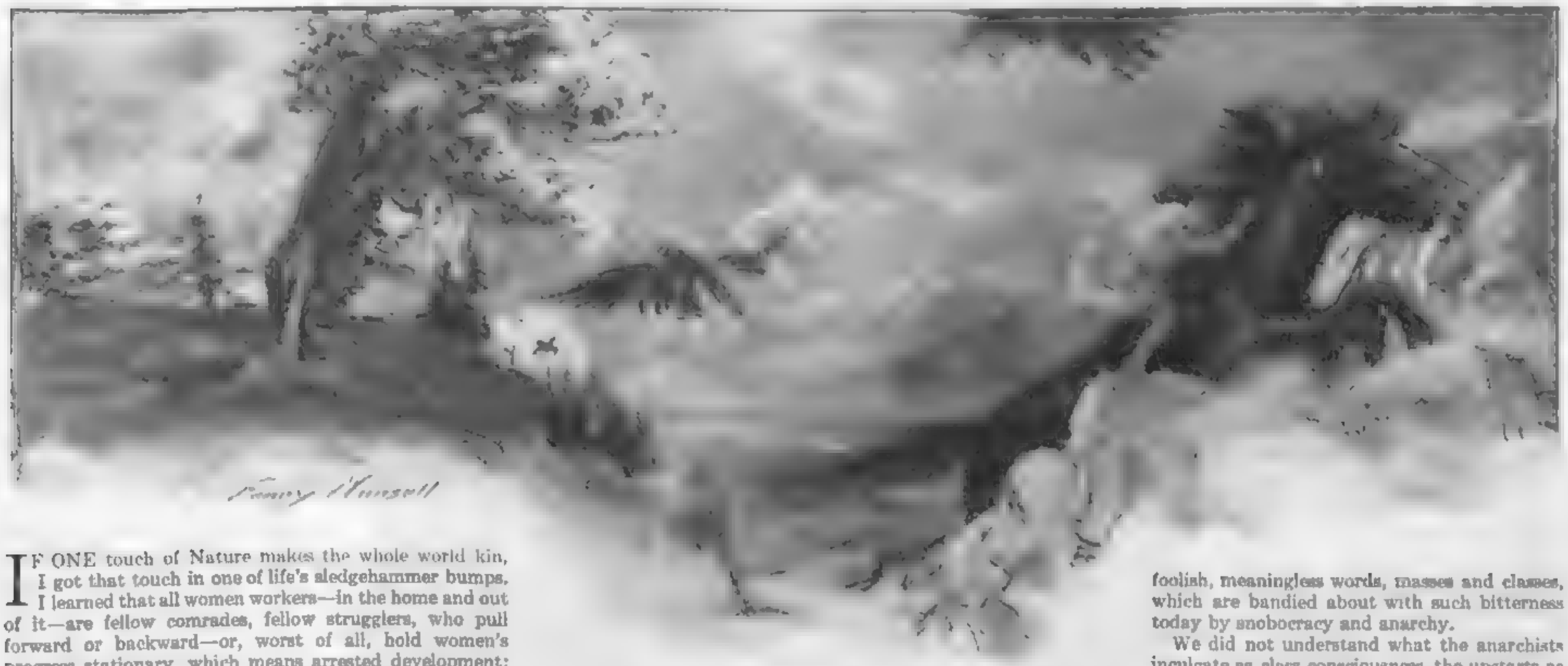
I was convinced of this attitude when one spring I came back to America to superintend a showing of the latest

(Continued on Page 36)

Autobiography of a Happy Woman

THE RESPECTABLE SIGN ON A BLIND PIG

ILLUSTRATED BY FANNY MUNSELL



Those Dreams Came in Lightning Flashes—as Moving Pictures

IF ONE touch of Nature makes the whole world kin, I got that touch in one of life's sledgehammer bumps. I learned that all women workers—in the home and out of it—are fellow comrades, fellow strugglers, who pull forward or backward—or, worst of all, hold women's progress stationary, which means arrested development; rust corroding the unused blade of effort; blue mold on the brain; palsy to the sword hand that should strike straight and direct; and, to the soul, the dry rot of a mummied death.

I learned that charity must be as all-embracing as life is all-testing—not one of us escapes, high or low, rich or poor. And—*Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin*—who shall say by what counterpoise we are weighed in the balance and found wanting?

I knew I was a wage-earner. We all were; but I did not regard myself as belonging to the great mass of wage-earners; in fact those words masses and classes had not much meaning for us in the new West. The carpenter of yesterday became the contractor of today and the millionaire of tomorrow. We of the university took credit to ourselves for not kotowing to the dollar sign; but we were perhaps the worst snobs of all—I mean intellectual snobs, who mistook culture for an end in itself instead of a means to the broadening and filling of existence with life.

I know now that many a man who never saw inside our books was gathering more culture, more of the knowledge that is power, from the Great Book of Life than we could cram from all the printed pages of college lore. The man who today controls the entire railroad and steamship system of one Eastern territory was at that time working as a stonemason on a city bridge.

Of the five men who own the majority of stock in three transcontinental railroads, one was splitting rails in the woods at one dollar and twenty-five cents a day; another was a bridge contractor; a third kept an outfitting store; the fourth ran a river ferry; the fifth was a train dispatcher.

The man who today owns the richest holdings in the Klondike was so flat under the collapse of the boom that no one thought he could ever crawl out. The biggest copper magnate of the two Mexicos and Arizona was on the job very quietly among us as a mining engineer at fifty dollars a month; and a young fellow, since famous, just out of a mining school, who afterward became the dominant force in Montana and Idaho mines and branch railroads, was working in blue jeans near our city in the most impossible gold mines ever discovered—all pyrites or "fools' gold"; so that we did not really understand those foolish, meaningless words, masses and classes, which are bandied about with such bitterness today by snobocracy and anarchy.

We did not understand what the anarchists inculcate as class consciousness, the upstarts as exclusiveness. We were all on the hustle. Those who made good went up and were received into the circle of the worth-whiles. Those who did not were left alone and, like the swine of Holy Writ, went promptly over the cliff to oblivion. We had no fault to find with the social system. We had not time; so, though I was a wage-earner and rejoiced in work, I did not realize that I was one of an army of seven million unconsciously carrying out an economic revolution.

I did not realize that what would hurt me would injure all. I did not dream that one of my upbringing could be menaced by the dangers, say, that menace a little girl working in a laundry or behind a counter. If the little laundry girl got smashed on the wheels of life, why, of course, I and all my shoddy kind would pull the mangled remains off the wheels with kid gloves and put them in an ambulance to be carted where they take care of mangled lives.

If a little mill girl fell over the edge of the city's cesspools of vice, to be sure I and all my kind would fish her out at the end of a forty-rod pole, disinfect our fishing tackle and pass by on the other side. That I or my kind

could get mangled in the wheels, that hands could reach up out of the cesspools and clutch at us—I neither knew, nor, if I had known, would I have believed. It was while going home with the doctor's death-warning humming in my head that I got my lesson.

At the train, seeing me off on the health quest to the West that midnight, was one of the lame ducks of the connection, who had been ruined by the collapse of the boom. He was desperate for money and he had a family to support.

"By George," he said, "I envy you going back West! I was a fool to have come East again. If I had the money I'd light out for the West on a blind chance as quick as that"—snapping his fingers.

He was a man to whom far-off fields always looked green. There was always some lucky turn of Fortune's wheel that he could grasp if only he had a little money; and in days of prosperity, when he had money, he threw it to the winds in the wildest dissipation.

"Look here," I said; "if you had another chance, do you think you could keep from being a fool?"

He said what such men always say in such cases. He did not think—he knew. Just give him the chance!

It may be mentioned here that the people who ask for chances are not the people who make any use of them. The men who know how to use a chance are the men who know how to create that chance.

"How much money do you need to go West?" He told me. "All right! I'll get it for you."

You see, I had not quite got rid of that old belief that all I had to do was tap God and I could get all I wanted.

"Trouble with you was," said an old frontiersman to whom I told the whole episode, "you thought you could boost a person externally. You can't. It's got to be done internally. If you have to boost a person up to the scratch in the first place you'll have to keep kicking him up to the scratch all along afterward; and life has no time for that. If you want to help, give a man's soul a different slant; then he'll work out his own salvation."

The sleeping car was crowded. By some mistake in the assignment of berths I had an upper. Everybody was in bed except an old gentleman who had boarded the train at this station. He introduced himself and named me.

"President R——, of the university, told me about you," he said. "I'm Mrs. So-and-So's brother."

Morning Answers to Evening Prayers

MRS. SO-AND-SO was a bulwark of church and society in our city and an intimate of my own home. I instantly recognized a well-known Eastern financial promoter, notorious in our city for several spectacular speculations that had succeeded, but somewhat distrusted for other speculations that you could hardly call shady, but rather shaky. The heavy bands of crape on his hat and overcoat sleeve vaguely recalled the story of a daughter about my own age, whom he had brought West for her health and then, against the doctor's orders, whisked off to Europe, where she died.

He kindly offered to exchange his lower berth for my upper; and I went to bed praying the hardest I had ever prayed for God to play down—not for this, that or the other thing, but for an open way to the fore through the blind wall that seemed to encompass life. Others may have found differently; but, so far as I have gone, I have never found that God opens the way, but rather does He give strength and agility for us to hew the way through the wall, or climb over it, or circumscribe it.

Curiously enough the occurrences of the next morning seemed almost a direct answer to those wild prayers—so readily do we read our desires of an ant-hill world into the great designs of the Universal Ruler. I woke late; and when I went to the dining car, by chance I was shown to the table where the old gentleman of the night before sat. He rose as I said good-morning, gave some orders in an undertone to the head waiter, who knew him, and reseated himself opposite me.

I felt rather than saw the stare that grew embarrassing. When I looked up his eyes were full of tears.

"How old are you?" he asked, without a word of preliminary. Then before I could answer: "And if I had not urged her to come home from the West she might be alive yet."

The trend of his thought was too evident to need any explanation. I suppose it must have been the hectic coloring or short breath, or general contour of face; but he had fancied a strong resemblance to his dead daughter, and his grief had unmanned him so that he had stayed on in the dining car along with the waiters. When I began to order breakfast the waiter told me it had been specially prepared.

If Ever an Answer Came to Wild Prayers This Was It—Bolt Out of the Blue

"You must allow me," he said. He was sitting with his elbows on the table and his hand over his eyes. "You don't know—you are too young to know—what it is to care for only one person in all the world and to have that one person snatched from you and—laid—away—in—a—foreign grave."

I was too amazed and confused to answer. The story came back to me in vague snatches to which I had paid no heed at the time—how this man had never agreed with the other members of his family. They had refused to come West with him. He spent his summers West and his winters in Europe; but in the discordant life the dead girl had seemed to be the one exception. On her he had centered all his love and his joy. It must have been a selfish love at best, for it was his disregard of the doctor's orders in taking her away from the high, dry air of the West to the fogs of London that had hastened her death. This we all knew in the vague, hurried, don't-care way of the West with its neighbors.

Perhaps that is one of the most striking differences between East and West. In the East everybody has known everybody else so intimately for generations that the slightest intrusion of the new produces a surprising resentment. In the West too many strangers are coming and going all the time for people to manage their neighbors' affairs. I should not have known these details of this man if his sister had not been a prominent woman in the city. When I looked up he had pulled himself together.

"You think it strange that I should talk this way with you; but when you entered the car last night in the half dark, with that dry cough and quick breathing and husk in your voice, I could hardly believe it wasn't a year ago when I took her East. Besides I have just crossed the ocean with President R—— of your university. He told me how much your case resembled my daughter's—the quick break; arrested development ——" He abruptly broke off, realizing what resemblance in the third stage might mean to me. Then, in a quick effort to cover his slip: "President R—— told me he never had a student who mastered work so easily without knowing it ——"

"Oh, President R—— was throwing bouquets at himself," I said lightly. "President R—— was a student when my grandfather was president ——"

"He said if your health had held out he intended to pay your expenses for a post-graduate course abroad——"

"As my college days are over, that isn't very much consolation."

"You will not go back?" I shook my head. "That's right! There is no use bucking life! If you do it bucks you!"

Later, when the waiters had cleared the tables, he tipped the head man off, smoked a cigar and told me about his daughter. He carried a miniature of her in the back of his watch, and I could see some resemblance to myself.

"You must not let yourself go as she did," he said. "What are your plans?"

"Plans!" I looked at him. "No plans—hustle, and hope—and die kicking!"

"Hustle—and hope—and die kicking!" he repeated. "That wouldn't be a bad motto for all of us the next few tight years. Those of us who come through alive will be millionaires; but it's a toss-up who is going to smash next. My own collections have been two thousand dollars a month short since I went to Europe. Young R——"—the son of the president of the university—"is my secretary; and I'm very uneasy about things—I'm very dissatisfied. When so many notes have to be extended it would be very easy for payment to come in and yet not go down on the books. Half our accounts are extended from month to month. It would take an expert accountant six months to prove a mix-up. I can never feel quite sure where Billy's inborn inaccuracy merges into loopholes for dishonesty to back through."

"Why do you keep him, then?" I asked.

If I had been experienced and older that question could have given me the keynote to the whole situation on the spot—and if he had answered frankly it would have been to the effect that Billy knew too much to be fired; but he hemmed and hawed about the president being an old friend and Billy a harmless, well-meaning boy, though he himself had come West to change the whole system in his offices.

Afterward, when we had gone back to the Pullman, I saw him across the aisle making a bluff of reading a newspaper upside-down, all the while studying something in his own mind. Ants have their antennæ and humans their instincts, though we call ourselves sublimated donkeys when we trust those invisible feelers of the soul. I knew, though I would not let myself know, what he had meant to convey in that reference to his business. Other travelers had gone to the observation car in the rear. He leaned across the aisle.

"See here," he said; "I have a plan. You have to work. I venture to say there isn't a family in the city where every member over sixteen won't try to do something this winter. Why can't you take this position? You'll find the offices the most sumptuously furnished west of Chicago." I did; and it has given me a distrust of sumptuous places and people ever since. "Don't think I am offering you this out of pity—because you resemble my dear daughter! I'll admit that resemblance first drew me to you; but the fact is, you need work and I need help. Here! If you doubt," he said, handing me two advertisements clipped from the leading dailies of the state. They advertised for "a confidential secretary, salary twelve hundred dollars a year; a bond of ten thousand dollars required and highest references."

I sat suddenly erect. If ever an answer came to wild prayers this was it—bolt out of the blue. I could hardly trust my voice—much less my own hopes. There were slight medical debts to be paid back East. There was that lame duck to be helped coming West. There was the home to be kept. There was money needed to let me have another stab at the zest of life. Surely God was playing down—playing down!

"Mr. B——," I said, "there are three plain reasons against your plan: I know less of office work than you do of Hebrew; my health may go to utter punk in the cold weather; and I couldn't raise ten cents' worth of bonds—let alone ten thousand dollars."

He laughed lightly and kindly. He was evidently a man not used to having magnanimity declined.

The New Job Explained

"LET us take those reasons," he said. "I don't want a stenographer—I have one. Nor do I want a collector. We'll leave Billy on his job—the installments are coming due on land sales all over the state. Notes will have to be extended and settlers who are hard up carried—tided past. Now what I want—when I have to go off to Europe—is some one who is honest to do my banking; to act as a check on the bookkeepers and collectors; to take entire charge of receipts and disbursements; to whom I can give power-of-attorney; who is honest, but has brains enough to see that others are honest.

"I can be here only a few weeks—then must go abroad again. I am convinced you can fill the position if it works in with your plans. As to your health, it is only at the month end, when payments are due or overdue, you will have long hours. At other times you will be required in the office only long enough to attend to the banking. If large payments come in after three o'clock take them home with you. The bookkeepers and collectors have access to the safe; but I want no one to have access to my accounts but my secretary. As to the bonds ordinarily required—these are hard times all round; we'll waive that."

He asked me to have luncheon with him. I excused myself. He left the car. I lay back against a pillow like one drawn out of the depths by a lifeline—with a jubilate singing through my soul, as in those childhood days when I used to hum Proverbs over with my head under the bedclothes. The sudden rebound from anxiety sent a

positive glow of warm physical happiness through me. I was so relieved I could not thank God—words seemed too poor and small. I wanted to live gladness and thanks—as I want to yet, when I know life's best and worst.

Now understand two or three things distinctly: This man was kind—he was one of the kindest men I have ever known; but it was a kindness that made him doubly dangerous. However he may have been in business—and his finances were too devious to be followed by either a ferret or a mole—in his personal relationships he did not designedly set out to do wrong. Some have an idea that the greatest dangers in life are from the branded criminal, the ink-black scoundrel.

Believe me, so far as girl wage-earners are concerned, this is not the case! The branded sinner you know. The saint you know. You can always foretell exactly how they will act under given circumstances; but it is the halfway sort of person—part saint, part sinner—who flipflops backward and forward over the line dividing right from wrong who is the greatest menace in the world to youth.

This man was not a satyr rioting in lewdness. He was not the minotaur painted in Watts' sermon-picture, with the dead songbird in his claw. He was not the crafty villain of the stage. But he and his kind are a greater menace to youth than all three of these types together; for you accept them on the ground of decency and never find them twice in the same place. Scripture, you know, defines two types of swine—the swine that tramples the pearls underfoot; the swine that wants to wear a jewel conspicuously in its snout. This man had been drawn to me by the resemblance to his dead daughter. He spoke to me constantly in her name—as of doing for me what he would have done for her; as of compensating to me the loss his rashness had caused her.

More courteous, chivalrous treatment I have received from no one; but—it was tainted. When I had fathomed the bottom of things I was wanted for precisely the same purpose as my cousin, who married the richest, meanest man. I was to be the respectable sign on "a blind pig." You remember Judas thought he could be at once both loyal and a neat bargainer in silver. It is the same in all life. Your greatest danger is not from open enemies—it is from tainted friends.

Meanwhile I did not realize all this. So great was the relief from anxiety that I fell asleep from sheer happiness; and there came dreams—the strangest, weirdest dreams. I am neither a psychic nor a spiritualist; and yet, if I am to set down the facts, I have to acknowledge here that out of some sublimated depths we have neither discovered nor explored came warning and guidance, and a curious foreshadowing of the cardinal events in the next fifteen years of my life.

I cannot relate these dreams here—they came too fast, like moving pictures across the film of the brain; and, after all, are they any more wonderful than the flashlight photography of life—events covering many years on films less than a fourteenth of an inch in diameter, occupying in time less than a fraction of a second? These experiences are so deeply concerned with the intimacies of the inner soul that we refuse to give them to the psychical societies as data: yet of these data must science take cognizance in the next few years.

The Three Dreams

I SHALL relate only the briefest outlines of three of those dreams. They came in lightning flashes—literally chasing one another—as moving-picture films come. There was one of the little friend who had given me the flowers when I set out in life. She was at this time in perfect health, living in an Eastern city to which the family had moved when the collapse struck the West. I saw her die so suddenly that it was not death—it was really a glad translation. She lived for eight years after this time and we often talked over that dream. She thought it portended some philanthropic work she could never quite screw up her resolution to undertake.

I thought it warned her of a weak young bank man to whom she was engaged and who afterward proved a sot and abaconder. It portended neither. It portrayed exactly what occurred eight years later—her end, so swift and unexpected that it was more like translation than death. Then, there was the old dream of the half-naked figure flying along the edge of the precipice, with the wolves snapping at its heels. I saw the runner come bounding out of the mountain thicket and dash for safety into a fenced kraal such as ranchers construct in mountain clearings. Other figures were in the inclosure. A man snacked the gate in time to shut out the wolves.

I looked again—white-bordered vest; white whiskers; carefully pressed frock coat; restless, large, well-manicured pudgy hands—the man was the well-known financial promoter whom I had met on the train. Was the flying figure myself? I wondered in my dream. But, even as I looked, the runner had skirted the fencing of the kraal and bounded out over the far side, up the mountain to a flowered alpine meadow where the voice of glad waters disimprisoned from snow filled the sunlight with laughter.

There was another dream—from which I awakened panting, hot with exhaustion and drenched. It was the child of long ago on the runaway horse, going a mad pace up a steep mountain trail, setting the rocks tumbling and the hawks and black carrion-vultures flackering up a-wing amid the funereal pines and hemlocks. The trail opened to an upper alpine meadow, ripe—dead ripe—with heavy-headed yellow wheat; but, instead of the self-binder of the prairie, the reaper was the white-vestured and hooded figure of Death, with his scythe.

Either the flacker of the vulture birds circling darkly overhead or the strange hooded figure of the reaper terrified the horse; for he carried the child at a gallop through the wheatfield to green meadows girth-deep in the flaunting flowers of the alpine heights, and on up, where the voice of glad waters disimprisoned from snow filled the sunlight with laughter. There were details to this dream too startling and vivid to be given here.

Did not I dream that I dreamed these things? the skeptic may ask. So little did I dream that I dreamed them that, penciled back on the yellow leaves of those old Proverbs, are the outlines of the dreams. A doctor, who was a family friend and acquainted with my ancestry, tried once to explain it all as a case of mental or psychological throwback to certain Welsh ancestors. He believed in psychologic as well as physical atavism.

Though I lived only a day's journey from the highest mountains in America I had literally never seen any ground higher than the coteaus and cliffs of the semi-prairie states; but in this dream was every detail of those mountains, which I was to come to know and love within a year. Was it a throwback to those Welsh ancestors who took glee in throwing enemies over a precipice? Why try to explain an unknown x with another unknown z? When I woke, my new employer and the porter were standing near, looking at me. Whether their faces or lips said it, I do not know; but I seemed to catch something about not lasting long.

The office was the usual land and trust affair that in those days acted for capitalists in the East who loaned to settlers buying on the installment plan in the West. Vast concessions of land had been bought from the Government for a song. On this land the trust company advanced to settlers enough money to make a beginning. There were also insurance departments. It seemed to be part of the regular business of this office to maintain a good understanding with the leading politicians of the city. They were in and out at all hours. In the hard stress of that winter personal loans were constantly made to these local party leaders and charged up to office expenses.

"I Thought for a Minute You Were Afraid of Me"

People Who Explain

IT ALSO seemed part of this office's business to maintain good relationship with the leading men of the various churches. The man at the head of the hail-insurance department was a vestryman in one of the Episcopal churches. The manager of the fire-insurance department was a prominent Methodist. Billy—the son of the president of the university—was evidently another link with professional people. I did not realize that I was expected to play any part in the linking up of a social chain until one day my employer asked me whether I knew the So-and-So's—a family of great social influence but always in debt from an extravagant pace.

I happened to know them very well. I was asked whether I could drop a hint to the head of that family to the effect that my employer would like to talk over a business matter of mutual advantage. "I'm an older man than he is. I'd like to sound him before I make a definite offer," Mr. Blank had explained. It was really the explanation that made me think twice. Beware of people who explain! Was not the usual procedure, when two business men had a matter to discuss, for one to write the other asking an appointment?

I asked Mr. Blank whether he knew this family's chief business ability was in the way of borrowing money. "That's all right," he answered magnanimously. "If he takes this matter up I'll be glad to make him a loan."

I do not know to this day why he wished to loan that family money, unless it was to ensconce himself more securely socially; but I delivered the message—delivered it casually, as was suggested to me. And the funny thing was—the man came on the run. I found him deep in a conference with Mr. Blank one day when I returned from luncheon. From their faces I knew they had met at the lunch hour to avoid the office staff.

That night the father of the family stopped me on the street to tell me that Mr. Blank had loaned him nine hundred dollars to meet the deferred payment of a real-estate speculation.

"You're a lucky girl," he laughed, "to be in the office of such a kind old chap!"

But was I? That was the question I asked myself before I had been in the office a month. Greater kindness I have never received; and yet—though we are told not to look a gift horse in the mouth, we are also told to beware of the Greeks when they come bearing gifts. I had been introduced to two banks, with power-of-attorney to deposit and draw for both my employer's personal account and the land company's account.

(Continued on Page 29)

AN AMIABLE CHARLATAN

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

Once She Moved to the Window and Looked Down Into the Street

XIII

MR. BUNDERCOMBE who, notwithstanding his wife's temporary absence in the country, had not been in the best of spirits for several days, during the course of our tête-à-tête dinner at Luigi's became suddenly and unexpectedly animated. The change in him was so noticeable that I leaned forward in my place to see what could have produced it.

Two people had entered the restaurant and were in conversation now with Luigi about a table. Mr. Bundercombe, who in the affairs of every-day life had no idea of concealing his feelings, was regarding them with every appearance of lively interest.

"Paul," he whispered, "you must notice these two people. Watch them—there's a good fellow!"

They took their places at a table almost opposite ours. The girl, though she was more quietly and tastefully dressed and seemed to me to be better looking, I recognized at once as Mr. Bundercombe's companion at Prince's Restaurant on one memorable occasion.

The man I had never seen before. He appeared to be of about medium height; slim, with a sallow skin; dark, sleepy eyes, which suggested the foreigner; a mouth that, straight and firm though it was, turned up a little at the corners, as though in contradiction of his somewhat indolent general appearance. He was exceedingly well dressed and carried himself with the quiet assurance of a man accustomed to moving in the world.

"Most interesting!" Mr. Bundercombe murmured, having with an effort withdrawn his eyes from the pair. "The girl you doubtless recognize. She was once a typist in the office of Messrs. Harding & Densmore. She was quite lately, as I dare say you remember, able to give me some very useful information; in fact it is through her that Mr. Stanley did not leave this country for South Africa with a hundred pounds in his pocket."

"And the man?" I asked.

Mr. Bundercombe was thoroughly enjoying himself. He drew his chair a little closer to mine and waited until he was quite sure that no one was within earshot.

"The man," he replied, "is one of the world's most famous criminals."

"He doesn't look it," I remarked, glancing across the room with some interest.

Mr. Bundercombe smiled.

"Great criminals are not all of the same type," he reminded me reprovingly. "That is where you people who don't understand the cult of criminology make your foolish mistakes. Our friend opposite is, without a doubt, of gentle though not of aristocratic birth. I know nothing of his bringing up, but his instincts do all that is necessary for him. The first time I saw him was in one of the criminal courts in New York. He was being tried for his life for an attempted robbery in Fifth Avenue and the murder of a policeman. He defended himself and did it brilliantly. In the end he got off. There is scarcely a person, however, who doubts but that he was guilty."

I looked across at the subject of our discussion with renewed interest.

"He shot him, I suppose?" I asked.

"On the contrary," Mr. Bundercombe replied, "he throttled him. The man has the sinews of an ox. The second time I saw him was at a dancing hall in New York. He was there with a very gay party indeed; but one of them, the wealthiest, mysteriously disappeared. Rodwell—Dagger Rodwell was his nickname—came to England. I saw him once or twice just before I visited you down in Bedfordshire. Cullen warned me off him, however, wouldn't let me have a word to say to him."

"He doesn't sound the best companion in the world for your little typist friend," I remarked.

Mr. Bundercombe glanced across the room and at that moment the girl noticed him. She bowed and waved her hand. Mr. Bundercombe responded gallantly.

"I fancy," he murmured, "that she can take care of herself. Come, I really feel that I am in an interesting atmosphere once more."

Mr. Bundercombe's deportment was certainly more cheerful. For the last week or two he had been depressed. He had paid visits with Eve and myself, and devoted a reasonable amount of time to his wife. The demands on his complete respectability, however, had been irksome. He was too obviously finding no savor in life.

I really was not altogether sorry at first to notice the improvement in his spirits, though my sentiments changed when, a little later in the evening, the girl opposite left her place and came over to us. She greeted Mr. Bundercombe with the most brilliant of smiles and he held her hand quite as long as was necessary. He presented me and I learned that her name was Miss Blanche Spencer.

"I must not stay long," she said laughing. "The gentleman I am with is a sort of cousin of mine and we don't get on very well; but I mustn't be rude."

Mr. Bundercombe and she seemed to have a good deal to say to each other and presently I noticed that their heads were drawing closer together. The girl dropped her voice. She was proposing something to which Mr. Bundercombe was listening with keen interest. I heard him sigh.

"If it weren't for certain changes," he explained regretfully, "I guess I wouldn't hesitate a moment. But ——"

I heard a whispered reference to myself as his daughter's fiancé and an allusion to the continued presence of his wife in London. She nodded sympathetically.

"Now if there were any other way," Mr. Bundercombe concluded, "in which I could still further show my gratitude to you personally for a certain little matter, why I'm all for hearing about it. I consider the balance is still on my side."

She laughed.

"You're really rather a dear!" she declared. "Do you know I am thinking of starting in business for myself?"

"Where, and what as?" Mr. Bundercombe inquired.

I shook open an evening paper and heard no more. The girl's leavetaking, however, a few minutes later, was both reluctant and impressive. I felt it my duty to allude to the matter as soon as we were alone.

"You know, sir," I said, "this helping young women to set up in business is a proceeding that's very likely to be misunderstood over here. I am not in the least sure that even Eve would quite approve."

Mr. Bundercombe smiled the smile of a man of the world.

"One can't tell one's womenkind everything!" he declared grandiloquently.

I was a little puzzled. I felt convinced that Mr. Bundercombe was concealing something from me.

"Furthermore," I continued, feeling it my duty to speak frankly to my future father-in-law, "a man of your position needs to be very careful when he has financial transactions with a good-looking young woman like Miss Blanche. The young lady herself might take advantage of it."

Mr. Bundercombe appeared to be giving my words full consideration.

"Well, well!" he said, a little vaguely. "We shall see. I don't mind telling you, though, Paul, that I would have nothing to say to her first suggestion—on your account, my boy. There's a scheme on foot in which her interesting companion is concerned, which needs financing. I haven't the least doubt that it is something entirely interesting—probably a mammoth jewel robbery or something of the sort."

I looked across at the man, who seemed to be reproaching the girl for her long absence. Almost at that moment he looked up and our eyes met for a brief instant. There seemed to be nothing in his gaze beyond a measure of polite and not too pointed interest. Nevertheless when I looked away I begged Mr. Bundercombe to call for the bill.

"I have had enough of this place!" I declared, a little abruptly. "Next time Eve goes to bed with a headache I shall take you to the club."

I was walking down Bond Street with Eve one morning when my suspicions as to Mr. Bundercombe and a certain matter were first roused. As we neared the Piccadilly end I distinctly saw him vanish through a doorway on the left-hand side. He was most carefully dressed and carried in his hand a long paper parcel that could contain nothing but flowers. Upon some excuse I prevailed upon Eve to cross the road. There was one small brass plate only on the side of the entrance through which Mr. Bundercombe had disappeared. It was scarcely larger than my hand and on it was engraved in very elegant characters:

BLANCHE
MANICURE

I made no comment at the time; but curiously enough that afternoon, as we sat out under the trees at Ranelagh, Eve referred to the subject of her parent. "Do you notice, Paul," she asked, "how much less we see of dad lately?"

"He does seem to have been out a good deal," I admitted.

She glanced at me.

"You haven't any idea, I suppose ——"

The glance and her tone were quite sufficient for me. I hastened to disclaim all responsibility for Mr. Bundercombe.

"Your father," I assured her, "has never treated me with less confidence. Whatever he may be doing at present, he is doing, let me assure you, entirely on his own responsibility."

"Then I think, if you don't mind, please," she begged, "you must try and get him to take you into his confidence. Of course," she went on, watching idly a polo team canter into the field, "I do not wish you to feel that he is in any way a responsibility. On the other hand it does seem so queer, Paul! He has taken to dressing most carefully and he leaves the house regularly every morning at ten o'clock."

"You've no clew at all as to what he does with himself?" I asked.

I Distinctly Saw Him Vanish Through a Doorway

"None," she replied, "except that I never saw anyone with such overmanicured nails as his. I never knew him go to a manicurist in my life, but he is obviously going to one nearly every day now or he couldn't keep the polish on. If that helps in any way ——"

"It might," I admitted with a sigh.

"There he is!" Eve exclaimed suddenly. "Coming toward us too! Do please take this opportunity, Paul, and see if you can find out anything. You see, a week ago he seemed bored to tears, and now he has just that happy, contented expression which he wears all the time when he is really engaged in something outrageous. I will go and talk to your sister. I think she is over there with Captain Green."

Mr. Bundercombe greeted me heartily and at once directed my attention to a small tent where cool drinks were being served. I suffered him to lead me in that direction and placed myself in his hands as regards the selection of a suitable beverage. We found a small table and sat down. "Haven't seen much of you lately, sir," I began.

"Huh! That's because I don't spend three parts of my time in milliners' shops," Mr. Bundercombe replied.

"Where are you spending most of your time?" I asked, determined to take the bull by the horns.

Mr. Bundercombe set down his glass.

"I've been expecting this," he remarked pleasantly. "Eve's been setting you on to pump me, eh?"

I nodded.

"That's exactly it," I admitted. "We are due to be married in ten days. We are neither of us anxious for anything in the way of an unfortunate incident."

Mr. Bundercombe appeared to view with surprise the advent of a second tumbler. He reconciled himself to its arrival, however, and handed money to the attendant.

"I realize the position entirely, my dear fellow," he assured me. "I am glad you have opened the subject up. I have been bursting to tell you all about it; but I have hesitated for fear of being misunderstood."

I glanced at his nails.

"Of course," I observed slowly, "the position of an elderly gentleman with a marriageable daughter and a wife," I went on bravely, "who finances a young lady interested in manicuring in an establishment in Bond Street is liable to misinterpretation."

Mr. Bundercombe was a little taken aback. He hid his face for a moment behind the newly arrived tumbler.

"Kind of observant, aren't you?" he remarked.

"I saw you in Bond Street this morning," I told him, "you and a paper parcel. You were entering the establishment, I believe, of Mademoiselle Blanche, whoever she is."

"Small place, London!" Mr. Bundercombe sighed. "Were you—er—alone?"

"I was with Eve," I replied; "but she did not see you and I did not mention the matter."

"My boy," Mr. Bundercombe decided, "I shall take you wholly into my confidence. I am engaged in a big affair!" My heart sank.

"I can only pray to Heaven," I said fervently, "that the dénouement of this affair will not take place within the next ten days."

"On the contrary," Mr. Bundercombe answered, leaning back in his chair and looking at me, with the flat of one hand laid on the table and the palm of the other on his left knee, "on the contrary," he repeated, "the dénouement is due tomorrow."

"Glad you didn't consider us," I observed gloomily.

Mr. Bundercombe smiled.

"I find myself in this last affair," he remarked airily, "occupying what I must confess, for me, is a somewhat peculiar position. I am on the side of the established authorities. I am in the cast-iron position of the man who falls into line with the law of the land. In other words you behold in me, so far as regards this affair, respectability and rectitude personified. I may even choose to give our friend Mr. Cullen a leg up."

I was relieved to hear it and told him so.

"I presume," I said, "that Mademoiselle Blanche, of Bond Street, is identical with the young lady who talked to us at Stephano's the other night?"

"Say, you're becoming perfectly wonderful at the art of deduction!" my future father-in-law declared. "Same person!"

"She seems quite attractive," I admitted, "with a taste for pink roses, I think."

Mr. Bundercombe appeared to regard my remark as frivolous. He moved his chair, however, and brought it closer to mine.

"I dare say you remember," he went on, "how the young lady proposed to me that night that I should finance a little venture in which she and her sleepy-eyed friend opposite were interested."

I nodded.

"Yes, I remember that."

"From that," Mr. Bundercombe continued, "she went on to suggest that I should help her in the ambition of her life, which, it seems, was to take a single room for manicuring a few clients. In an ordinary way I should have refused that, too; and, if she had been hard up, begged to be allowed to oblige her with a trifling loan—and ended the matter in that way.

"The reason I didn't was simply because I felt convinced that her desire to require a single room in the manicure business was somehow associated with the scheme she had at first suggested. Therefore I temporized. I appeared to be interested. I asked her in what locality she wished to commence business. She never hesitated. There was only one place she wanted and that was the room she's got. Just to test her I took her to see really slap-up premises in another part of Bond Street. She pretended to look at them, but never took the slightest interest. It was just one room she wanted—and one room only.

"I realized that both she and her friend were either too desperately hard up to engage that room or else they were particularly anxious to do it in someone else's name. That was quite enough for me. I engaged the room."

I glanced once more at Mr. Bundercombe's nails. "You, at any rate," I remarked, "have been a faithful customer."

"Paul," Mr. Bundercombe continued, "I am playing a part. I am playing the part of a silly old fool. It isn't easy sometimes, but I am keeping it up. I spend a good part of my time in that beastly little parlor, having my nails done over and over again. The girl is bored to death; and I—though I flatter myself I don't show it—I guess I'm bored to death too. I've kept it up all right until now and the job comes off tomorrow. Miss Blanche is convinced that my interest in her is sentimental and she has occasionally not been quite so careful as she might have been. I have picked up here and there certain small details that enable me to form a very fair idea as to the nature of this venture in which I was invited to participate. The last few days I have been hesitating whether I should take you into my confidence or not. As it happens you have forced it. Have you anything particular to do tomorrow?"

I thought for a moment. "Nothing very much until the late afternoon, when I go down to the House," I replied.

"Then tomorrow you shall see the end of this thing with me," Mr. Bundercombe promised. "If luck goes our way you will find we shall have quite a pleasant few minutes."

Eve put her head in at the tent and we hastened to join her. She drew me a little on one side.

"I think it's all right," I told her.

"I am so glad," she replied. "And, Paul, hadn't you better drop dad a hint that Mrs. Bundercombe will be home tomorrow? I think he'd better have the shine taken off his nails!"

At twelve o'clock the next morning I met Mr. Bundercombe by appointment in the Burlington Arcade. We strolled slowly round into Bond Street. Mr. Bundercombe was, for him, unusually serious. He looked about him all the time with swift, careful glances. As we turned into Bond Street his pace became slower and slower. Within a yard or two of the spot where I had first seen him disappear he paused, and under pretense of talking earnestly to me he looked up and down and across the street with keen, careful glances.

At last, with a sudden turn he led the way into the passage. Together we ascended the stairs. On a door almost opposite to us at the end of the landing was another little brass plate, on which was engraved the name of Mademoiselle Blanche. Mr. Bundercombe took a latchkey from his pocket and opened the door, which he carefully closed after him.

"No one here!" I remarked.

"Not yet!" Mr. Bundercombe said, a little grimly. "From now onward you will be able to understand certain things. Miss Blanche informed me that today she had an invitation to go into the country. It was the only way I could discover the day in which they were planning to bring off the coup. If I had been an occasional visitor she might have risked my coming and finding her away. Since, however, I presented myself every morning at eleven o'clock she was forced to tell me. You understand as much as that?"

"Perfectly."

"You see where we are then," Mr. Bundercombe continued. "Has any reason occurred to you for the young lady's unalterable decision that no other spot in the whole of London would do for her manicure parlor?"

I looked out the window.

"We are next door to Tarteran's," I observed.

Mr. Bundercombe smiled approvingly.

"We are within a few yards," he said, "of the jeweler's shop that contains more valuable gems than any other establishment in the world. We are at the present moment within forty yards of a million pounds' worth of jewels. When you come to reflect upon the character and the past of our friend Dagger Rodwell, you will understand the significance of that fact."

I was beginning to share Mr. Bundercombe's obvious excitement. I, too, had the feeling that we were on the brink of an adventure. He made me stand up against the wall, by the side of the window, so that I could see down into the street. He himself was farther back in the room.

(Continued on Page 41)

"It Won't Do, Rodwell! You'd Better Hand Over the Jewels"

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Parcel Post and Telegraph

THE postmaster-general recommends Government ownership of telegraph lines and at the same time points to its notable success with the parcel post. There is considerable difference in the two cases, however. In operating the parcel post the Government has been able practically to control one of the most important elements of cost—namely, that of transportation.

Railroads complain bitterly and with some justification that the Government gets a profit on parcel post by underpaying them for the carriage. And to carry parcels by mail required only a relatively slight extension of the existing postal plant. It was possible to take in a much larger revenue, with comparatively small additional expense.

Conditions for Government operation of the telegraph are less favorable. Government ownership of any public utility is, of course, simply a question of expediency. There is no utility that the Government cannot operate with some measure of success. The only question is whether it will give the public more for a dollar than private owners will. Unless it can give more—measuring the dollar in its broadest dimensions—there is no profit in making the change. Government ownership, we think, ought to be adopted only in a case that seems clear.

As to postal service, the case is clear. It is clear also as to a Government railroad in Alaska. But wherever it is probable that private ownership will give as much for a dollar we should prefer to see that system retained; because, on the whole, the political considerations—as contrasted with the economic ones—weigh against Government ownership rather than in favor of it. The danger that big utilities under private ownership will corrupt politics is rather less, in our opinion, than the danger that politics under Government ownership will corrupt big utilities.

Incidentally it is odd that Government ownership should be attracting so much attention at Washington at this time; for it inevitably means monopoly. A chief argument in the antitrust campaign is that monopoly, even under the strictest Government regulation, is intolerable; because without competition there is no standard by which the fairness of prices and services can be measured.

That the monopoly earns only a reasonable return on its investment means nothing; for without competition it has no incentive to introduce improvements and reduce costs. If this argument were sound—which we doubt—it would be almost conclusive against Government ownership.

Public Bookkeeping

THE present Democratic administration in Illinois doubled the state tax rate. Governor Dunne explained that this was necessary because the administration of his Republican predecessor—Deneen—had created a deficit of more than five million dollars.

Whereupon Mr. Deneen countered with a statement that, far from having created any deficit, his administration left more than five million dollars cash in the state treasury when it retired from power.

We do not pretend to say which of these statements is correct; in fact, we powerfully suspect that neither of them is correct. To the best of our knowledge and belief no single true statement concerning the finances of Illinois has been made in fifty years. We mention the statements simply because they so beautifully illustrate the sort of public bookkeeping that obtains in a considerable number of commonwealths and in many municipalities.

If the state's books were honestly and intelligently kept a dispute as to whether, at a given time, it was five million dollars to the bad or five millions to the good would obviously be quite impossible. If the books were honestly and intelligently kept the familiar and perennial jangle as to whose administration was most economical and which left the state finances in better condition would be out of the question.

It is perfectly possible to keep the books of a state or of a city as the books of a well-managed bank are kept, so that clear, concise, unequivocal and comparable statements of the treasury's condition can be made from time to time and impudent fiscal forgeries cannot be palmed off on the public in every campaign—or between campaigns.

The books will be so kept whenever the public insists on it strongly enough.

A Good English Custom

"INVESTORS in New England are literally stunned," says Boston correspondence of the Journal of Commerce. "Few outsiders have any conception of the severity of the blow to the investment community. The great bulk of New Haven and Boston & Maine stock is held in this region. Holdings of from ten to two hundred shares are scattered among thousands. In many cases a small block of stock in one or the other of these railroads has been the holder's sole dependence. New Haven, once worth two hundred and fifty dollars a share and paying ten per cent a year, now sells round sixty-seven dollars a share and pays nothing. Boston & Maine, once worth two hundred and ten dollars a share and paying seven per cent, is now worth thirty-five dollars a share and pays nothing."

All of which will not have been entirely in vain if it jolts the American stockholder out of his dumb acquiescence in whatever the management of his company chooses to do. There obtains in this country a most extraordinary notion that it is excessively bad form and little short of disreputable for a minority stockholder to make himself heard regarding the conduct of the concern in which he has invested.

A vociferous body of small stockholders at New Haven meetings six or seven years ago, heckling the chairman in good British fashion until they found out exactly what they wanted to know, might have made the present investment situation in New England less lugubrious.

We are almost tempted to say that henceforth the small stockholder who does not study his company's reports and raise Cain when they are obscure or unsatisfactory well deserves to lose his money.

Passing the Banking Bill

THANKS to executive encroachment on the legislative branch of the Government, we had only three weeks' debate on the banking bill, instead of the two or three months that experienced observers were confidently predicting at the beginning of the regular session. When a policeman encroaches on the liberty of gentlemen who are obstructing street traffic they submit, because they know what authority is behind him.

The Senate submitted because it knew the President had the authority of the country behind him. And we have quite as good a bill as though debate had run on until spring.

That the new banking system will be far better than the old is hardly open to question. Its enactment with so little delay is a great personal triumph for the President.

The Best Rule for Speakers

FROM Paradise Lost, and other venerated examples, Poe demonstrated that a long poem is a contradiction in terms; because any real poem is a supreme effort, and no effort that is long sustained can possibly be supreme. To say that a man wrote a long poem is like saying he jumped up Monday morning and did not come down until Saturday night.

Now an ingenious Frenchman proposes that no speech in the Chamber of Deputies shall exceed twenty minutes; because it is only when a man has nothing to say that he requires a longer period than that in which to say it. It is only when he is driven to employ verbiage to conceal absence of thought that he needs more than a third of an hour.

We do not remember whether anybody held a stop-watch on Lincoln at Gettysburg; but certainly the greatest speech ever delivered in the English tongue took less than twenty minutes.

The Frenchman's suggestion implies that speakers will have something to say if restricted to twenty minutes, which might be considered a fatal objection to it; but if the speaker cannot say something in twenty minutes he certainly cannot in two hours. We will give young statesmen an infallible rule by which any speech may be improved—to wit: Cut it down!

A New Agricultural Report

YOU might take the value of the wheat crop, supposing that it were all sold on a given day at a given price; then the value of the flour made out of the wheat; then the value of the bread made out of the flour—and add the three items together and get a very imposing total; but, except as a very simple exercise in arithmetic, we do not suppose that would do anybody any good. On that theory we are pleased to see that Secretary Houston in his first annual report does not try to tell us how many billion dollars of wealth the farms produced last year.

The dazzling figures which have been put forth under that head in the past have misled public opinion. At best they were only a rough and loose indication, having a certain usefulness when taken at their real value, but rather mischievous when applied literally. A man is not necessarily richer because the wheat he sows and eats, and the corn he feeds his hogs, could be sold for twice as much as it would have fetched ten years ago. Generally speaking, the farmer who can roll in wealth must either get himself into miraculously small compass or spread the wealth exceedingly thin.

Wealth that farmers might have produced—but did not—occupies the new secretary's attention. Increased tenancy, depleted soils, low yields to the acre and poor business methods in marketing evidently suggest to him that, however much wealth the farms yielded last year, it was decidedly less than it should have been.

Work for Women's Clubs

A REPORT of the Sage Foundation shows that in this country we average three theaters, three public halls, twelve churches, ten schools, two hospitals, two asylums, two colleges, two jails and twenty-six hotels burned every week in the year.

People are not compelled to go to theaters and public halls, or even to churches and hotels; so we may perhaps leave them to the large risk of incineration that these statistics reveal. But we make children go to school; consequently we might reasonably take some pains and expense to see that they are not burned up.

Only a little pains and slight expense are needed. All school buildings can be made panic-proof by proper exits; electric wires can be insulated; construction that makes a building like a stove with an ever-ready draft to fan any flame can be corrected; waste and unprotected woodwork can be kept away from the furnace; hot ashes need not be thrown into wooden barrels—in fact, the school fires investigated by the Sage Foundation were attributable in practically every case to the grossest neglect.

The trouble is, we think of a school fire hazard as probably existing over in the next county, or away off in New York or San Francisco, rather than in the very building which our children attend.

Here is a job for the woman's club—which no community, we trust, is now without: Go over to the schoolhouse and look round. If there is an obvious fire risk make a commotion until it is corrected.

Trust Dissolutions

THIRTY-SEVEN civil suits against alleged combinations in restraint of trade are now pending, and the Department of Justice is industriously looking for more. "My fixed purpose," says the attorney-general, "is to oppose any plan of dissolution that would leave the separate parts of the unlawful combination under control of the same set of men."

This would involve a radical departure from the plan adopted in the case of the Oil Trust. Evidently it would imply a sweeping redistribution of proprietorship. If the decision should be against the Steel Trust, for example, and the court should adopt the attorney-general's view, one set of stockholders might take over the Carnegie plants; another set the old Federal Steel properties; another set the tube works—and so on.

Broadly speaking, it is only the insiders who know anything about these separate properties or are able to form an intelligent opinion as to their relative values. Ordinary stockholders look simply at the Steel Trust as a whole. Under the Oil Trust plan every stockholder, large or small, got his exact share of all the property. The plan proposed by the attorney-general would, we think, give the big stockholder, who knows what the various parts are worth, a very decided advantage over the small stockholder, who knows the property only as a whole.

The Oil and Tobacco dissolutions resulted in huge profits for the trust stockholders—in which, however, all of those who held on shared alike. Trust dissolution with a sweeping redistribution of ownership would probably result in large profits for the knowing ones.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Farmer-Hero of a Famous Old Ballad

POLITICALLY, geographically and officially the Eleventh Missouri Congressional District appears to be in St. Louis—entirely urban. It is described in the apportionment law—in the dull detail that always goes with such procedure—in terms of precisely enumerated precincts and wards, and thus and so minutely.

Now, however much the hustlers and boosters in Kansas City carp and cavil at St. Louis as a rube town, the fact remains that it is a congested center of population seemingly, and as such entitled to be considered as possessing all the usual extra-rural characteristics; but along comes the Honorable William Bill Igoe and gives us pause. Is the Eleventh Missouri District, within the city of St. Louis, a city district or is it a farming district? Who knows the answer? The Honorable William Bill announces that he will be short-circuited if he knows—and so do we.

Let me identify the Honorable William Bill Igoe. Years and years agone, when Mike Shea ran the big music hall in Buffalo which burned one winter's night—the hall that had the front door facing the Soldiers' Monument on the Square, and was within easy hailing distance of the Library—Bonnie Kate Harvey sang a famous song there for weeks and weeks; and part of it went:

You go, Igoe,
Out of the County of Sligo.

We did not know it then, nor possibly did Bonnie Kate, but when access is had to the neat little autobiography Bill put in the Congressional Directory when they sent him to do his share in tariff reducing and currency expanding as a Democrat in the Sixty-third Congress, which is the number of the present one, we find that Bill Igoe is undoubtedly the person to whom Bonnie Kate referred.

William says, referring to his parents, "both of whom were natives of Ireland"; hence Igoe pater must have been the original Igoe, for he went so far out of the County of Sligo—if that was his county—that he landed in St. Louis, and there the subject of this preachment was born.

In order to make it clear that the Honorable William Bill Igoe was intrinsically no farmer, let me say that the closest he ever was to a farm in his boyhood days in St. Louis was when he played ball near old King Cullinane's ash-heap, where the goats did perilous feats of mountain climbing. William's business has not been tilling the soil. His business has been politics: and politics in the present instance has made strange agriculturists.

If, when Bill Igoe first came to Washington, any person whatsoever had told him he represented a farming community Bill would have considered that person a candidate for the inner recesses of a padded cell. Igoe representing farmers! Not so as to be noticeable with the Lick telescope. He represents the Eleventh Missouri District, and those he represents are city folks, wise in their day and urbaniferousness.

But to proceed: William went to Congress, and he had been in Missouri politics before that episode in his career. Any person who mixes in Missouri politics necessarily learns a few things; and one thing any such mixer learns is that a politician who makes few promises has few promises to keep; also that discretion is the mother of a continued place on the payroll—that is, William became aware that a non-committal answer turneth down nothing that may be useful—perhaps—and that it is a wise Congressman who listens before he enlists.

St. Louis Made a Farming District

ONE day when Bill was strolling nonchalantly through the corridors of the Capitol a graybearded and important member—from an agricultural state—approached Bill and gave every evidence of being aware that Bill was on earth. Naturally this put Bill on his guard, for older and important members do not thus discern new members unless they want the new members to give them something for nothing.

"Mr. Igoe, isn't it?" asked the statesman with the gray beard, extending a horny hand—or, to be exact, a hand that was horny many years ago when its owner used to work for a living instead of hold office—a horny hand now kept in that desirable home-consumption condition by the liberal use of rosin.

"Ah, yes. I have noticed you in the House. Glad to see you. By the way, I presume you, being from a city district, want to get rid of your bulletins?"

"What bulletins?" asked Bill, totally at a loss, but knowing he had something the other wanted.

"Oh, that mess of truck the Department of Agriculture sends out. You city members usually give them to us chaps from the country. May I have yours?"

"Is that so?" asked Bill. "Well, I'll see about that. I'll look 'em over and let you know."

There are approximately three hundred titles in the list of Agricultural Department bulletins and each member of Congress may have twelve thousand five hundred assorted pamphlets for free distribution if he wants them. Bill read the list. One was about chickens. When he was a boy his father had some chickens. Just before the chickens reached the frying size they all died. Bill—nor his father—never could figure out what ailed those chickens; but this chicken pamphlet told Bill.

Right then and there Representative Igoe, of St. Louis, and his constituents became farmers. "By heck!" said Bill, "if that pamphlet is interesting to me mebby some of my folks would like to see some of the others." He dictated a letter, and that letter, with an inclosure of the printed list of all the pamphlets, was sent to forty thousand voters in Bill's district. Bill told his constituents to look the list over and pick out any five of the pamphlets.

Within a week the Honorable William Igoe's mail became heavier than that of the president. Ten thousand replies were received almost instantly, and each reply from those city folks Bill represents howled for some of the pamphlets. Bill found himself with orders on hand for fifty thousand pamphlets on all sorts of subjects, from the brochure on the Angora goat to notes on the cultivation of ginseng. He saw, without need of outside information, that he represented a potentially agricultural community; that he undoubtedly had made a hit.

He had but twelve thousand five hundred pamphlets in his quota; but, recalling the gray-bearded tempter who had tried to cajole him out of that number, he and his secretary, without disclosing what they had discovered as to the city's yearn to get back to the land and the primitive farming instinct that prevails even in a tenement, sleuthed round and wheedled large numbers out of other city members who had not tried out their pamphlets on their constituents.

Bill borrowed pamphlets from Maine to California, pledging all his public documents of other kinds and using all his persuasive powers. He took a Missouri senator into his confidence and got five thousand more; and finally he went over and made a clean breast of it to Secretary Houston at the Agricultural Department, and the secretary advanced him seventeen thousand more.

That helped some; but the demand was continuous. Igoe figures that seventy-five per cent of his forty thousand letters were answered and requests made for pamphlets. He and his secretary have organized a wastepaper-basket salvage corps and are haunting second-hand places and document rooms. The whole kit and caboodle of his district flopped into being farmers.

It helped Bill. He is now known to every voter in his district and has done something personal for each one of them. He feels sure he will be sent back; but now and then there comes the distressful thought that mayhap he has started something he cannot stop, and that those voters will all move out to farms before election day comes round.

Igoe was born in St. Louis, began life as a messenger boy, and then secured a place in the Mercantile Library, where he worked up to be assistant to the librarian. When he had saved enough money he went to Washington University law classes at night. He opened a law office and hopped into politics, fighting the combine and getting an election to the Missouri House of Delegates, where he served before he went to Congress. He is thirty-four years old, a big, pleasant-spoken fellow, and has considerable ability.

Meantime he has this to his credit: Back-to-the-land protagonists, farmers' congresses, and all such, may work to get us on the soil again; but they are all pikers when compared to Bill Igoe. He turned a third of the city of St. Louis into an agricultural community over night, and became a farmer himself at one and the same time. He is even now considering the advisability of wearing a little bunch of spinach on his chin the next time he runs.

"Oh, Father, Dear Father, Come Home With Me Now!"

All these great artists in your own home on the

No matter where you live, you can actually hear the wonderfully beautiful voices of this talented array of celebrated artists, for with the Victor and Victrola their voices as well as their fame extend to the uttermost parts of the earth.

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the famous artis
There are V

Always use
is no other way to

sing for you Victor or Victrola

dealer in any city in the world will gladly play for you selections by
y who make records exclusively for the Victor and Victrola.
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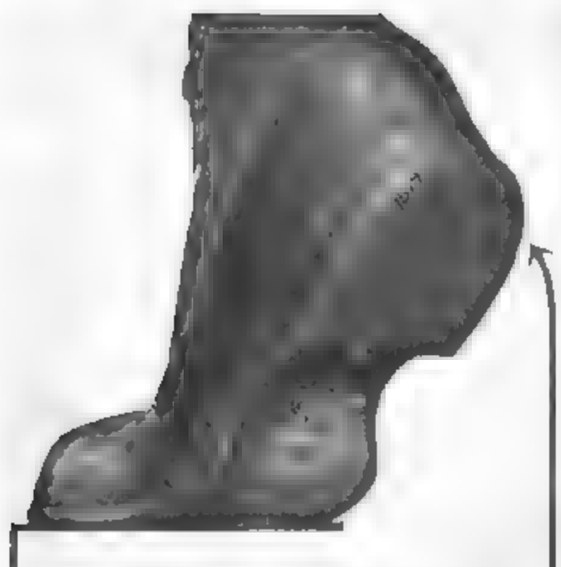
Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U.S.A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—*the combination.* There get the unequaled Victor tone.



The Heel Stands the Grind

Beacon Falls Top Notch Rubbers are made doubly strong at the point where the hardest wear comes. The long-wearing "Clincher Cushion" heel assures you of extra wear from every pair.

These are *balanced* rubbers. Made by scientific methods which are the result of long experience, the highest possible quality is put into every little detail from heel to toe. They are stylish, graceful and perfect-fitting.

BEACON FALLS
TOP NOTCH
RUBBERS

(With the *Patented* Heel)

The few cents extra cost is not an expense but an *actual saving* because it gives you longer wear. There's a style for every shoe—for men, women, misses, boys, youths and children. Both low-cut and storm rubbers—also arctics.

Ask a Beacon Falls dealer in your town to show you Top Notch Rubbers. Attached to every pair is the Patent Tag shown below. Look for this and the Top Notch Cross stamped on the sole.

Write for Booklet

If you do not know the Beacon Falls dealers, we will tell you their names and will also send you a booklet which is filled with practical pointers for getting longer wear *from* your rubbers. It is well worth reading—the information it contains will save you money on rubber footwear.

Write today for free copy of Booklet S

Beacon Falls Rubber Shoe Co.
Beacon Falls, Conn.

NEW YORK 106 Duane Street
CHICAGO 208 So. Jefferson Street
BOSTON 241 Congress Street

DEALERS—*If you are not handling the "Top Notch" line, write us. Its satisfaction-giving features will help you to build the most profitable, permanent rubber footwear trade in your town.*

ONE WAY

(Concluded from Page 12)

with Mrs. Higg; and I was thinking up some scheme at breakfast the next morning whereby I could convince the old lady that Mr. Bayle had lost a lot of money during the last month, when they all came into the dining room, Mr. Bayle in the lead; and the first thing I knew Mr. Bayle hit me an awful lick on the right shoulder.

"Well, Bob," he said, "I just got a letter from New York and they've sold us out with a big profit, making you five thousand to the good."

Naturally I was quite pleased.

"Mr. Bayle," I said, "it was mighty good of you to put me in that deal."

"How so?" he said. "Ain't I making the lion's share? Sixty thousand is no piking sum, Bob."

Just then I caught Mrs. Higg's eye, and I guess I blushed for the first time in forty years. Also, I couldn't see much chance of playing up Mr. Bayle to her as a bankrupt; and so I began to figure to myself whether it would be such a bad thing after all, supposing Mr. Bayle did marry Miss Laura Higg. I concluded, however, that this was a weak view to take of the matter; because if it wasn't that I was afraid Mr. George Bayle would have a good story on me and get the entire New York wholesale produce trade to kidding me, all I needed to do was to let him know exactly how matters stood. So it was really to save myself that I was loafing on the job; and, therefore, after breakfast I went into the smoking room to think the whole thing over.

There was only one other man in the room when I went in, and that was Mr. George Bayle's driver.

"Good morning!" he said, and I nodded and was about to sit down with my back to him when I thought to myself: Here, this fellow ain't an ordinary chauffeur. He owns the car he's driving—a matter of about thirty-five hundred dollars; and if I had owned thirty-five hundred dollars' worth of property when I was his age I would have considered myself pretty lucky. So I said it was a pleasant morning.

"Not speak English much," he said.

"But you understand it?" I said, and he nodded.

"I learn," he said; and with that we got into some sort of conversation.

And I will say that, considering how little English he did speak, I was surprised to find out what a level-headed young fellow he was. He told me as well as he could that Mr. George Bayle was a very square man and how fortunate I was to have such a friend, which I put down for taffy until I found out that he had been having some talks with Mr. Bayle and had heard about the butter deal he and I had been in.

"Here butter not much," he said. "Olive oil mostly."

He then asked me several questions about olive oil in America and we had a very interesting conversation in which I told him all I knew about the olive-oil and Italian-produce trade in New York; and he said if he had a head for business like Mr. Bayle he would go to America and start importing olive oil on a commission basis.

"A very good man—Mr. Bayle," he said; "intelligent, clever; but very much interested in lady."

This was a considerable turn of the conversation from the olive-oil business, and I guess I must have looked shocked.

"I, too, am surprise," he said; "for in Italy we admire other styles of beauty, but ——" Here he said something in Italian and made a sort of movement with his shoulders and face. "What Mr. Bayle like—he like," he said.

Then he looked at his watch and, after bowing to me, went out of the room, leaving me more anxious than ever, because if that young fellow could take notice without knowing anything about the inside history, so to speak, things must be progressing pretty fast.

I sat there some minutes longer, but I didn't think up even the beginning of a plan; so I decided to take a walk on it and see what effect that would have. I went to my room and got my hat and One Way, because I thought I would go to the Cascine, which is the Central Park of Florence, and read over some of that stuff about Remington, the packing man, and Miss Van Wyk, as a means of incubating a few ideas. On my way down to the door I met Mrs. Higg.

"I congratulate you on your lucky investment, Mr. Lamkin," she said.

"It wasn't luck, Mrs. Higg," I said. "It was brains that did it—Mr. George Bayle's brains."

Mrs. Higg looked at me poll-parrot fashion, with her neck twisted to one side.

"He seems to be clear-headed enough," she said, "for a man who drinks."

And then the old lady had the impudence to ask me how he was enjoying his visit to Florence.

"So far," I said, "I haven't seen much of him. He's spent all his time taking a lady out automobile riding."

"Two ladies," Mrs. Higg corrected me; "Miss Fenner has been with them as chaperon all the time." She tapped me skittishly with a pair of long-stick spectacles she carried on a chain round her neck. "Oh, you proper man!" she said, and she sort of skipped off down the corridor in a way that just made me wish her rheumatism was bad again.

However no rheumatism could stand up against that beautiful October weather we were having; and I even began to feel pretty cheerful myself as I walked down the Lungarno toward the Cascine.

One good thing about this chaperon business, I thought to myself, was that it gave Miss Fenner a holiday; and no sooner had I remembered this than I saw Mr. Liddell and two of his children on the opposite side of the street. So I crossed over and told him good morning.

I won't say that he was as pleased to see me as the children were, but I gave him a cigar and remarked that, as it was a pleasant morning, I supposed he had knocked off work for a while.

"I can only work in the afternoons," he said.

"Well," I said, "that's the way it is with men who ain't got any regular office hours, like ministers and authors. Their wives are always setting them chores to do in their leisure time."

"I suppose you'd recommend me to go into the wholesale produce business?" he suggested sarcastically.

"Well," I said, "a produce man don't ever act as nursegirl mornings—not until he's retired, anyway; so if you've got any engagement you'd rather fill, hand over the little ones to me and I'll keep them busy in the Cascine until lunch-time."

Talk about a soft answer turning away wrath! I never saw a man's face change like Mr. Liddell's did.

"That's very kind of you," he said; "and don't let them sit down on the damp grass."

He also gave me a lot more instructions that had evidently been passed to him by Mrs. Liddell and Mrs. Higg; and the last I saw of him he was swinging his cane round the corner of the Via Tornabuoni, as happy as a schoolboy when the teacher suddenly takes sick in the forenoon. That's how it is with authors. From the way they write you would think they knew everything; and when it comes right down to it they're a pretty helpless lot.

I used to take dinner regularly with one of them—Mr. Henry J. Reddington, editor of the Produce Trade Economist. He had in his paper a butter-and-egg department that he run himself, which I wouldn't ever miss for anything; and yet when I asked him how much he paid for some state dairy butter he had on his table, which I would grade somewhere between common and fair, he said that he paid forty-two cents a pound.

Well—to go on with my story—I took them two little girls into the Cascine and we sat on a bench under the trees there until my throat was so dry sawing boards with knotholes into them that I couldn't talk above a whisper. Then we played hide-and-seek, and I hid.

Of course I didn't go very far away; and, in fact, I kept my eye on them most of the time to see that they didn't get lost or anything, as the woods are very thick in the Cascine and full of undergrowth. I was just about to call out, "Ready!" when I saw that I had pretty nearly bumped into ten people and in doing so I would have interrupted what, from a back view, seemed to be as spoony a looking couple as ever I've seen.

I was backing out very cautiously when the lady raised her head from the gentleman's shoulder and said something in Italian, which I judged must have been to the effect that they were being observed. The gentleman then turned round and I ducked behind a clump of wild rosebushes, because I didn't want him to think I was eavesdropping, as I recognized him at once. It was the count that drove Mr. George Bayle's automobile.

I must have been stooping for half a minute when the lady also turned her head—and I wriggled out of that underbrush so fast that I left a strip of my new fall overcoat hanging on a rosebush behind me.

After I got out I grabbed the children by the hands and hurried off down the path, explaining to the youngsters that I had just seen an elephant among the trees, which was not a very complimentary way of describing their aunt, Miss Laura Higg—for that was the lady who was with Mr. George Bayle's driver. Nevertheless I had to give some excuse for not going on with the hide-and-seek game; and, outside of asking me how an elephant went, they seemed quite satisfied with the explanation I had given them.

I started right in making noises as to how an elephant went, but at the same time I was thinking hard about what I had seen. Here was a situation that came as close as anything I could imagine to Miss Van Wyk and the foreigner on page two hundred twenty-five in One Way, which I had with me in the pocket of my coat; and I was wondering how much Miss Higg would touch Mr. Bayle for, so as to put the automobile driver in the olive-oil business, when I heard a rather breathless voice calling my name.

"Oh, Bob!" it said; and I turned round to see Mr. George Bayle chasing after us.

"What are you teaching them little girls to be?" he said, all out of breath; "Marathon runners?"

"Mr. Bayle," I said, "you're the very man I want to see."

I let go of one of the children and took One Way out of my coat pocket.

"Here, on page two hundred twenty-five," I said, "is a situation you ought to know about; and ——"

Mr. Bayle, however, wasn't listening to a word I said. He lifted one of the children to carry her and took the other little girl by the hand, and left me standing there! Well, I followed them back down the path; and round a turn in the walk I saw the automobile with Miss Fenner sitting in the back seat. She was crying.

"Why, what's the matter with her?" I said; and the next minute she jumped out of the car and grabbed both the children in her arms. Then she began to sob over them—just as though I had been trying to kidnap them.

"But, Miss Fenner," I explained, "Mr. Liddell knows I have these children out, and ——"

"It's all right, Bob," Mr. George Bayle said. "I had a hard time persuading her to leave the children; but she's consented to do it—and we're going back to New York week after next."

"Miss Fenner and you are going back?" I said.

"Yes," he told me; "but first we'll get married here in Florence."

While I was waiting in the Pension sitting room for my bill that afternoon—because I decided I'd better change my boarding house as soon as I could—Mrs. Higg spotted me; and she spent the better part of thirty minutes telling me just what she thought of Mr George Bayle, Miss Fenner, and particularly me.

"Mrs. Higg," I said, "I don't want to argue with you; but you can't expect that things in real life will run according to a story book, so don't blame me if you found out that Mr. George Bayle and your daughter didn't come up to the specifications of One Way; in fact," I said, "you ought to thank your lucky stars that they don't."

And she ought, because Miss Laura Higg married the Italian young fellow, who wasn't a count at all, but a decent, hardworking young man; and through Mr. George Bayle he got the New York agency for a brand of table delicacies, including olive oil, sardines, castile soap and domestic and imported cheese. It isn't so stylish as writing stories for a living, but in the long run it pays better.

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We are launching a tremendous advertising campaign in *The Saturday Evening Post* and other high-class magazines that will mean more business for dealers who handle the I-P line. We have a few unoccupied territories and offer a unique, attractive proposition to reliable dealers who write us at once.

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NEW YORK	BOSTON	CHICAGO	PHILADELPHIA
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HUDSON Six-40

New Ideas in Sixes

A new lightness—2,980 pounds. A new-type motor which immensely lowers operative cost. A new-style body of the most distinguished type. A new price—$1,750—for a high-grade Six.

THE HUDSON engineers, headed by Howard E. Coffin, this year bring out a sensational Six. A Six which legions of motorists have long been waiting for.

This car—the new HUDSON Six-40—weighs only 2,980 pounds, certified railroad weight.

It contains a new-type motor, small bore and long stroke. A type which European engineers regard as finality in low operative cost.

And it sells for $1,750—a price far below cars of any type of the same size, class and power.

Compare, for instance, with the HUDSON "37"—the best four-cylinder car that ever went from this factory. The new Six-40 weighs 400 pounds less. It consumes one-fourth less fuel. Yet the Six-40 is longer, more powerful, and it has two extra disappearing tonneau seats.

This is largely due to a new-type motor, not feasible in anything but Sixes.

The Reign of Sixes

The Sixes started in the high-price field, because they were heavy and costly, and they consumed extra fuel. We have seen them gradually come down, until they captured the whole field above $2,100.

They did this because the Six is smooth-running and flexible. It is free from vibration, economical of tires. It avoids changing gears in slow-moving traffic, or in mounting any reasonable grade.

This luxury of motion—like constant coasting—wins anyone who once rides in a Six.

Now comes a quality Six to sell below $2,000. In addition to that, it offers very light weight. And to all that it adds a low fuel consumption, below any comparable car.

Now men who want these things—modest price and weight and operative cost—will find them all in this HUDSON Six-40. They will find this Six-40 excelling on these points any other type of car.

New Ideals in Beauty

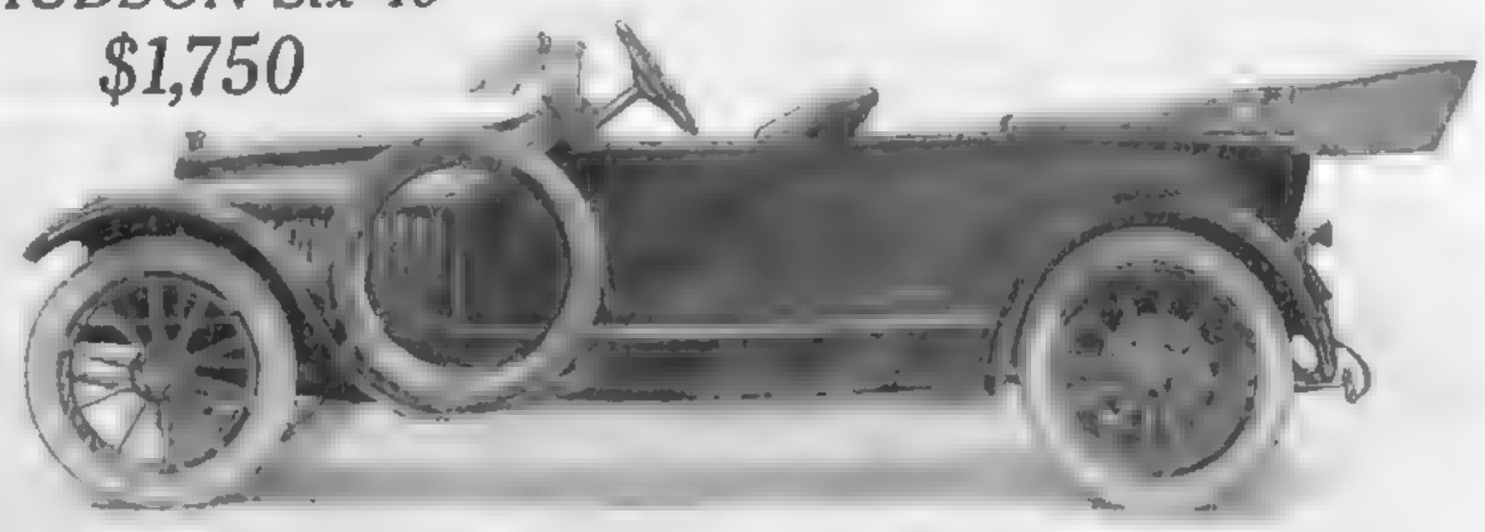
With this new economy, this Six-40 combines new ideals in beauty. It has a streamline body of the most distinguished type. These flowing lines which wipe out the dash angle mark the accepted European vogue. And European vogue in bodies is always followed here.

The finish is rich, the upholstering luxurious. Many new ideas in comfort and convenience are embodied in the car.

In fact, this Six-40, in design and equipment, is almost identical with the new HUDSON Six-54. That is our larger Six—price $2,250—which many pronounce the handsomest car of the year.

Go see this car at your local Hudson showroom. Ride in it, compare it. This is the most popular model we ever put out. Also write us for Howard E. Coffin's 55-page book.

HUDSON Six-40
$1,750



Wheelbase, 123 inches.
Seats up to 7 passengers.
Two disappearing seats.
Left side drive.
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Extra tires carried ahead of front door.
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Integral rain-vision windshield.
Hand-buffed leather upholstery.
Electric horn—license carriers—tire holders—trunk rack—tools.
Price, $1,750 F. O. B. Detroit.
Wire wheels, with extra wheel, $75 extra.
Standard roadster, same price.
Cabriolet roadster, completely enclosed, but quickly changed to an open roadster, $1,950.

(113)

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 7758 Jefferson Avenue, DETROIT, MICH.

$250 Contest

Each picture tells a story.
Consider this one, pray:
Your face may be your fortune,
Insure it now—today.

"Don't envy"—Use Pompeian;
'Twill help you look your best.
One jar will sure induce you
In others to invest.

The above poem by Irving C. Baldwin, 46 Whittingham Place, West Orange, N. J., won the first cash prize of $150 in the dialogue and rhyme contest held by the makers of Pompeian Massage Cream.

2nd Prize, $50. Miss Mildred Florence Boman, 100 Stanley Ave., Peoria, Ill
3rd Prize, $25. L. O Grondahl, 334 Melwood Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
4th Prize, $10. W. B. Bailey, 272 E. Main St., Ashland, Ky
5th Prize, $10. L. F. Watson, 4508 N. 15th St. Philadelphia, Pa.

The rules stated [illegible] prizes would be awarded [illegible] an clever advertising [illegible] Your statements about Pompeian Massage Cream must be correct and truthful [illegible] cannot win a prize.

The judges [illegible] to three [illegible] contributions because the [illegible] about the [illegible] of [illegible] Massage Cream. We [illegible] contestants and hope they have [illegible] American quality of being able to [illegible] at with a smile.

Get Trial Jar

The calendar supply is exhausted. Why not get a trial jar of Pompeian? It's well worth trying. Send 6c with coupon below.

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 49 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 49 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.
Gentlemen:—Enclosed find 6c (stamps or coins) for a trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

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stamped on the back of a collar button indicates the perfection of workmanship found only in the

Genuine Krementz Collar Buttons

and protects you against imitations.

Unbreakable from wear. A new one free in exchange for every genuine Krementz Button damaged or broken from any cause.

14 k. R. Rolled Gold Plate, 25 cents.
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At all leading jewelers and haberdashers.
Booklet showing different styles free.
KREMENTZ & CO., 40 Chestnut St., Newark, N. J.
Mfrs. of Bodkin Clutch Studs and Vest Buttons

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A HAPPY WOMAN

(Continued from Page 19)

Billy, who looked at me with quizzical eyes when he learned of my position in the office, had gone off on a tour of inspection with Mr. Blank to the colony which the land company had settled—I supposed to extend deferred payments; and I was left to check over from the stubs of receipts all payments made for six months and to compare them with the bank deposits. The thing that amazed me first was that the exact amounts of many of the payments on land were credited to the personal account of Mr. Blank instead of to the land company. I looked in vain for a summing up of the scattered amounts in a big total transferred to the land company. There was none.

It struck me as so anomalous that I went down to the banks for a record of the deposit slips. Surprise the second came there: The name on the deposit slips was not in a single case that of Billy. It was that of Mr. Blank, to whom Billy had forwarded all checks—many of them to Europe. The manager in one of these banks was an old family friend, also a trustee of the university. He asked how I was, laid his hand on my shoulder and said something that struck me oddly. I had said how glad I was to get the position, so that I could pay my medical fees, keep things going and have another try at life.

"Yes, yes," he said; "but I think Mr. Blank is luckier to have a girl like you in his office."

As I boarded a car, who should sit down beside me but our friend of the nine-hundred-dollar loan!

Billy on a String

"It was a decent thing of that old codger to help me out," he said. He was a man who would have accepted a billion-dollar loan from the Angel Gabriel and then referred to the whole hierarchy of heaven as "poor old chaps!" "But he might as well be generous," he went on. "All these foreign trusts and loans will blow up before we're out of the woods. They got their land through corrupt politics. They could sell at fifty cents an acre and come out ahead on the game."

"What about their colonists?" I asked.

He laughed.

"Don't you know these land companies sell on the installment plan? Before hard times pass, six out of seven of these colonists will jump the settlement and abandon everything. They don't get title until they have made the last payment."

"You mean ——?"

"I mean nothing," he laughed, jumping off the car.

A suspicion of which I was ashamed clouded the seeming benignity of the magnanimous Mr. Blank. As I entered the offices two of the stenographers were talking. One had an absurd little lisp.

"Corth," she was saying, "Corth Billy playth at the club. Corth he lotheth money that ithn't hith; but I think Mr. Blank would wather he got tangled a little—it keepth a stwing on Billy."

Seeing my amazed face she whirled in her swing chair.

"Don't let me mock your shodesty," she laughed. "Think Mr. Blank would let you bank two or thwee thouthand twith a week if he didn't think you'd get mixed, and get a stwing on you too?"

I did not answer, but passed into my own office troubled in thought. Like Billy, these stenographers had eyed me quizzically when I first came among them. Then, not considering me a competitor in their arena, they had become more than friendly. It was true—though Mr. Blank knew nothing of me directly, I was handling from two to four thousand a week of his money; and when it came in after banking hours—as it did on Saturdays—I had to carry it home with me and sleep with it under my pillow rather than leave it in a safe of which a dozen office hands knew the combination.

There and then I made up my mind never to have a variation in my accounts by the fraction of a cent. Then I went at the books to try to rid myself of that cloud of suspicion. Luckily the land accounts opened where a bundle of papers had been inserted among the leaves. I looked at these—they were receipts that had not been sent out. Then it came to me in a jiffy—I jerked down the books of notes due. It was plain—these were the receipts of settlers who had paid partly in notes, which Mr. Blank was carrying for them. The suspicion went with a great sigh of relief—he had discounted the notes in the bank of the land company's deposits and placed the part payments in cash to his own account until the notes came in.

Mr. Blank came home with Billy from the trip of inspection the day before Christmas. His presents to his employees were sumptuous—in fact everything about the man was sumptuous, from his diamond shirtstuds and fluffy, shining whiskers to his patent-leather shoes beneath conspicuous spats. Our offices were carefully arranged. The stenographers occupied the big outer office, where a boy in buttons kept guard at the gate and carried in all callers' cards. The insurance departments flanked one side.

Between their big square offices and the chief's apartment of four or five rooms my own long, narrow office was sandwiched, opening on the street corner, where a network of wires hummed and sang jubilates and misereres of the world of work all day. I used to listen to the winter wind whistling in those wires like the currents of life touching the silent chords in our own souls; and I was glad I belonged to the world of work.

Forever the feeling of a superior-culture class passed from me. I was of the world of workers and would thank God if only I could live to work. What would culture, what would parasitic luxury, what would childish social ascendancy matter in the sum total of this new world—not of war, but of work? Two things only would count in this world of work, of which the wires sang their jubilate and miserere—efficiency in service and the character you built up on your day's job.

To go back to those offices—the partitions were of frosted glass almost as high as a man's shoulders; but in my office, along the upper edge of the frosting, hung a long mirror so tilted that it reflected all that was going on in the big outer office and in the chief's office behind mine. Mr. Blank explained that this was to enable a former secretary to keep an eye on all the office hands without their knowledge. It may have been for him to keep an eye on the secretary without the secretary's knowledge.

Mr. Blank's Christmas Gift

The day before Christmas Mr. Blank was personally distributing his largess. I was standing waiting for a promised payment to come before going home—when I happened to look up into that mirror. What I saw was absolutely innocent—Mr. Blank, resplendent in white vest and gray spats, with a red carnation in his buttonhole, was placing a seal ring on the small finger of the coquettish little stenographer who lisped.

It was neither the act nor the fact that he had one arm round her shoulders to accomplish the feat of putting on that ring which startled me. It was the fact that his eyes were on the back of my head to see that I did not turn. I did not turn; but in a flash and against my will I saw in the mirror.

He came through to my office and laid on my desk a picture, with his card stuck in the corner of the frame. On the card were the words: "A tribute to a faithful employee."

I thought at first it was the picture of the dead daughter of whom he was always talking; but on looking closer I saw it was one of those priceless old mezzotint engravings printed in colors.

"Why, Mr. Blank, I can't take this! I haven't had time to prove whether I am a faithful employee. Hang it on the wall here until I prove it."

He looked at me queerly. Solely because I had a coat on, waiting to go out, I threw open the window.

"Why did you open the window that way?" he asked sharply.

"Because I have a coat on and the heat makes me cough."

"Oh!" he said in a low voice, like one who had caught the cue to a wrong pose. "I thought for a minute you were afraid of me."

"Why should I be afraid of you?"

Having caught a second wrong cue he floundered deeper.

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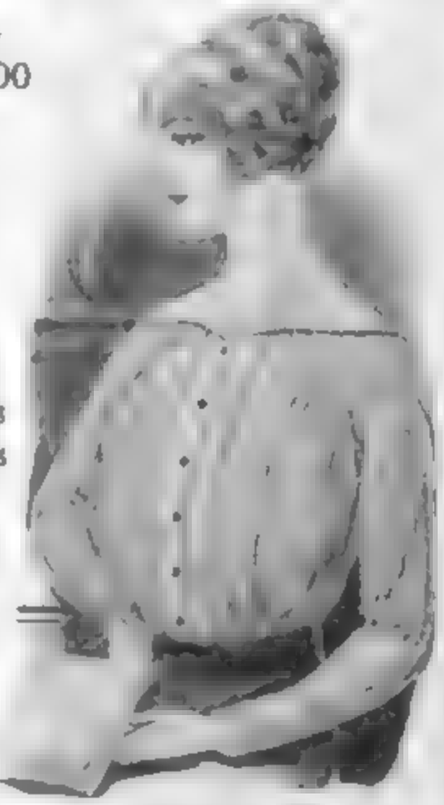

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Modern Gas Light

The Ideal Light for Business

THE QUALITY of Gas Light makes it the supremely useful illumination for business. Under its soft, day-like shadowless diffusion, colors are true, eyes and nerves are comfortable, goods and people are at their best.

Gas Light has all modern advantages—brilliance without glare, adaptability, self-lighting convenience, dependable service. The lamp that adapts these advantages to the needs of modern business with greatest economy is the

"Reflex-20"

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The Welsbach Company's new lamp for indoor lighting.

The "Reflex-20" is adaptable, in ornamental forms, to the most imposing stores, offices, and public buildings. Less pretentious establishments use the simpler styles with equal satisfaction and economy. In every form it provides

a great volume of perfect illumination at extremely low cost—less than one cent an hour!

Feature your store lighting! It means advertising, increased sales, greater comfort and better work. Study the illustrations—they suggest the varied and beautiful adaptations of the powerful "Reflex-20." Ask your Gas Company to show you *The Modern Way of Gas Illumination with the "Reflex-20."*

The genuine "Reflex" Lamps and Reflex Mantles are made only by the Welsbach Company. Look for the "Reflex" trade mark and the Welsbach Shield of Quality on the box. Imitations do not give the same service and satisfaction

TRADE MARK TRADE MARK

Welsbach Company
Gloucester, N. J.

When you *know* Gas Lighting you *prefer* it

"I love you, child"—with a long pause which I did not fill—"as I loved my daughter." I was beginning to doubt those invocations to that daughter. "I would die before I would see any harm befall you."

"Don't you do any dying for me!" I laughed. "I prefer people who live for me."

"You're right! You're right!" he said.

He wished me a Merry Christmas and told me he might be called to Chicago by the midnight express, in which case I should find typewritten instructions on my desk. Then he retreated awkwardly amused to his own office.

Sure enough, I found on my desk next day the letter of confidential instructions. Mr. Blank had received warning from Chicago of a very grave situation in banking. On any day the crash might come. Do you remember how the banks went smashing in 1893 like a succession of firecrackers? If my health would not permit me to stay all day in the office I was to take a cab, charging it to the office, and go down between one and three o'clock. I was to deposit all collections in both banks at a quarter of three.

Precisely at three I was to forward drafts from these banks to him in Chicago, never leaving more of a balance than would keep the accounts open. He could not be back before February, and might be delayed until the end of March, but depended on me to keep things right. It was in January that instructions were wired to cut the expenses of the office to the bone—lay off stenographers; retire Billy; let all the insurance men but the two heads go.

I had intended to stick it out until Mr. Blank returned, when something unexpected caused me to resign with lightning celerity in March. One can pay too much for the crust of bread that is called a living. One has to keep alive; but when you sacrifice everything to that end life has an ironical way of fooling you.

Buttons, who was my sole companion in the office, came in with a card one day—a lady wanted to see Mr. Blank. I told him to tell her he was not at home. Buttons reported that "the lady was crying and said she had to see somebody." I told him to show her in.

The minute she entered I knew the type—"placed her," as we said in the West—upper middle-class English, coming out to lord it and ending as a pauper; the type that will never cease to stamp on the hands coming up below and never cease to kiss the soles of the feet on the rung above; that scorns shop and trade, lives by some bank or office rule-of-thumb, and never attains anything more than remote connection with a hyphenated Sir Somebody-Somebody.

The Poor Widow's Story

The lady was in deep mourning and visibly weeping. They had bought land from Mr. Blank's company and had promptly paid all the installments but this year's, which was the last. Her husband had died, which stopped the remittances; but on this year's payment her husband had sent the whole of his last remittance—I remembered it; I had had to change the pounds, shillings and pence to exactly $133.33\frac{1}{3}$—and he had given his note for the balance.

They had not received the title to their property—but was not a note payment in the eyes of the law? Did not they really own their property? And was not the proper procedure for Mr. Blank to collect the note against the estate?

I asked her to wait a moment while I looked up the land book. There was the receipt held back against the note; and on the deposit slip was the $133.33\frac{1}{3}$ placed in Blank's private account. I had an impulse to take the receipt out and give it to her. That I did not do so is one of the blunders for which I have never forgiven myself; but I wanted to be sure before acting, and asked her who her husband's executors were. They were Mr. Blank and the managers of the two banks where he deposited his money.

In a flash I decided to go to the manager, who was a friend, tell him those suspicions that had now again been roused, and ask his advice. I told her to come back the next afternoon and I would try and wire Mr. Blank. It was midday. I had not gone a block down the main street before I saw something terrible was wrong. There was a crowd of people like a mob, struggling, tossing in solid masses across the middle of the road.

"What's the matter?" I asked our friend of that nine-hundred-dollar loan.

"Nothing! It'scome—that'sall!" hesaid.

"What's come?"

"The smash! There's a run on three banks now; and I'll bet a dozen close their doors before three o'clock."

We were in the middle of the maelstrom of 1893. My friend's bank was one of the first to smash. He was ruined to his last dime. Somewhat breathless and terribly puzzled to know what to do I hurried back to the office building and was just in time to see the patent leathers and gray spats of Mr. Blank's feet going up the elevator shaft. I followed on the next trip and bounced into the office, genuinely glad to see him back; and in a few words I told him why and what I had been about to do. He drew a long whistle and stood looking down at the run on the bank in the street.

"Better go home now," hesaid. "Nothing more doing today. I'll look that case up."

Knowing that the woman would call the next day, I made a point of reaching the office early.

"Oh, did you look up that case, Mr. Blank?" I asked.

"Why, yes; and for the first time I find you in error," he answered.

"But no, Mr. Blank—look here at the land book ——"

"All right—let us see!" he said, coming out to where the land book lay.

I turned over to the page. It was cut out! I was dumfounded! It was not there! The whole page was literally and utterly gone—it must have been clipped round the binding wires, for there was not a scar of it left. I turned over the bundle of receipts held against payment of notes. The receipt, too, was gone!

I Tender My Resignation

"Aha!" he smiled suavely. "It's such a joke to find you wrong. I'll forgive you."

I did not answer and I did not hesitate. Instinct strikes surer than reason in such cases. I went back to my office and sat down; and I wrote exactly seven words—"I hereby beg to resign my position." I carried this to Mr. Blank. He read it and seemed not to comprehend—put on his glasses and read it again. His hand trembled a little and he flushed deeply with anger. Sitting down, he drew his checkbook over and had written my week's wages when he suddenly remembered and laughed.

"Not much use for checks now!" he said.

Opening his pocketbook he handed me twenty-five dollars in bills. I said good-by to him and wished him well. He said good-by to me and wished me well. And that is the last I saw of Mr. Blank.

He, too, went into the undertow of that maelstrom before the panic had passed. But please note the point: In order to place $133.33\frac{1}{3}$ in his own personal account in time of stress, he permitted that woman to lose a property worth five thousand dollars, all of which had been paid but a few hundred dollars—and those few hundred, in the eyes of the law, had been paid by a note.

It was not until I was out on the street walking home that I figured out that, over and above the money needed for the lame duck, for the medical fees and home, there was barely fifty dollars left. But the thing I have always asked myself is this: Suppose I had had no prayers to fend off the harpies and the hells; no invisible white hands of love holding me close and warm; no circle of strong and loving friends to gird my life about with a wall of defense; no home; no place to go; no money; nothing between me and hell but the park bench—as thousands, tens of thousands, millions of wage-earning girls in the big cities are hemmed in by poverty and harried by vice—how could I have escaped from the trap? Palaver of the philanthropic school as to how to gather up mangled remains and files of reports by investigating commissions would not have saved me.

Could I have stayed in that office, participated in its crookedness, and given innocent front to its indecency—and not have been contaminated in soul by so doing?

And so when a sister, big or little, goes down under the wheels of the car, falls by the way, fouls the stainless garments of her womanhood, shall we hurl stones at her who falls? Or shall we cast ashes of shame on our own guilty heads of respectability because we have allowed even so little as the weakest and the poorest to fall by the way unhindered?

Editor's Note—This is the sixth article in a series giving the Autobiography of a Happy Woman. The seventh and last will appear in two weeks.

Beech-Nut Bacon

The First Beech-Nut Delicacy

TWENTY-TWO YEARS ago we began the curing of Beech-Nut Bacon. That was the start of our business in Delicacies. It was Beech-Nut Bacon that found and set apart for us our public—the discerning people who recognize flavor.

Beech-Nut Bacon taught us three things that have meant a unique success; a business here that has not its exact counterpart anywhere else in the world.

1st—Produce something that is actually finer to the taste and better to eat than any similar thing and you will find a sure and loyal public.

2d—The *price* of *flavor* is an amount of care, patience, and delicacy of treatment almost beyond belief.

3d—The concern that builds on flavor and quality and keeps up its standards cannot seek the immediate dollar. *(More money is to be made by turning out the ordinary commercial product.)* But the concern that produces quality is more certain to hold its trade.

There never has been much difference of opinion about Beech-Nut Bacon. Everybody who likes bacon at all and who knows flavor seems to prefer it.

Careful housewives know that Beech-Nut Bacon is economical because it is all bacon and all good—thin, wafery slices and no waste.

They know that by our slow, natural process of curing by hand, with sugar, salt and hickory- and beech-smoke, Beech-Nut Bacon is not only made delicious and digestible, but there is more actual value in a pound because the Bacon is not loaded with moisture as in the ordinary "wet pickle" cure.

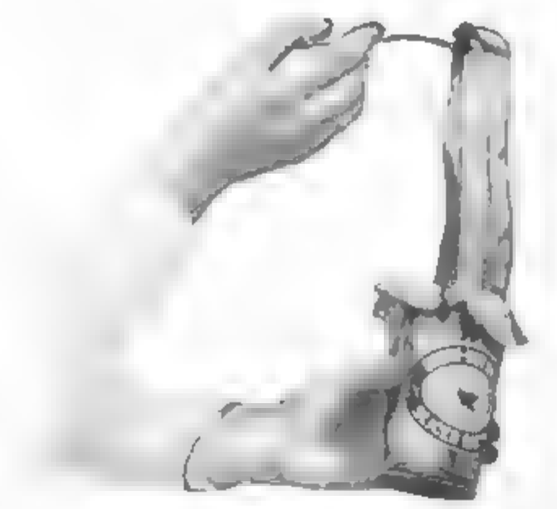
They must realize that we stand alone in selection—in the premium we pay for the first choice of tender, delicate sides. A prime requisite, along with the hand cure, and the six days and nights in the smoke of a slow hickory- and beech-wood fire to develop the peculiar delicacy and flavor of Beech-Nut Bacon.

Bacon such as this *is* indeed a *delicacy*, an *appetizer*, and should be so used. Two or three delicious slices to give zest to your breakfast eggs, with a cup of fragrant coffee—and you will forget to look at the morning paper.

Beech-Nut Bacon is packed in special air-tight glass jars *(vacuum seal)* keeping the original sweetness and flavor in and all other flavors out.

Sold by representative dealers everywhere. The familiar Beech-Nut package as illustrated above has become the sign of the good purveyor.

Your dealer has it or can get it for you. Ask him about it.



To avoid tearing the long, thin slices of bacon in removing from jar, begin at the center and fold back each slice. Take out the inside slices first, using a silver fork as shown in the illustration.

Other Famous Beech-Nut Delicacies are:

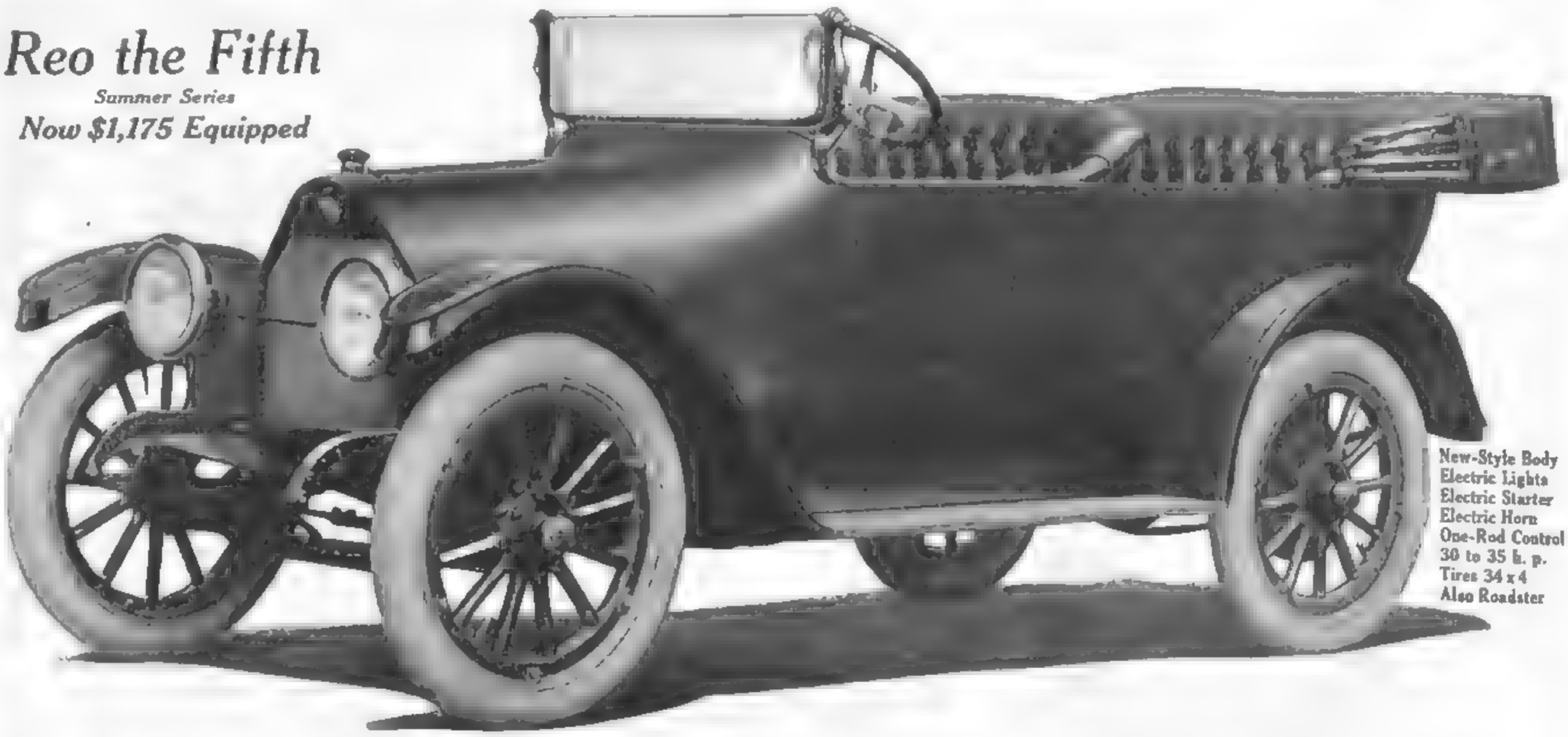
Beech-Nut Tomato Catsup *Beech-Nut Oscar's Sauce* *Beech-Nut Peanut Butter* *Beech-Nut Red Currant Jelly*
Beech-Nut Guava Jelly *Beech-Nut Crab-apple Jelly* *Beech-Nut Grape Jam*

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
CANAJOHARIE N. Y.

Reo the Fifth

Summer Series

Now $1,175 Equipped



New-Style Body
Electric Lights
Electric Starter
Electric Horn
One-Rod Control
30 to 35 h. p.
Tires 34 x 4
Also Roadster

We've Saved You $220

Three years ago Mr. R. E. Olds brought out this famous chassis. He was the dean of designers. For 25 years he had led the way toward better and better cars.

He said that this car marked his limit. No cost, no skill, no care could build—so far as he knew—a better car of this size and power.

Men who knew Mr. Olds believed him. This car has had a remarkable sale. Nearly every month the demand for the car has far exceeded the output.

Like every new model, this car involved an immense investment in new machinery, new tools and jigs, etc. This investment was charged off at so much per car, until now it is all wiped out.

Now this item is deducted from the price. So with the savings on electric starters, on tires and on other things.

As a result, this year's design in Reo the Fifth sells for $1,175, equipped as above. That is $220 less than last spring's price, completely equipped, with electric starter and lights.

The same chassis, a beautiful new-style body, many new ideas in up-to-date equipment, and a saving of 16 per cent.

The Utmost in an Honest Car

Reo the Fifth simply typifies its builder—a man cautious, honest, experienced and extreme.

Each car is built just as Mr. Olds would build it for himself.

The steel is twice analyzed. The gears are tested in a crushing machine for 75,000 pounds per tooth. The springs are tested for 100,000 vibrations.

The car has 16 roller bearings, where common ball bearings would cost one-fifth as much. It has 190 drop forgings, where castings would cost half as much.

Each driving part, at much added cost, is given 50 per cent overcapacity.

The car is built slowly and carefully. The output is limited to 50 cars daily. There are countless tests and inspections. Parts are ground to utter exactness, regardless of time or cost.

Each engine gets five long tests, three of which are extreme and unusual. Then every engine is taken apart and inspected.

Every car gets this extreme attention. Sometimes dealers are crying for cars. Sometimes orders are five times the output. But not a car goes out until every inspector pronounces each part perfect.

The Result

The result is a car which, right from the start, performs its level best. No adjustments are needed.

Weaknesses and flaws don't develop. And the little troubles, due to careless detail, are absent in this car.

Upkeep is very low. This careful construction saves the owner many times what it costs the maker.

And the car keeps new. One of these cars was taken apart after 10,000 miles of hard driving, and the important parts showed hardly any evidence of wear.

A car that's skimped and hurried may look and run like Reo the Fifth when new. But a few months' use shows up the difference, as it does with a shoddy coat.

Mr. Olds says, "I am building these cars for what men will say of me five years after they buy them."

The New Beauty

This year's improvements lie mainly in beauty. Note the new-style streamline body. The upholstering is deep and soft. The rain-vision windshield is made part of the car. The searchlights have dimming attachment.

Electric lights and starter, electric horn, speedometer, top and side curtains, extra demountable rim.

The instrument board, with all instruments set flush, is brought within reach of the operator.

This is by far the most beautiful car that ever went from the Reo factory.

One-Rod Control

This car alone has our one-rod control. All the gear shifting is done by one center rod set entirely out of the way. It is done by moving this rod only three inches in each of four directions.

No levers in the driver's way. Both brakes are operated by foot pedals. The driver's entrance from either side is clear

---

We have dealers in a thousand towns. Go see the new body, the new ideas in equipment. And to know what men get inside this car, write for our catalog.

REO MOTOR CAR CO., LANSING, MICHIGAN

Canadian Price, $1,575. Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.

MISTER CONLEY

Continued from Page 7

down with nine goose-eggs in his first game; so we felt reasonably comfortable behind him.

The Grizzlies sent Swede Olson after us—a six-foot lumberjack, with a nasty hop on his fast ball. They were fighting uphill for the sixty per cent and it was a real battle from the opening inning.

In the second, Mike Mullaney, their shortstop—an aggressive little mick—tried to steal third base. Danny Daly, our catcher, juggled the ball the least fraction of a second and then had to make a chain-lightning peg to Conley. I was close to the baseline and I can swear that Mullaney had a clear path to the bag.

He went in like a thunderbolt, spikes first, sliding low to get away from the tag; and I saw him throw his right foot a bit wide. It caught Conley on the shin and the kid went down in a heap; but he held on to the ball. The umpire called Mullaney safe. As Conley got up he said something to Mullaney, and as I ran over I heard Mike's answer:

"Keep off the baseline if you don't want to be spiked! You'll get your legs cut off trying to block people."

"He wasn't on the baseline," I says, "and he never even came close to blocking you. I saw you slam that right foot out to get him—and I've got a notion to punch you in the eye! Are you hurt bad, Conley?"

The kid took a few steps, trying out his left ankle. His red stocking was torn a little six inches above the shoetop, so it was a cinch that the spikes had hit him.

"No, Mister Hines," says he. "I'm all right, thank you."

He didn't forget to Mister me even then! Well, I gave Mullaney a bawling-out on general principles, because I didn't want him to think he was getting away with anything. Smokeless came over and joined in.

"We keep a file on our bench for fellers like you," says Solly—"a file to sharpen spikes with. You'd better stay away from second the rest of this game, because every man that slides in there will have a razor-edge aimed at your knee-cap. And that ain't all—the next time I get you up there at the plate I'm going to hit you right in the ear. In the ear! Do you get me?"

Mike showed his teeth.

"You couldn't hit the ground with your hat!" says he. "And as for this bush third baseman he'll be on crutches the rest of his life if he tries to block me again."

"You're a liar! I didn't block you," says Conley.

All this time the fans were yelling and those who rooted for us howled: "Dirty ball! Dirty ball!" And the home contingent cheered Mullaney. The noise lasted until Solly, back in the box but still jawing at Mike, snapped the ball over to third and caught Mullaney flatfooted as a cigar-store Indian, six feet off the bag.

Conley ran him down on the line and when he tagged him out he brought the ball from his hip, knocking Mullaney flat on his face. I heard him grunt twenty feet away.

"How bad did he nick you?" asks the Bald Eagle when Conley limped to the bench.

"Just broke the skin, Mister Patten. It stings a little—that's all."

"Let's have a look at it."

"It's not worth skinning down the stocking for. It'll be all right in a minute."

Conley went over and sat down on the far end of the bench, and I saw him twisting his stocking so that the torn place would come on the side instead of over the shin.

"There's one game rooster!" says Patten. "Did you see him slam the ball into Mullaney's ribs? They'll find out pretty soon that they're wasting time trying to get this kid's goat."

Mind you, I don't say that Mullaney or any other ballplayer would deliberately spike a man. I've played ball for nine years and I never saw but one case where I felt sure the spiking had been done on purpose. This was probably an accident; but after it had happened and couldn't be helped it was baseball sense for Mullaney to put all the blame on Conley and threaten to cut him in two the next chance he got.

And then Mullaney, being an infielder himself, knew that nothing in the world shakes a man's nerves like a spiking. I've been cut pretty badly a few times; and to this day I never see a man coming at me feet first without wondering whether I'm going to get it again, and remembering just how those steels hurt when they rip through the flesh and scrape the bone.

Yes, Mullaney had the right system, but his threats didn't seem to work on Conley. The kid was all over the place like a circus tent, pulling off sensational stops and going back into the shadow of the grandstand after fouls. He knocked down one cannon-ball drive along the third-base line that was a daisy. That wallop was ticketed clear through to the fence, and Conley saved us one run right there—and possibly two.

In the fifth inning Butch Dillon, the Grizzly rightfielder, went whirling into third base spikes first and yelling: "Look out! Look out!" But Conley didn't flinch a muscle. He took the throw and put the ball on Butch as clean as you would wish.

Then, in the first of the sixth—just to make it more binding—Conley got hold of one of Olson's fast shoots and hammered it over Dillon's head, scoring me from second with the first run of the game.

The kid was spry enough on the field, but I noticed that he limped badly coming and going between innings; and once he poured some water on his stocking and let it soak in. I was sitting beside him when he did it and heard him suck in his breath the way my little boy does when he cuts his finger. That tipped it to me that his shin was hurting him more than he would admit and I gave him credit for gameness.

Well, the game boomed along into the ninth inning, still 1 to 0; so we had an edge of one run when they went to bat in the last half. All we had to do was blank 'em again and the long end of the money was ours. I was already reading the figures on my check.

It was the pitcher's turn to hit; and Neville, the Grizzly manager, yanked Olson and sent Bradner up to bat for him. At the same time he switched the system of attack. For eight innings they had been waiting Solly out and letting the first ball go by; but Bradner came up with orders to clout the first one that was over the plate. We hadn't seen much of Bradner in the series, but we knew he was a dangerous man with the stick.

"Hello, little one!" says Solly to Bradner. "When did they let you out of the cage?"

Then he floated up a slow one on the inside. Bradner stepped back, clubbed his bat short and whaled the ball down at me a mile a minute on the barehand side. I got two fingers on it, but it ran up my arm and down my back like a squirrel—and Bradner was safe. The scorer gave me an error on it—the cross-eyed dub! I think I was lucky to stop it at all.

Butch Dillon was the next man up and he hit the first ball—a measly little pop-up back of first base, just far enough to be mighty unhandy to reach. Eddie Pine, who is a big, leggy fellow, went tearing back after it and Joe Dugan came tearing in from right field. We saw it was Pine's ball and we all yelled: "Eddie! Eddie!" But Joe came bulling along like a steam engine, with his nose in the air; and he smashed into Pine full tilt. Eddie turned a complete somersault, Dugan was knocked flat on his back and, of course, the ball fell as safe as a government bond.

Bradner, waiting halfway between first and second in case the ball should be caught, reached third and Dillon sprinted to second. It was all Dugan's fault for not letting Pine take the ball, but his alibi was that there was so much noise in the stands he didn't hear us. If Joe has a weakness it's a little tendency toward solid ivory.

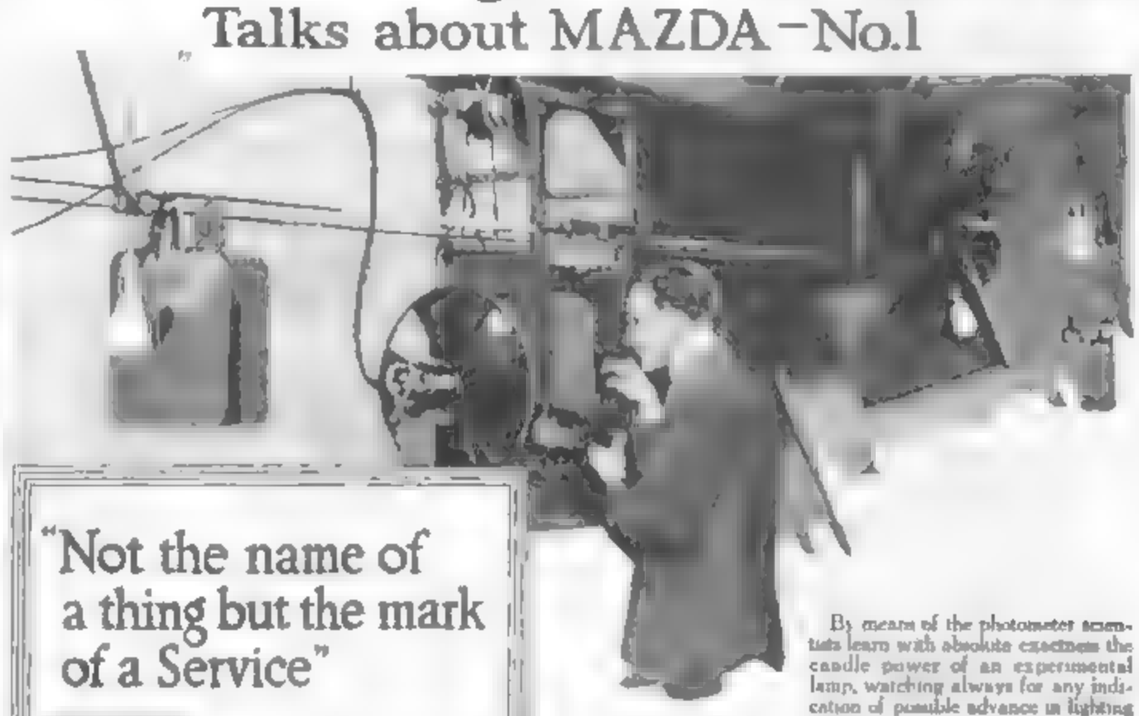
Well, there we were, up against one of the sudden switches in the luck that make baseball such an uncertain proposition. A minute before and those fans wouldn't have given a smooth dime for their chances; now they were all up, jumping and dancing and yelling like Comanches. A minute before we thought we had a cinch; now we were drawn in on the grass, fighting to cut off the tying run, with a possible winning run on second base and nobody out.

It was a desperate situation, for Dugan's boneplay had unsettled us and shaken our nerves. Old Solly was cackling at the next batter, but it wasn't on the level with him. He didn't feel any more like laughing than the rest of us, but he didn't think it was policy to let Shag Robinson know it.

Shag was the next hitter—the fence-buster; and we knew to a moral certainty

The meaning of MAZDA

Talks about MAZDA—No.1



By means of the photometer scientists learn with absolute exactness the candle power of an experimental lamp, watching always for any indication of possible advance in lighting economy

"Not the name of a thing but the mark of a Service"

A SINGLE glimpse into that exceedingly busy place, the Research Laboratory of the General Electric Company, at Schenectady, would convince any spectator that science does not consider the great world problem of artificial lighting as having been finally solved. The headquarters of electric lamp science hums with an activity that not only tells the story of great things done, but that tells also the story of constant, vigilant, unremitting effort toward still higher achievement.

Yet the fact about these laboratories that is of greatest significance to every user of electric light is the big plan and purpose behind these endless tests and experiments that are illuminating the path of further progress.

This big plan is expressed in the word Service. And the sign of this Service, the trade-mark of this maintained effort, this good will of a scientific movement, is "MAZDA."

Every one of these tests, every laborious detail of these experiments—in glass, in filament wire, in "anchors," in chemical actions and reactions, in endurance, in economies of current, in practical use and factories of manufacture—is telling the story of the Service, and giving to that Service trade-mark "MAZDA" the inspiration of a watchword.

The sustained brain-power of this Service—made visible day by day, month by month and year by year in the "MAZDA" lamp—has been creating lamp history. When the discovery of the availability of certain rare metals for lamp filaments, such as tantalum and tungsten, dethroned all earlier types of incandescent lamp, the new elements brought new mechanical and electrical problems. The early tungsten filaments for example, while far excelling the filaments developed from other metals, were too fragile fully to meet the strain of the harsher uses to which lamps are subjected.

It was in these Research Laboratories that these problems were worked out, and a method discovered by which the fragile tungsten paste filament was superseded by a strong drawn wire filament which not only gives *three times* as much light as the old style carbon lamps with the same amount of current, but is staunch enough to meet all the demands of modern usage. It is in these Research Laboratories that the step-by-step progress toward ideal light has attained other advances in construction, other increases in economy, by which the lamp of today that bears the mark "MAZDA" became possible.

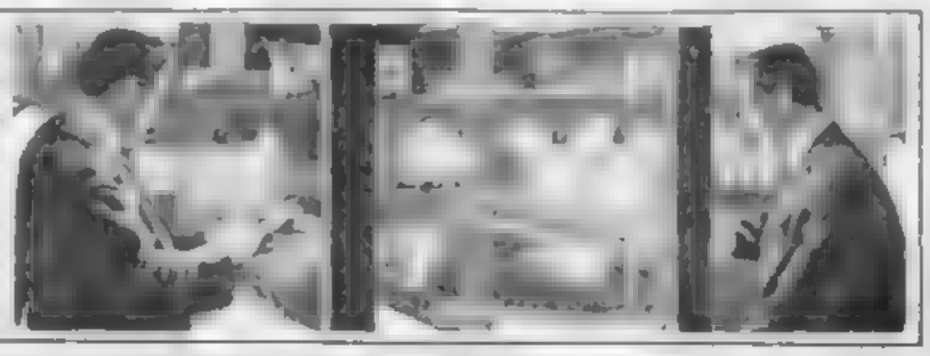
To *carry forward* the work that has safeguarded the leadership of the "MAZDA" lamp, the distinguished corps of technical experts behind this Scientific Service is not only maintaining, without intermission, vast original investigation and experiment at this focal point of electrical science, but is keeping in touch with the great experimental laboratories of Europe.

And "MAZDA" means more than the gathering of these products of scientific labor. The "MAZDA" Service plan means also that the laboratory experts at Schenectady keep equally in touch with the General Electric Company factories and the factories of other companies entitled to receive "MAZDA" Service, giving to each of these manufacturing centers every new fragment of knowledge which the skill of the Research Laboratories has selected as of practical application to the "MAZDA" lamp.

New building of the G-E Research Laboratories at Schenectady, headquarters of the scientific effort known as MAZDA Service. This Service comprises constant experimentation, and world wide investigation so that the mark "MAZDA" on an electric lamp shall always signify the latest achievement in metal filament lighting by the ablest lamp experts in the world

Thus every lamp that bears the name "MAZDA" indicates that this Service has been applied to the production of that lamp. This is your assurance when you buy a "MAZDA" lamp—whether you buy it today, or tomorrow, or next month, or at any future time—that you have the metal filament electric lamp that sums up the latest successes of the ablest lamp experts in the world.

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY



A great variety of lamp tests are continuously conducted in the Research Laboratories in the persistent effort toward more and more efficient lighting, and demonstrate a reliable variety which assures the maximum [illegible] MAZDA Service

Why Live an Inferior Life?

IF I could bring you in contact with my wonderfully developed physical and mental energy, and show you what I have done and am doing daily for others, I know that I could easily and quickly prove to you that you are only half as alive as you must be to realize the joys of living in full, and that you are only half as well as you should be, half as vigorous as you can be, half as ambitious as you may be and half as well developed as you ought to be. The fact is, that no matter who you are, I can prove to you positively, by demonstration, that you are leading an inferior life, and I want to show you the only way in which you may, speedily and easily, without inconvenience or loss of time, come into possession of real health, vigor, energy, development, and a higher realization of life, success, and yourself.

Swoboda

The Originator of personal mail instructions in Physiological Exercise

THE SWOBODA SYSTEM

with the Least Expenditure of Time, Energy and Money and with no Inconvenience, Builds vigorous brains, superb, energetic bodies, develops great reserve force, strong muscles, creates a perfect circulation, by vitalizing and developing the body, brain, and nerves to their highest power. When I say that I give something different, something new, more scientific, more rational, effective, and immeasurably superior to anything ever before devised for the uplifting of the human body to a higher plane of efficiency and action, I am only repeating what thousands of prominent men and women of every country on the face of the earth, who have profited by my system, are saying for me voluntarily.

The Swoboda System is no Experiment. I am giving it successfully to pupils all over the world. I have among my pupils hundreds of doctors, judges, senators, congressmen, members of cabinet, ambassadors, governors, thousands of business men, farmers, mechanics, and laborers and almost an equal number of women.

The Swoboda System is so successful because it does not stop with mere primary physiological effect, but it proceeds beyond the effect of ordinary exercise, into the realm of organic evolution, through the secondary and tertiary effects. It energizes, develops, recreates and causes the body internally and externally to adapt itself, for greater success in promoting the realization of perfect health and physical organization.

Most physiologists know only of the primary effect of exercise. If my system were limited to the primary effect alone it would be no different from ordinary exercise, but **the Swoboda System** is based upon a fundamental evolutionary principle. It creates, by its secondary and tertiary reactions, results which are impossible for other exercise—results, too, which seem impossible to those who do not understand.

***The Swoboda System** is the Result of a discovery I made in the human body which has absolutely revolutionized the possibilities and effect of exercise.* **The results are startling in their extent, and are noticeable from the first day. You never will know what it is to be really well and vigorous, or to comprehend what the *SWOBODA-KIND of health and energy* of body and mind actually is until you give the SWOBODA SYSTEM a trial.**

The reason **the Swoboda System** is in advance of any other method is because it energizes, develops, and vibrates at a high rate the cells, which are the units of every tissue and organ, internal and external, and thus fundamentally builds up the body as no form of superficial exercise can. No other form of culture acts upon the cells so directly, consciously, and positively. The improvement is noticeable from the first day.

WHAT OTHERS HAVE TO SAY

"Can I describe the satisfaction I feel. than a thousand dollars to use in increasing system to do work of mental for me."

"It reduced my weight 29 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."

"I cannot recommend your system too highly, and without has been of great benefit

"I muscles larger system."

"Your system developed me most wonderfully."

days my muscles are much firmer already

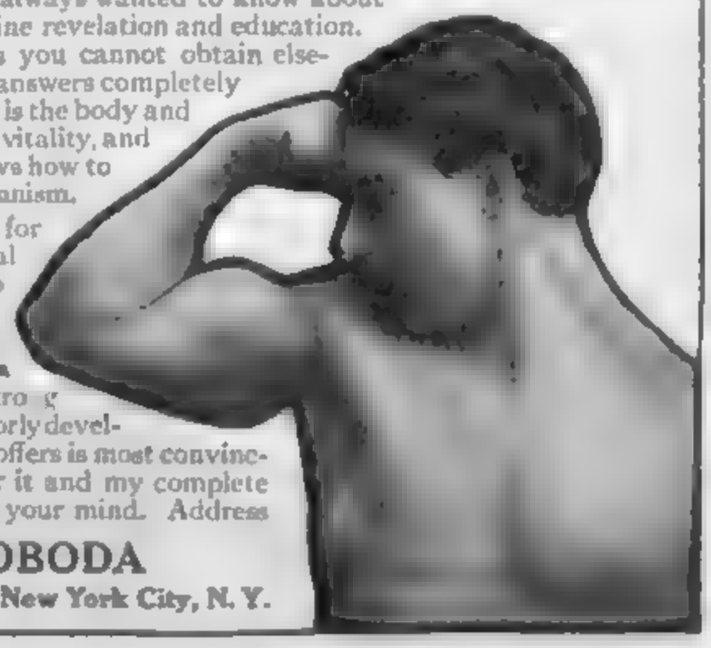
Why remain physiologically and physically imperfect and incomplete—when **the Swoboda System** quickly and positively strengthens the heart, lungs and all internal organs, as well as the nervous system, and thus promotes ideal health and physiological perfection?

Join the Swoboda Army of Vigorous, Strong, and Happy Men and Women

You can be physically just what you wish to be. You can have reserve vitality for every emergency. *I guarantee it.* I offer my system on a basis which makes it impossible for you to lose a single penny. My guarantee is startling, specific and positive.

My new copyrighted book, **"Evolutionary Exercise,"** is free. It shows how **the Swoboda System** has **Revolutionized Exercise.**

It is not a dry treatise on anatomy and physiology, but it explains in a highly interesting manner the human body as it has never been explained before. It tells in a simple manner what you have always wanted to know about yourself. It will be to you a genuine revelation and education. The knowledge which it imparts you cannot obtain elsewhere for any sum of money. It answers completely and plainly the question—"What is the body and how to make it strong, virile, full of vitality, and thoroughly healthy?" It also shows how to create super-adaptation of the organism.



This book you will cherish for having given you the first real understanding of yourself. It also tells of the Dangers of Exercise and of Excessive Deep Breathing. It explains how **the Swoboda System** is making vigorous and strong men and women out of weak and poorly developed individuals. The evidence it offers is most convincing because it is true. Write for it and my complete guarantee to-day before it slips your mind. Address

ALOIS P. SWOBODA

1214 Aeolian Hall New York City, N. Y.

that if the first one came over he would take a crash at it. I remember sort of praying that he would hit it on the ground and give us a gambling chance for our white alley—and then Solly let fly, waist high and inside. It was a slow ball, and that gave Shag a chance to pull back from the plate and set himself. He timed it beautifully, swinging as if it were the last act of his life and he wanted to use all his steam before he went.

Shag put everything between his spikes and his shoulders into one terrific swipe, and he caught that slow ball square on the end of his bat—wham! It came down toward third base, level as a sunbeam and buzzing like a bee. I didn't have time to untrack myself or turn my head—just time to think, "There goes the ball game!"—when out of the corner of my eye I saw Conley make a lunge into the air with his glove. The crack of the bat and the spat of the ball against leather were like two handclasps—they were that close together—and there was Conley, scrambling along the grass after the ball! One chance in a million and he got away with it; he had actually knocked that lightning drive out of the air with a blind, one-handed stab!

Bradner was tearing for the plate, Dillon was between second and third, and the tremendous roar from the stands died out all at once, as if a muffler had been put on it—which meant that every man inside the turnstiles realized that Conley had better than an even chance to cut off that tying run at the plate. The boy came up from the grass with a jerk, throwing the ball underhand without taking time to set himself fairly on his feet.

Danny Daly, our catcher, jumped high in the air—and the next thing I knew Bradner had scored and Dillon was pounding over the plate with the run that won the game for the Grizzlies. After making a stop that was nothing short of a baseball miracle, Conley had thrown the ball away and the World's Series stood a tie—three games apiece.

VI

WE WERE dressing at the hotel and after the game was over it was every man for himself. We had to fight our way through a solid mob of lunatics, all singing and dancing and yelling that the Grizzlies would get us the next day. I finally got to one of the exits and Solly Jones reached out of a taxicab and pulled me in, along with Joe Dugan and Eddie Pine—four of the sorest people in the whole world.

"Well, the yellow showed at last!" says Dugan. "I've been expecting it would. These kids ain't there in a pinch and that's why they're no good in a big series. Now Conley ——"

"Oh, shut up!" snaps Pine. "He heaved one away, yes—and he blew the game for us; but he never should have had the chance to do it. Who was the fool that put those runs on the bases? Who knocked me on my ear when I was just going to grab Dillon's fly? You make me sick!"

"Well, at that, there was no excuse for Conley chucking that ball away!" says Solly. "He had plenty of time to get Bradner; but he lost his head completely. That bum heave of his is likely to cost us the series; these fellows are going to be a tough bunch to beat tomorrow, coming from behind and grabbing us this way! Gee! That was a hard game to blow!"

Between us we gave Conley quite a panning—though Pine wouldn't let Dugan open his mouth once. We were pretty well shaken up and we didn't relish the idea of going against a club that had beaten us out twice in whirlwind finishes. Somebody had to be the goat and Conley was elected. We didn't give him any credit for the good plays he'd made. That is never done after a losing game. You can save one nine times by sensational fielding; but lose it and you're first cousin to a yellow dog.

We dressed in our rooms and met in the lobby afterward. Conley wasn't there and neither was Husky Mathews, who shared his room with him. We were all sitting round, with our hats pulled down over our eyes, talking out of the sides of our mouths and roasting Conley to a fare-ye-well, when Husky Mathews stepped out of the elevator. He listened to the anvil chorus for a few minutes and there was a queer look on his face. Joe Dugan was expressing himself pretty freely and all at once Mathews broke out, short and savage:

"Conley's yellow, is he? I wish some of you game fellows that never quit in your lives would go up to Number Four-twenty-two and take a look at the leg that kid has been playing on all the afternoon! Yellow! I don't like a bone in his head, but I can lick anybody who says he's yellow!"

There was silence after that, because Husky looked as if he meant it.

"Was he hurt bad?" asks Solly Jones.

"Go and look, you soreheads!" says Husky, heading for the bar.

Half a dozen of us went upstairs. The transom of Conley's room was open and we heard voices. Old Absalom was in there with him. The darky was almost crying.

"Boy, fo' heaven's saik," he says, "why didn't yo' tell me? Dis laig oughta been 'tended to as soon as it was hurt! Yo' wanter ruin yo'self fo' life? Misteh Patten he sho will be wild when he sees how bad yo' is cut up! Whyn't yo' say something?"

"Say something!" says Conley, shrill and excited. "Who did they have to put in my place? Nobody that knows how to work with that infield like I do. If I had peeled that stocking down Patten would have taken me out of the game—you know he would! I couldn't quit, Absalom; I had to stick and do the best I could. When I jumped after that ball it felt as if my leg was coming off, and the pain sort of turned me sick all over and dizzy. I just had to throw blind—it hurt so I couldn't see!"

"Dere now, honey! Dere now!" says Absalom. "I wouldn't be frettin' myself if Ise yo'. Dey all throw 'em away—bes' playehs in the land do it sometimes; but dey don't all have so good a excuse as yo' got, an' dey ain't a-many of 'em game enough to go seven innin's on a laig hurt like dis one is. No, suh!"

"But I lost the game!" says Conley. "I lost the game! And think of what that means to the other fellows! I know I don't get along very well with 'em, but I'd rather have had my leg cut clear off than give 'em a chance to say that I threw 'em down! And now I can't play tomorrow; and ——"

I heard something that made me back away from the door. We went out to the elevator and Solly Jones took charge of affairs.

"Hines," says he, "go downstairs and bring up every man on the team—every one of 'em. You can tell 'em what you've heard. This Conley business has got to be fixed up now!"

We didn't give him a chance to say he wouldn't see us. We opened the door and marched in. Conley was sitting on the edge of the bed with his foot in a basin of warm water; and Absalom, on his knees, was working over the nastiest spike cut I ever saw—and I hope I'll never see another one like it—a deep, ragged cut five inches long, clear to the bone. Knowing how spikes feel, it made me ache all over just to look at it.

Conley's face hardened as we came crowding into the room, but he couldn't hide the tear marks on his cheeks. For a few seconds there wasn't a sound in the place except hard breathing; the fellows hadn't expected that it would be so bad and it sort of took 'em by surprise. Solly Jones got down on the floor and examined the cut, whistling a little between his teeth.

"You played all the afternoon—with that?" says he.

Conley nodded. I don't think he could have said anything just then, even if he had wanted to. Solly looked up at the rest of us; and then he turned to Conley.

"If you don't mind," said he, "I'll shake you by the hand and we'll take twenty minutes for a new book. I've always wanted to meet the gamest guy in this business. I'm for you Conley—win, lose or draw! Put her there, kid!"

Conley looked at him for a minute and then he held out his hand.

"All right, Solly," said he. "All right. You pitched a swell game and I'm sorry I threw it away for you ——"

Then he choked. Well, I guess there were others of us that choked too. It might have been damp round there in a minute but for Solly Jones.

"Gentlemen and roughnecks," says he, "allow me to present Spike Conley!"

So he's Spike Conley now and the Mister thing is a joke with all of us. We call him the best third baseman in the world. We may be shading it a little at that—but he's surely the gamest.

Oh, you want to know about that seventh game? We won it in a walk, thank you—Spike sitting on the bench all done up in bandages. And I'd be ashamed to tell you what Joe Dugan did to Mike Mullaney after the series was over.

Announcing the NEW MODEL ROYAL No. 10

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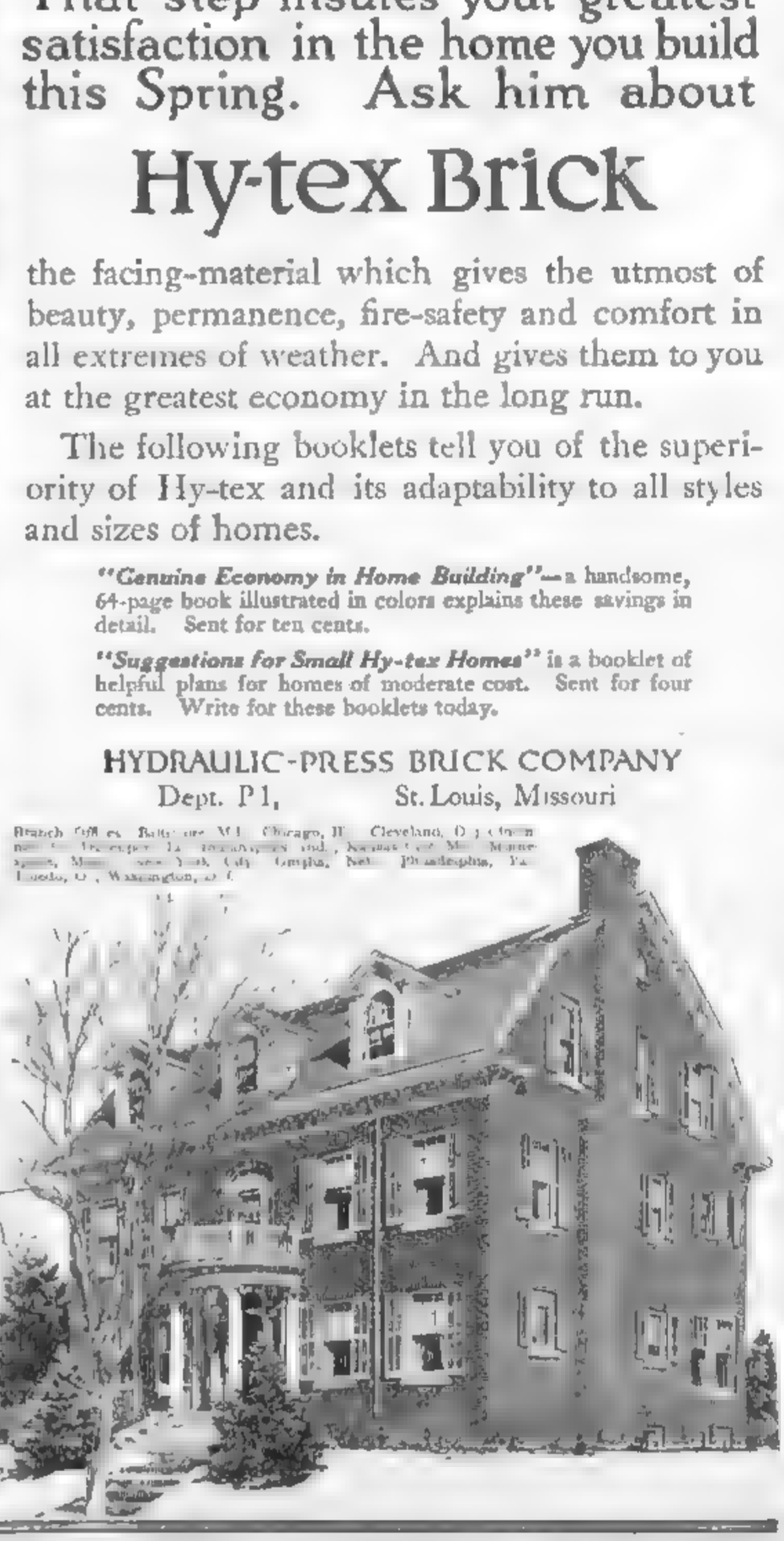


MAKING OVER A BIG STORE

(Continued from Page 17)

novelties, all of which had been purchased by me. Happening on the buyer of handbags on that first day, I overheard him say disgustedly to the buyer of neckwear:

"Look"—pointing a thick-banana finger "at those fifty-dollar tapestry bags! What do you know about Miss Van B——'s dumping those things on me? Fifty dollars! Huh! I'll be lucky if I'm able to get rid of them at seven-fifty!"

"Isn't it awful," assented the buyer of neckwear, "to have your profits eaten up like this? I never did sell those expensive sets she sent over to me last fall. This place isn't a store any more—it's a bower or a beastly museum."

That was always the way with buyers they never could see the profit that resulted from a store being a beastly museum, or that the advertisement of having the latest things far overshadowed the disadvantage of an initial loss!

The whole conflict of my years of Paris service arose, indeed, from this position of mine as a kind of super-buyer. When, on their semiannual pilgrimages to Paris, the various clothing buyers came to select their models they resented any direction of their choice. Yet in this thing lay much of the business value of my Paris residence. I knew what the Paris woman of fashion wore on every occasion and I was able to guard the buyers against the freak styles.

"But," objected the buyer of coats and suits on one occasion when I was trying to induce her to plunge on the famous moyenage tunic, "you're not practical. You've lived over here so long that you don't know what is going to take with the American woman. Now I know she isn't going to stand for this straight, narrow slip!"

Specimen of Wild Gallic Art

"It's quite as practical," retorted I, "to create a taste as it is to serve it; in fact it's much more practical, for you get the advertisement of having launched a style. You get the advantage of the rebound."

Incidentally I may mention that the moyenage did go in America; and our buyer, who had stocked up on Watteau stuff, lived to regret her opposition to my advice.

It was about four years after I went to Paris that I fell in love with French fashion drawings. Nowadays we see everywhere in America echoes of this near-Aubrey Beardsley lady with her queer pigeon-toed eyes and her ineffable dash; but at that time she had not yet captured either our editors or our advertisers.

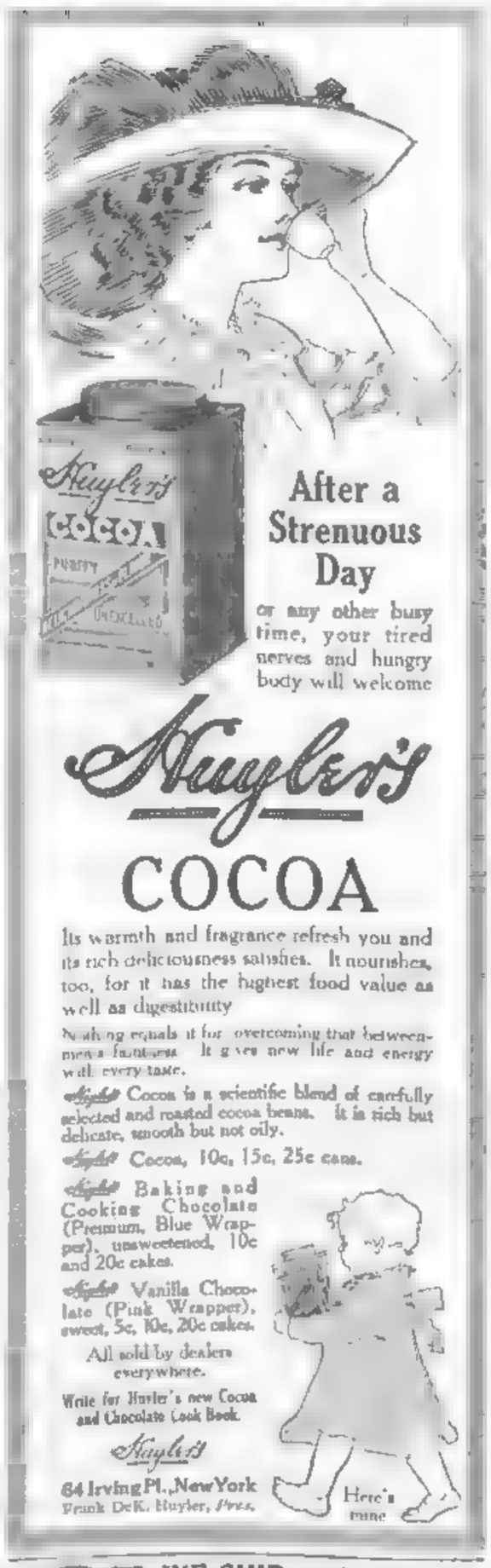
Here I saw a chance to be a pioneer; and acting on my authority to buy whatever I thought best I ordered from a young Paris artist a number of drawings for our newspaper advertisements. I also tried him out on the posters we used for the announcements of our spring opening of cottons. The reply I got from Mr. Devine, the head of the advertising department in America, showed exactly how my strange infatuation was regarded.

"It," wrote he, regarding the poster, "has been received. Its neck is like a piece of stovepipe, and its eyelashes like an ostrich fan. It is warped into a triangle, and its hand is sprinkled with sixteen dewy fingers. The lithographer has copied it in orange and blue; and now we defy the most curious to discover that it is a girl walking in the wind!"

In spite of such acid criticisms I continued buying those French drawings and those puzzling posters. Today the cubist has squared with tune, and on every hand we see specimens of wild Gallic art; but I have the satisfaction of knowing that it was the Castlemarket Store which did much toward creating that taste.

During my long residence abroad I used to come home for a month or two out of every year. These visits were, indeed, quite necessary for keeping in touch with the requirements of the American market. Further than this I was obliged to superintend many of the display features I had suggested from the other side.

One year, for instance, we built a dressmaking salon reproduced from the Louis Seize drawing room of a famous French actress, and everything, from the selection of furniture and pictures to the actual erection of the salon, came under my direct supervision.



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15c—2 for 25c

HALL, HARTWELL & CO., TROY, N. Y.

All this time the Castlemarket Store was growing wonderfully. Our advertisements had a worldwide recognition and we were known for our exploitation of the very latest Parisian novelties. Nevertheless, as I walked through the store at the time of my yearly excursions, I felt painfully how much it lacked of French charm.

It was not, however, the Paris department store on which I based my comparison. That, I felt, was far inferior to our own organizations. No; the far-away beacon of perfection that glimmered always before me was the French specialty shop that wonderful little gem on the Rue de la Paix which had so captured me.

One thing that always distressed me on my return to America was the unskillful salesmanship. This was particularly borne in on me on my summer trip of five years ago when I followed right in the wake of some mid-season hats I had bought abroad. Almost before I landed I was told that the hats were not going. The millinery buyer was furious at me for dumping these undesirable goods on her, and the management asked me whether I could suggest any means for their disposal.

"It isn't because the people don't know about them," asserted Mr. Devine, "for we've certainly advertised them enough."

One day while walking with Mr. Castlemarket on a tour through the store we turned in at the millinery department. For fifteen minutes I watched a saleswoman showing those mid-season hats to a certain wealthy customer. At the end of that time I saw quite clearly why the hats did not go.

This saleswoman's efforts were highly specialized. They consisted of bringing an armful of models over and dumping them on the dressing table in front of her customer. Sometimes she jammed one on her head—shades of French finesse! And on these occasions she was ludicrously like a wheelbarrow hitched to a pair of spanking horses.

Shops Within Shops

"The very trouble," said I, turning to my employer, "salesmanship! A French woman would bring you one of those hats at a time; try it on her own head at the smartest, most exquisite angle; give an inexpressible air of dash and vivacity. Let us get a few pretty French girls in here and see what we can do."

We did bring over several foreign saleswomen; and, though those particular hats did not move, the increase in our millinery trade justified this innovation.

In spite of any sense of unreached ideals, the Castlemarket Store was, as I have already said, enjoying ever-greater prosperity. Only one thing now rankled in our consciousness of high achievement—we had not got the fashionable trade. The very people we considered likely to be interested in our beautiful importations never came near the store; and every day while I was home I anxiously watched the curbstone for the carriages and limousines that should indicate wealthy patronage.

"Why is it?" asked Mr. Castlemarket impatiently at one of our managers' meetings. "We have the merchandise—why can't we interest people?"

"Our advertisements were never better or more talked about," followed Mr. Devine.

As for me, I was silent. I knew very well why the average woman of fashion would not deal with a department store. There it was again—that old gnawing problem of the specialty shop, with its elegance and quiet! Until we could bring it to the Castlemarket Store we should never get the "carriage trade."

And then very suddenly it came to me—the solution of it all. I was looking out the open door of the office in which we sat and my eye followed the vasty distances of our building. It was immense—this building. Room, room, room! Well, and what did room offer? Why, an opportunity for a shop within a shop! Could anything be more simple? To think that all these years a stupid roof had cut off my viewpoint!

"I've long been thinking," said I, "that we might build a series of little specialty shops where we could display only Paris goods. There could be one for lingerie; another for baby clothes; another for perfumes and toilet goods. These would be presided over by the daintiest and most charming of saleswomen. They would be essentially Parisian—modeled after the little places on the Rue de la Paix—and it seems to me they would offer the wealthy woman the undisturbed, unjostled place for which she is looking."

WHEN Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes is compared with other flaked foods argument ceases. The test of taste tells the difference.

Two things set Kellogg's apart—Kellogg flavor and Kellogg freshness. The flavor of Kellogg's is not the flavor of all corn flakes, and the reliable freshness of Kellogg's is the result of the Kellogg Square Deal Policy with grocers.

Briefly explained, this policy makes sure that the grocer never has Kellogg's any other way but crisp and fresh.

To prevent disappointment, don't merely ask for toasted corn flakes—say "KELLOGG'S, please," and look for this signature on package.

Look for this Signature

W. K. Kellogg

The New 10 Cent Writing Tablet
Made of a Standard, Watermarked Paper

HAMMERMILL BOND WRITING TABLET

The Quality Paper Used by Millions

You can now obtain in writing tablet form the quality paper used by the big businesses of America. The writing paper used for years by Wanamaker's, Swift's, New York Central, and hundreds of famous firms, is now put up in writing tablets for your personal use.

Ask for the convenient and economical writing tablets of Hammermill Bond, wherever you buy your stationery. Your favorite shape of writing paper will be among the six popular sizes in the finish you prefer—Ripple, Linen or Vellum. Of course, your choice of "ruled or unruled" will be offered you; and this new feature of 10c tablets—envelopes to match, all sizes and finishes.

Remember the name—Hammermill Bond. Don't miss this latest improvement in writing paper.

You can get your Hammermill Bond Tablets wherever you buy your stationery

Manufactured exclusively by
Western Tablet Co., St. Joseph, Mo.

Refer all inquiries regarding writing tablets to the above.

HAMMERMILL BOND
Made by Hammermill Paper Co., Erie, Pa.

Envelopes to Match

Your Boy and His Future

THERE are millions of parents in this country. It is to them that we want to talk.

We know boys—we have studied them for years. We have worked with them and for them. We're "pals"—the boys and we.

We have watched them grow. We have seen timorous youngsters acquire confidence. We have seen listless youngsters develop initiative, enthusiasm and purpose. We have taught thrift and the value of money to thousands who had previously regarded money as something to be begged and spent. Without presumption we say it—we have been their "guide, philosopher and friend."

What we have learned about boys we have written in a little book, entitled "What Shall I Do With My Boy?"

It touches the problems which confront the parents of every red-blooded American boy. It will be a pleasure to us to send you a copy of this interesting booklet. A letter or postcard will bring it to you with our compliments.

Sales Division, Box 207

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

It was a beautifully simple plan; but they all—even Mr. Castlemarket—looked a trifle dazed. Finally the merchandise manager spoke.

"Do you think," queried he, "it is quite practical?"

Again that old objection to almost everything I had ever tried to do! I showed them just how practical my idea really was. And after several weeks the order for the erection of my little shops went through.

I can say that never in all my life was I so really happy as at this period. I fluttered round among carpenters and painters; I matched hangings and selected curtains for the deep windows. Never was any woman fixing up her new home more radiantly interested.

At last the work of decoration was finished. In the center of one of our floors the square of little shops, with its soft gray woodwork, was set—like an island of rest in troubled seas of merchandise! From behind its heavy glass plates gleamed the foam of exquisite lingerie and neckwear and lace. Justly I felt that this was the height of my achievements.

We launched the little shops by a private view extended for two days to our charge customers and to those culled from the social register. Afterward the feature was advertised in our columns, and the world of business hummed with our latest adventure. Yet, in spite of its beauty and of the flattering notices regarding it, there were several years during which my innovation was not a success.

Coaxing the Carriage Trade

Well do I remember the sinking at my heart when, during the autumn following the erection of my little shops, I came home to find them as quiet as a sleighbell in August.

"What's the matter?" asked I of the charming saleswoman who stood in the lingerie shop.

"They're off the main thoroughfares," replied she, "people can't stumble over them."

That was the very thing, however, I wished these shops to signify—a quiet place where the wealthy patron could escape from the crowds. What could be the matter? I stood there in silent chagrin; and as I did so the buyer of the lingerie department swept in on us.

"Well, Miss Van B——" commenced she icily, "you certainly have done for my French lingerie trade—cooping my fine stuff up in here where nobody ever gets to see it! Oh, yes, a very nice, sequestered spot you've built for us here—a real soothing spot—one where lovers may come and have a tender word with each other! But as for selling merchandise—well, I guess not! My sales have gone off enormously since the days when women saw a French chemise lying out on a good old public aisle on a good old public counter. Then they saw the stuff as they walked through—it put them in the notion of buying. Now they have to be real genuine African explorers to get at the French underwear."

"Never mind!" replied I briskly, my confidence somehow returning in the face of this discouraging report. "You've got to remember that the Paris shops will have to become a habit. By and by people will get used to coming in here—and then you just see!"

My prediction has come true. The shops are now a success; and the other day the saleswoman in the baby clothes shop told me she has today twenty customers where once she had one. And other department stores are following my idea.

Today, after fifteen years of service, my work is just beginning. I continue to direct from Paris the introduction of new features and wonderful exhibitions. I continue to send over from the Paris office the latest news items and the latest novelties. And when I come home I fuss round among carpenters and furnishers and salespeople just as though this great department store were in truth my very own house.

It is with the flail of romance that I have cleared this business way of mine. My whole endeavor has been to make the department store an interesting and beautiful place—an endeavor that has been attended by remarkable business success. The faith Mr. Castlemarket had in his experiment with me stands justified; and I feel very certain that the time cannot be far distant when every great department store will realize the benefit of having a woman who is always trying to fix up the establishment!

For Young Men About Town

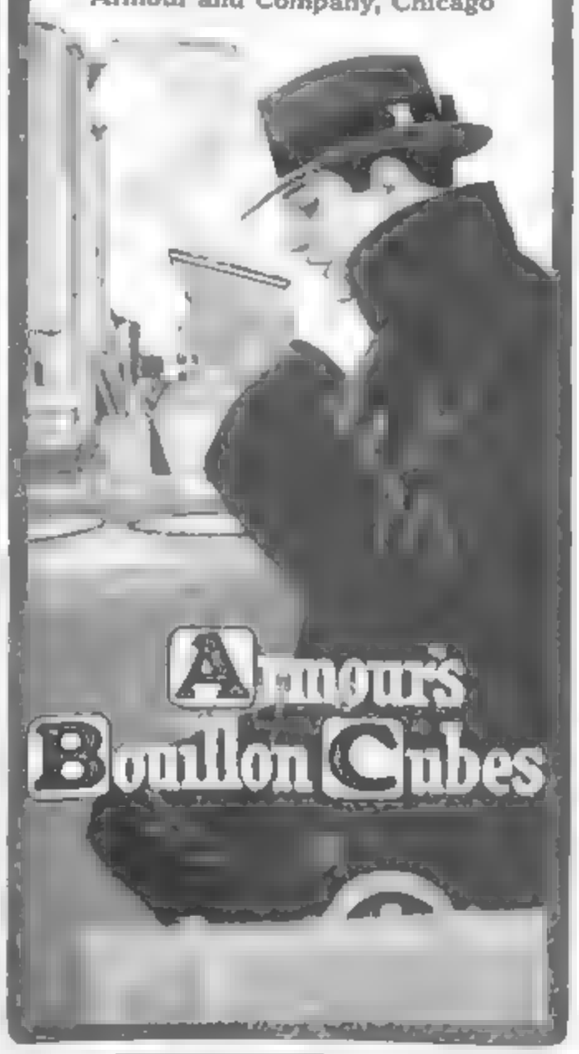
The best kind of hot drink—Bouillon.

Delicious bouillon is made by dropping an Armour's Bouillon Cube into a cup of hot water.

Beef and vegetable flavor combined with the correct seasoning.

Buffets, Drug Stores and Grocers everywhere.

For Free Samples, Address Dept. 538
Armour and Company, Chicago



BACK TO THE FARM

Prepare for Success

The farm offers the greatest opportunity in America today for the man who is down and out, as well as the man on salary. Great things can be accomplished in agriculture by anyone who is prepared. Our Correspondence instruction is your opportunity.

Twenty-nine of the country's greatest agricultural authorities compose the faculty of this school. We teach by mail. If [illegible] any branch—general farming, stock, poultry, fruits, flowers, stock-raising, bee-keeping, domestic science, and twenty-four other courses. Write for valuable free book, "How to Make the Farm Pay More." State which branch of agriculture interests you.

AMERICAN FARMERS SCHOOL, 451 Laird Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.
(Original and Largest School Exclusively Teaching Farming By Mail)

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THE Chautauqua School of Nursing has trained thousands of women in their own homes to earn $10 to $25 a week as nurses. Send for a copy of "How I Became a Nurse" and our Year Book—248 pages with actual experiences of Chautauqua Nurses.

Forty-eight specimen lesson pages sent free to all inquirers.

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305 Main Street Thirteenth Year Jamestown, N. Y

SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE

By Winfield Scott Hall, Ph. D., M. D.

(Illustrated. 300 pages, only $1.00)

Tells All About Sex Matters, what young men and women and all others need to know; what parents and teachers should tell children; tells husbands sex facts they don't know [illegible]

Plain Truths of Sex Life [illegible]

New Book All Need to Read

Only $1.00 postage 10c extra, [illegible]
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PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturers want Owen patents. Send for 3 free books, inventions wanted; prizes, etc. I get patent or no fee. Manufacturing facilities.
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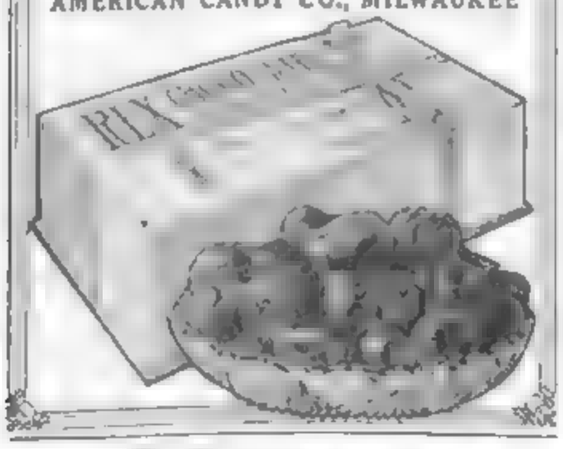
"Heavy, heavy, hang over thy head—fine or superfine."

REX
CHOCOLATES
"King of Bitter Sweets"
35c, 60c and $1—the Box

Milady CHOCOLATES
"Every Piece a Surprise"
50c, 85c, $1, $2, $3—the Box

TWO TEMPTING NEW BRANDS
Malted Milk Chocolates
50c and $1 the Box
Chocolate and Cream Dipped
Brazil Nuts—50c and $1 the Box

At your dealer's or sent on receipt of price.
AMERICAN CANDY CO., MILWAUKEE



On Every Piece

HOT PANCAKES AND SYRUP
taste mighty good on crisp mornings

HEISEY'S PATENTED SYRUP JUG

Keeps the syrup clean, fresh and inviting—always tempting and refreshingly appetizing in appearance.
The jug is easy to fill and easy to clean—The patented top prevents [illegible] Made in 5 and 7 and 12 ounce sizes. The [illegible] is on the trade mark—
LOOK FOR IT
If your dealer cannot supply this sanitary Syrup Jug we will deliver prepaid: East of the Mississippi River, the 5 or 7 ounce size for 60c, 12 ounce size for 75c. West of the Mississippi River, the 5 or 7 ounce size for 75c, 12 ounce size for 90c. [illegible]

A. H. HEISEY & CO.
Dept. 87 Newark, Ohio

GOOD things to know
are indications of dog's breed, type, how to denote coloring, etc., explained in
"About Dogs"
This fascinating FREE book can improve appearance, disposition and value of your pet. Also a free sample of Austin's Dog Bread. Address
Austin Dog Bread & Animal Food Co.
207 Marginal St. Chelsea, Mass.

THE STOLEN LIFE

(Concluded from Page 4)

"Tell me, then," he cried; "if one were with an expedition in which there were a great many people, and this expedition were threatened with disaster, and one should escape from it, using the means upon which the others depended for their safety, what ought he to do?"

The barrister answered immediately.

"If you asked me for my opinion on such a case," he said, "I would say that one who came away, under such conditions, from other men in peril would be bound as a man of honor to go back to them."

The man, who had been standing motionless, stumbled as though struck violently across the knees.

"Good God!" he whispered. "Go back to them! . . . Good God!"

He reached for a chair and sat down. His eyes dilated. His jaw slackened and dropped. He put his hand up and fingered about his face.

It was a strange face at which he fingered. It had a kind of dreadful inanity. And yet the thing was vital, for it worked and sweated as though something in the man, primordial and organic—something nesting in the very fibers of the creature—struggled awfully to maintain itself, resisted with tooth and claw and every twist and writhing, and would not be ejected out of dominance.

The man labored to slough it off and to get the fibers of his being disentangled. And the barrister thought he saw before him a man looking into hell!

Now there came from the sea a sound that cannot be described. It was a great, hideous, shudder made vocal—as though a city were swallowed up; as though a thousand cries, a thousand smothered sobbings, were gathered into one vast, awful death sound!

The practical side of Sir Rufus Simon knew this thing came from the innumerable sounding buoys of the Channel enveloped in the fog; but the mystic side of him, inherited from the great poets who had written the Pentateuch, knew it did not.

The thing was a death sound! And at the call of it the creature in the chair before Sir Rufus suddenly got up. He stood on the floor with a sort of ghastly vigor—as though the body of a dead man, on which the flesh and all the structures of the flesh were rotten, had, nevertheless, a vital framework that dominated it with a sort of awful life.

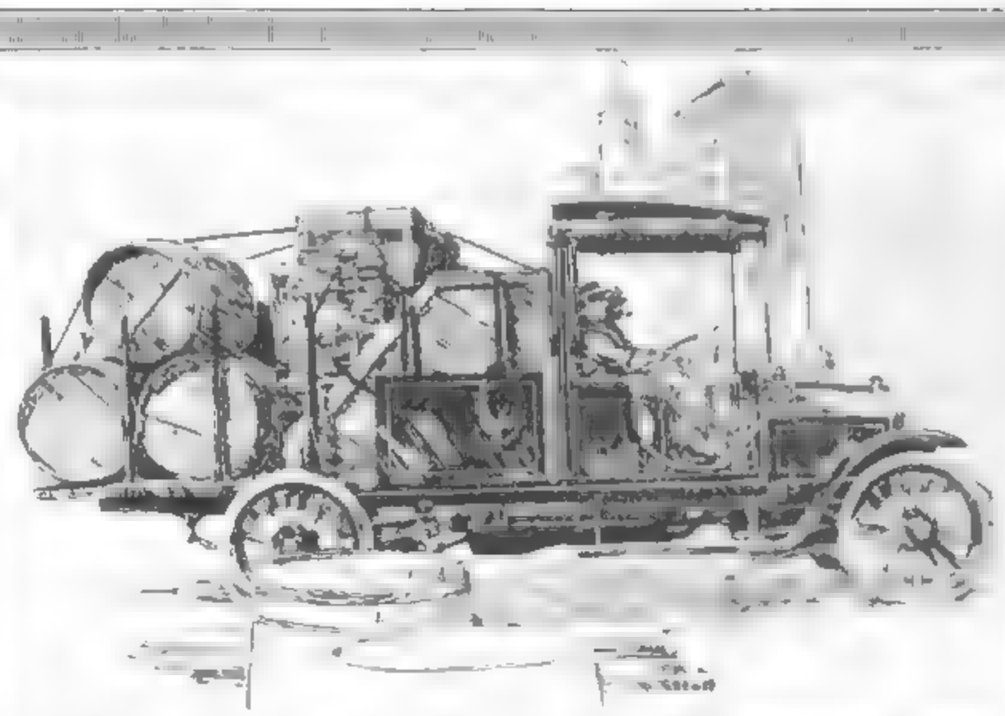
It was an abominable thing to see, and the barrister put up his arm as though unconsciously to shield his face. The man's lips parted, but he did not speak; there came from his throat, instead, a horrid sort of stuttering; and turning slowly on his heel he went out of the room.

The barrister waited without moving from his chair. He took out his handkerchief and wiped the sweat off his face. The man did not return. And there was no sound after the latch of the door clicked. Finally Sir Rufus got up and went over to the window. Day was beginning to appear. And far down the narrow street, into the black nest of the city, the figure of a man hurried, stumbling, stooped over.

Again there came that awful sound from the sea. And the barrister felt the flesh on his bones move with fear. He wanted to flee like a mad thing from this place of abominations; but he mastered his fear, took up his hat and stick, and went down the carpeted stairway, that gave no sound under his feet. At the door he had a moment of panic lest it be locked, and he fumbled with the latch; but it was open and he got out.

Morning was on the way. In an hour the night would be over. He determined to go out on to the Digue de Mer and wait for the day to arrive. He walked up and down on the great empty promenade—while the world, as if by some enchantment, emerged slowly into the light—turning in his mind this incomprehensible adventure, and laboring to recall this face that he had somewhere seen; then suddenly he stopped, raised his arms above his head and made a great outward gesture, with fingers distended and crooked.

"I know him!" he cried. "He is the man who stole away in the lifeboat in that awful disaster, leaving behind him a burning ship filled with women and children—to be drowned! . . . And God forgive me! God—forgive—me! I have sent him back to them!"



CHASE Motor TRUCKS

"Hard Buyers"
Avoid Mistakes—This Way:

"HARD BUYERS" want a dead certainty. They will not buy a motor truck on salesmen's arguments or on "demonstrations." They demand the experience of *owners* of trucks.

When a hard buyer gets on this trail, you can't get him off. He will listen to nothing but owners' *experience with trucks* where delivery conditions fit his to a T.

Chase Motor Trucks are being shipped to "hard buyers" who have ordered on owners' experience. For the experience of 3213 Chase owners is convincing. You can bank on it. For your experience is bound to be what the owners of Chase Trucks meet with every day.

Chase dealers can show you what Chase Trucks are doing for firms in your own business all over the country.

Chase Trucks range from 500 lb. delivery cars at $500 to 6000 lb. trucks at $3000.

When you write us we will send you information that has helped 3213 Chase owners to buy profitable trucks.

CHASE MOTOR TRUCK CO., *Makers of Chase Trucks,* Syracuse, N. Y.

Try a Log Cabin breakfast tomorrow

Serve buckwheats with Log Cabin Syrup—the delicious flavor of pure maple tastes like more.

Remember the can—Jack Towle

TOWLE'S
LOG CABIN SYRUP

On your custards, puddings, grape fruit, muffins, etc., Log Cabin Syrup is a delicious treat with any meal.

Order a can today from your grocer. If he hasn't it, send me his name and 25 cents and I'll send you by prepaid Parcel Post, a full measure pint can, and our Free Recipe Book, telling how to make lots of good maple dishes.

Address me, Jack Towle, care
The Towle Maple Products Company
Dept. V-4, St. Paul, Minn.

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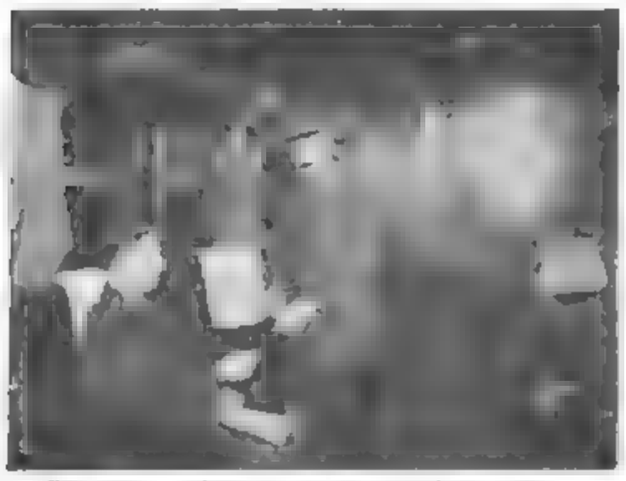
St. Paul, Minn.
St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Whenever You Pay Out Money You Should Get a Receipt

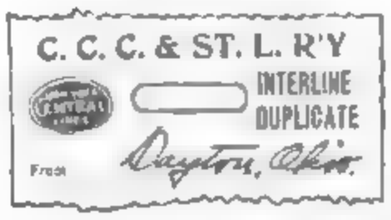


Conductor collecting tickets on railway train.

A Railroad Ticket Is a Receipt

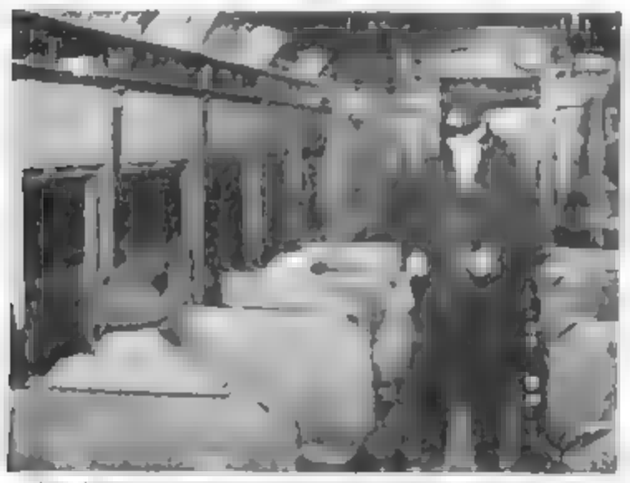
It shows that the holder has paid his fare and is entitled to ride on the train.

A Baggage Check Is a Receipt



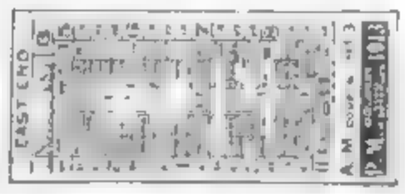
It shows that the holder has paid his railroad fare and is entitled to send his baggage along free of charge.

Checking baggage to destination at railroad depot.



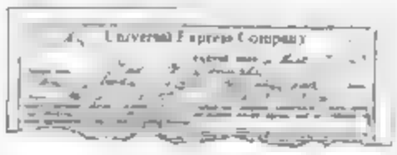
Conductor giving passenger transfer on street car

A Street Car Transfer Is a Receipt



It shows that the holder has paid for a ride and is entitled to continue his journey on another line.

An Express Company Gives a Receipt

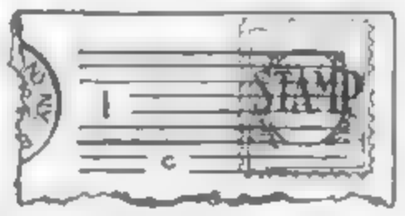


It is a guarantee that a package received by the company, will be delivered to the person to whom it is addressed.

Express clerk writing a receipt for package.

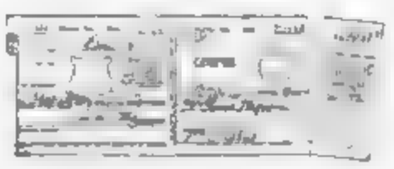
Placing letter in mail box.

A Postage Stamp Is a Receipt



It is proof to the government that the carrying charges on letters, parcels, etc., have been paid.

A Money Order Is a Receipt

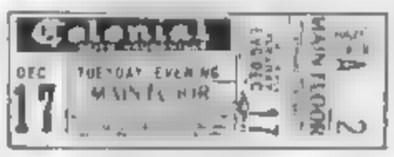


It shows that money has been deposited with the postal department and will be paid upon presentation of the order.

Buying money order at a United States post office.

Buying tickets at a theater

A Theater Ticket Is a Receipt



It is evidence that the bearer has paid for a seat at a certain performance.

An Ordinary Sales-Slip is a Receipt

It may satisfy the customer, but it does not enforce duplicate records for the proprietor. It takes time to write, and can be changed.

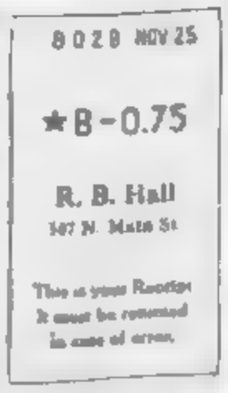
Customer receiving an ordinary sales-slip with goods

Registering warranty deed to show record of transfer of property.

A Warranty Deed Is a Receipt

It is evidence of ownership of a certain piece of property.

Of All Receipts in the World the National Cash Register Receipt Is the Best



It is printed and issued in less than a second, and is the only receipt which enforces an accurate, unchangeable record of every transaction.

Customer making purchase in store and receiving receipt, printed by National Cash Register, from clerk.

The NCR Receipt benefits merchant, clerk and customer, and everyone in the world is a customer

AN AMIABLE CHARLATAN

(Continued from Page 21)

"Follow my lead closely in everything, Paul!" he directed. "Meantime keep your eye glued on the pavement. If things turn out as I expect there will be a gray touring motor car outside Tarteran's shop in the course of a few minutes. From that car will descend Dagger Rodwell. He will enter Tarteran's. Watch, then, as though your very life depended upon it!"

I squeezed myself against the wall and looked down upon the never-ending procession. The street was continually blocked with motor cars and taxicabs. On the other side of the way streams of people were moving all the time. I recognized many acquaintances even in those few minutes. And then suddenly I saw the gray motor car. I held out my hand to Mr. Bundercombe.

Without the slightest attempt at concealment, the man Mr. Bundercombe had called Dagger Rodwell alighted from the motor and stood for a moment looking into the windows of Tarteran's shop before he entered. He was faultlessly dressed in morning clothes, smoking a cigarette and carrying a silver-headed cane.

After some hesitation he entered the shop. Mr. Bundercombe drew a little breath. He had been looking at another part of the street.

"Now things are beginning to move," he observed softly. "Come here, Paul!"

He pulled aside a little curtain behind which was a sort of cubicle—an easy chair, a manicurist's stool and a table.

"Step inside here," he whispered; "quickly!"

I obeyed him, and in an instant he had entered a similar one. We were scarcely there before I heard the sound of a key in the door. Through a chink in the curtain I saw Miss Blanche. She pushed back the latch and stood for a moment as though listening, her face turned toward the stairs up which she had come.

If I had had any doubt but that tragedy was afoot that morning it would have been banished by a glance at her face. She was terribly pale; her hands were shaking. Rapidly she withdrew the pins from her hat, hung it upon a peg and smoothed her hair in front of the looking-glass. Then, though her hands were trembling all the time, she filled a bowl with hot water and arranged a manicure set on a little table.

Once or twice she stopped to listen. Once, as though drawn by some fascination she was powerless to resist, she moved to the window and looked down into the street. Mr. Bundercombe remained motionless and I followed his example. At the back of my cubicle was a window from which I could still gain a view of the pavement. The streets were thronged with people, and I noticed that the motor car, which at first I had missed, was standing in a side street, almost opposite.

Suddenly I saw the man, for whose reappearance I was so earnestly waiting, step casually out on to the pavement. He attempted to cross the street and was quickly lost to sight in a tangle of vehicles. A second later I could have sworn that I saw him back again at the entrance to the passage below.

Then I heard a shout from the pavement and I distinctly saw him clamber into the motor car, which shot off as though it had started in fourth speed. An elderly gentleman, who had rushed from the shop, was halfway across the street already. There was a chorus of shouts; traffic was momentarily suspended; a policeman started running down the side street. Then I turned away from the window. There were sounds closer at hand—a footstep on the stairs, swift and gentle.

In a moment the door of the little manicure room was opened and closed. Dagger Rodwell stood there, pale and breathless. Not a word passed between him and the girl. He dashed into the third of the little cubicles, and it seemed to me that in less than thirty seconds he reappeared.

The change was marvelous. He was wearing a tweed suit and a gray Homburg hat. His eyeglass had gone. Even his collar and tie seemed different. He sat down before the girl and held out his hand. They listened. There was plenty of commotion in the street—no sound at all on the stairs.

"We've done it!" he muttered. "They're after the car! They'll catch Dolly!"

"He'll bluff it out!" she whispered.

"Sure! Don't let your hands tremble like that, you little fool! We're safe, I tell you! Get on with your work."

Now the two were three or four yards away from the cubicle in which I was, but almost within a couple of feet of Mr. Bundercombe's. From where I was sitting I saw suddenly a strange thing. I saw Mr. Bundercombe's left arm shoot out from behind the curtain. In a moment he had the man by the throat. His other hand traveled over his clothes like lightning.

It was all over almost before I could think. Rodwell was on his feet with a livid mark on his throat, and Mr. Bundercombe had stepped back with a little shining revolver in his hand which he was carefully stowing away in his pocket.

"Sorry to be a trifle hasty, Mr. Rodwell," he said. "I saw the shape of this little weapon in your pocket and it didn't seem altogether agreeable to me. We are not great at firearms over this side, you know."

Blanche and Rodwell stared at him. To complete their stupefaction I stepped out of my cubicle.

"What sort of a game is this?" Rodwell muttered, though he was pale to the lips. "Blanche ——"

He turned toward her with sudden fierceness. She sat there, wringing her hands.

"Mr. Bundercombe!" she exclaimed feebly. "Mr. Bundercombe!"

"So this is your silly old fool, is it?" Rodwell hissed. "This is the old fool you could twist round your finger, who found the money for your manicure parlor, and who was in love with you, eh? What are you anyway?" he added, turning furiously upon Mr. Bundercombe. "A cop? Is this why you were trying to put up to me a few weeks ago?"

Mr. Bundercombe waved aside the accusation.

"Nothing of the sort!" he declared.

"Then what is it you want?" Rodwell demanded. "Is it a share of the swag you're after?"

Mr. Bundercombe shook his head.

"I am afraid," he sighed, "there will not be any swag."

Rodwell's face was the most vicious thing I had ever looked on; yet he kept his head. Mr. Bundercombe and I were an impossible proposition to an unarmed man.

"In the first place," Mr. Bundercombe said, "I must congratulate you most heartily on your scheme. I saw your double bolt across the road and jump into the car. Everyone's eyes were upon him. They never saw you slip round into the passage. Your double is, I presume, well supplied with an alibi and evidences of respectability?"

Rodwell nodded shortly.

"It's his own car and he's an automobile agent," he replied. "He'd been in the next shop. The people there will be able to swear to him—he gave them plenty of trouble on purpose."

"And you," Mr. Bundercombe murmured, "have the necklace?"

"I have!" Rodwell snapped. "What about it? I've got to divide with the girl here. How much do you want?"

"Only the necklace!" Mr. Bundercombe replied.

Mr. Rodwell's geographical description of where he would see Mr. Bundercombe first is too lurid for print. Mr. Bundercombe, however, only shook his head, with a gentle smile upon his lips.

"If you're not a cop and you won't stand in, what in the name of glory are you?" Rodwell spluttered at last.

"I am afraid I must describe myself as a meddler," Mr. Bundercombe confessed; "an intervener. I stand midway between the law and the criminal. I sympathize wholly with neither. I admire the skill and courage you have shown today, but I also sympathize with the head of that establishment whom you have relieved of possibly many thousand pounds' worth of diamonds. I could not ——"

Rodwell made his effort, but Mr. Bundercombe was more than ready. Intervention on my part was quite unnecessary. Mr. Bundercombe's left arm shot out like a piston-rod and the unfortunate victim of his blow remained on the carpet, with his hand to his cheek.

"Quite in order, of course," Mr. Bundercombe remarked, "but absolutely useless. Boxing was my only sport when I was a

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We have been making Grinnell Gloves for 58 years the *best* gloves we know how to make. And we know how to make the best.

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Boiling water stays hot all night—12 to 15 hours—in this hot water bottle. It stands erect, so you can fill
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young man, to say nothing of my remarkably athletic young companion. It won't do, Rodwell! You'd better hand over the jewels. Give them to Miss Blanche and she'll hand them to me. They're in a morocco case, I think, in your trousers pocket."

Rodwell produced them sullenly.

"It's your fault, you miserable little fool!" he muttered to Blanche. "I ought to have known better than to have let you into the thing. Fancy taking him for a mug!"

Mr. Bundercombe smiled a pleased smile.

"Come, come!" he said. "Things are not so bad. You might have been caught!"

"Aren't you going to give information?" Rodwell asked quickly.

"Not a thought of it!" Mr. Bundercombe assured him, catching the case Rodwell threw toward him. "I want, so far as possible, to see both sides happy. Here, Paul; put these in your pocket!" he added, turning to me. "If you take my advice, Rodwell," he concluded, "you'll stay where you are until I return. I promise you that Mr. Walmsley and I will return alone, and that I will give no intimation of your presence here to any person whatsoever."

Rodwell was puzzled. He rose slowly to his feet, however, and walked toward the basin at the other end of the apartment.

"All right!" he agreed sullenly. "I shall be here."

Mr. Bundercombe and I descended into the street. I was feeling a little dazed. Mr. Bundercombe led the way into the Tarteran establishment, which was still in a state of disorder. He asked to speak to the principal, who came forward, still looking very perturbed.

"Sorry to hear of this robbery!" Mr. Bundercombe said. "Have they caught the fellow?"

"They caught the man in the motor car," the manager groaned; "but he had no jewels on him and my people can't swear to him. He seems to have a very coherent story."

"Have you communicated with the police?" Mr. Bundercombe asked.

The manager stretched out his hand.

"Four of them are in the place now," he answered, a little despairingly. "What's the good? The fellow's got away! He's got the finest necklace in the shop with him, gems worth twenty thousand pounds."

Mr. Bundercombe nodded sympathetically.

"Have you offered a reward yet?"

"We can't do everything in ten minutes!" the manager replied, a little testily. "We shall offer one, of course."

"What amount are you prepared to go to?" Mr. Bundercombe asked.

The man looked at him eagerly.

"Do you mean, sir ——" he began.

Mr. Bundercombe stretched out his hands.

"You may search me!" he interrupted. "I have nothing in the way of jewels on me. My name is Joseph H. Bundercombe and I have a house in Prince's Gardens. This is my son-in-law-to-be, Mr. Walmsley, M. P. for Bedfordshire."

The manager bowed.

"I know you quite well, sir," he said, "and Mr. Walmsley, of course; both he and many of his relatives are valued clients of ours. But about the jewels?"

"What reward do you offer?"

"Five hundred pounds," was the prompt reply; "more, if necessary."

Mr. Bundercombe smiled approvingly.

"Circumstances," he explained, "of a peculiar nature, into which I am quite sure it will suit your purpose not to inquire, have enabled me to claim the reward and to restore to you the jewels."

The manager gripped him by the arm.

"Come into the office at once!" he begged.

We followed him into a little room at the back of the shop. He was trembling all over.

"No questions asked?" Mr. Bundercombe insisted.

"Not the shadow of one!" the manager agreed. "I don't care if—pardon me, sir—if you stole them yourself! The loss of those jewels would do the firm more harm than I can explain to you."

Mr. Bundercombe turned toward me and I produced the case. The manager seized it eagerly, opened it, turned on the electric light and closed the case again with a great sigh of relief. He held out his hand.

"Mr. Bundercombe," he said, "I don't care how you got these. I have been robbed three times and put the matter into the hands of the police—and never recovered a single stone! I'd shake hands with the man who stole them so long as I got them back. How will you have the reward, sir?"

"Notes, if you can manage it," Mr. Bundercombe replied.

The manager went to his safe and counted over notes and gold to the amount of five hundred pounds, which Mr. Bundercombe buttoned up in his pockets.

"I ask you now, sir," he said, "for your word of honor that you will not have us followed or make any further inquiries into this affair."

"It is given—freely given!" the manager promised. "When you leave this establishment I shall turn my back to you. You may hand over the notes to whosoever you like upon the pavement outside and it won't concern me. Nor," he added, "shall I tell the police for at least half an hour that I have the necklace. They deserve a little extra trouble for letting the fellow get away."

Mr. Bundercombe and I left the shop and ascended the stairs leading to the manicure parlor. Rodwell, who had bathed his face and made a complete change of toilet, was pacing up and down the little room. Blanche, too, was there, still pale and weeping.

"Now," Mr. Bundercombe began, as he carefully closed the door behind him, "I told you a few minutes ago I was neither on your side nor on the side of the law. I am about to prove it. I have returned the jewels to Tarteran's, no questions to be asked, and I've got the reward. There you are, young lady!" he added, placing the roll of notes and a handful of gold in her hand. "You have given me a week or so of intense interest and amusement. There is your reward for it. If you want to divide it with your friend it's nothing to do with me. Take it and run along. So far as regards this little establishment the rent is paid for another three months; but, so far as regards my connection with it, I think I needn't explain ——"

"That you've been fooling me!" the girl interrupted, a faint smile at the corners of her lips. "Do you know, sometimes I suspected that you weren't in earnest! And then one day I saw your wife—and I wasn't sure!"

"Good morning!" Mr. Bundercombe said severely. "Come along, Paul!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Photographic Judges

PHOTOGRAPHY failed as a means of deciding winners in the races and other contests at the last Olympic Games, in Stockholm; but, because of that lesson, stereoscopic photographs are proposed as an improvement and are to be tried out in England. At the Stockholm Games photographs were taken of the runners as they reached the tape; but in every instance where the judges differed among themselves as to who was the winner the additional evidence of the camera was not sufficient to bring about an agreement. The only instances where the photographs were assumed to be decisive were those in which the judges agreed with the photographic record anyway.

The trouble was apparently due to lack of stereoscopic effect; so it is now suggested that the pictures be taken by a stereoscopic camera. In other words two pictures are taken together from cameras side by side, so that when the developed prints are put in a stereoscope—like the one which used to be found always on the center table in the parlor—there will be depth to the picture and in consequence it will be possible to determine beyond dispute the exact position of each runner.

An advisory trainer of the British athletes who competed at Stockholm, who has trained many Cambridge university athletes, uses highspeed photography regularly in his training work. Many photographs of runners and jumpers are taken, each exposure being a highspeed snapshot. Then the photographs are examined to see in what way the runner or jumper can improve his style.

It may be found, for instance, that he has acquired a habit of making some motions with his arms that use up little of his strength, yet slightly hinder instead of help his main effort. Motion pictures did not prove of value in these studies, owing to the fact that the ordinary motion-picture camera is not equipped with a highspeed shutter.

The Franklin Six-Thirty

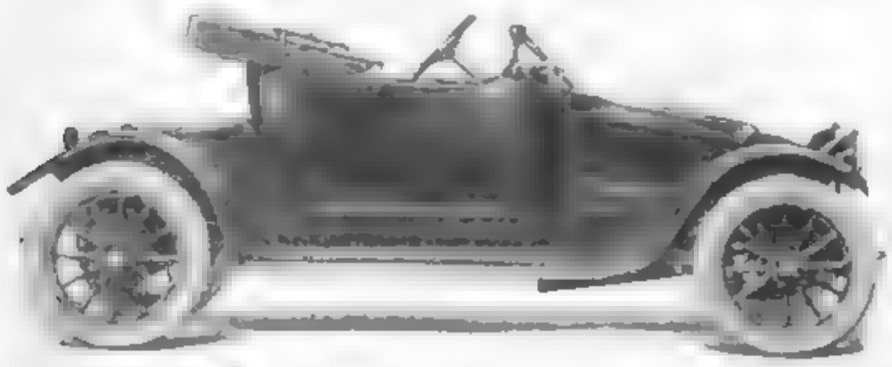
AUTOMOBILE economy is a modern idea. From an expensive luxury to an economical convenience is a big step.

The most economical engine made can never give low cost of operation, if to move a certain number of passengers it also has to move a body and chassis of excessive weight. But an economical engine in a light car, designed to absorb road shocks, will give a low operating cost and comfort that results in the highest total satisfaction.

Tire trouble as it goes today is not an accident; it is a logical result. Anything overloaded is over-strained and gives out. Tires have an elastic limit beyond which it is not safe to work them. The Franklin is so designed that the tires give the same factor of reliability as the other parts of the car. The car, light and resilient, is equipped with large tires. Not only are the tires not overloaded, but they are not pounded because the resilient construction of the car takes up the road shocks.

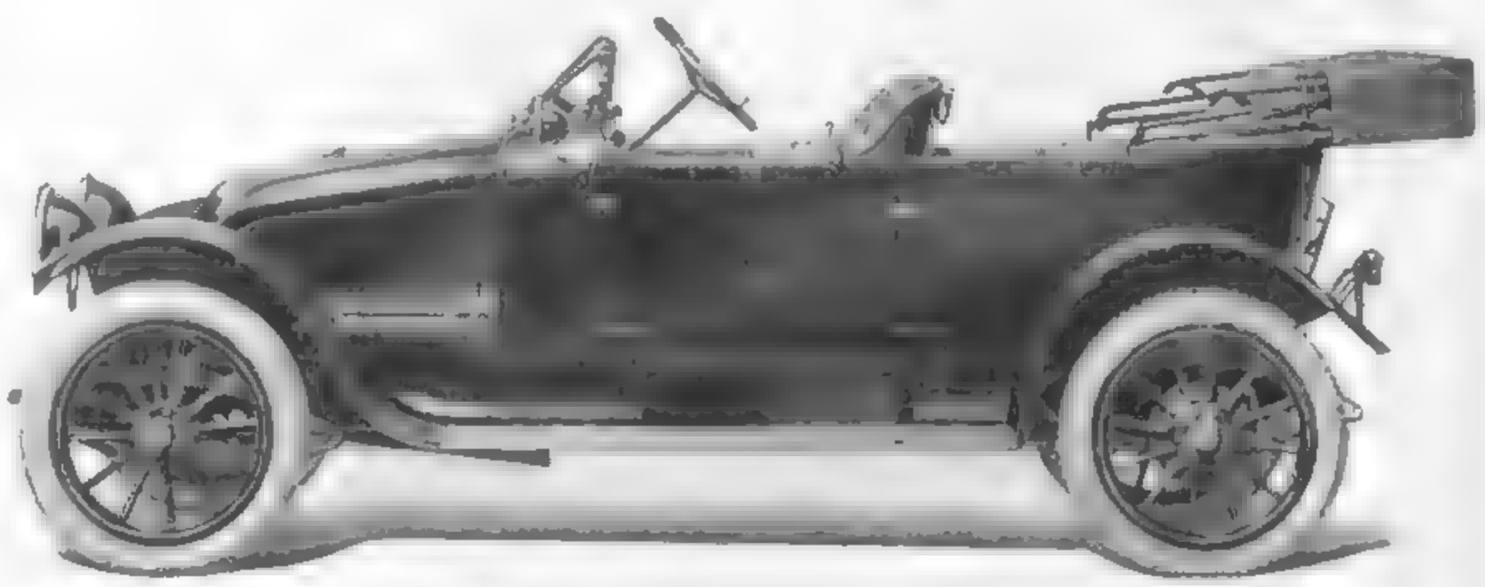
Leaving out the question of operating cost, a light car is best because it is safe, comfortable and easy to drive.

The Franklin Six-Thirty (6 cylinders, 30 horse power) is a light-weight, medium-sized car. Anyone who can afford to buy a good car can afford to run the Six-Thirty. The weight of the five-passenger touring car is 2725 pounds with full equipment. The tires are 4½ inches; wheel base, 120 inches. The wood chassis frame, lighter and stronger than steel, and full-elliptic springs in the front and in the rear, give easy, balanced riding and save the car and tires.



Franklin Six-Thirty Roadster, $2300

Light weight is the foundation for economy. Gasoline mileage, tire mileage and comfort are all intimately connected to weight. Scientific heat treatment of materials makes it possible to secure great strength from comparatively light weight, so that light weight with strength, which means greater ability and greater economy, is largely a matter of design.



Engine and vehicle patented July 2, 1908

Franklin Six-Thirty Five-Passenger Touring, $2300

The Six-Thirty is made with six body styles, all interchangeable on the same chassis. All bodies are aluminum. Prices and weights, fully equipped, are as follows:

Type	Price	Weight
Touring Car	$2300	2725 pounds
Roadster	2300	2630 "
Coupé	2950	2788 "
Sedan	3200	2924 "
Limousine	3300	2979 "
Berlin	3400	3121 "

Prices are f. o. b. Syracuse, N. Y.

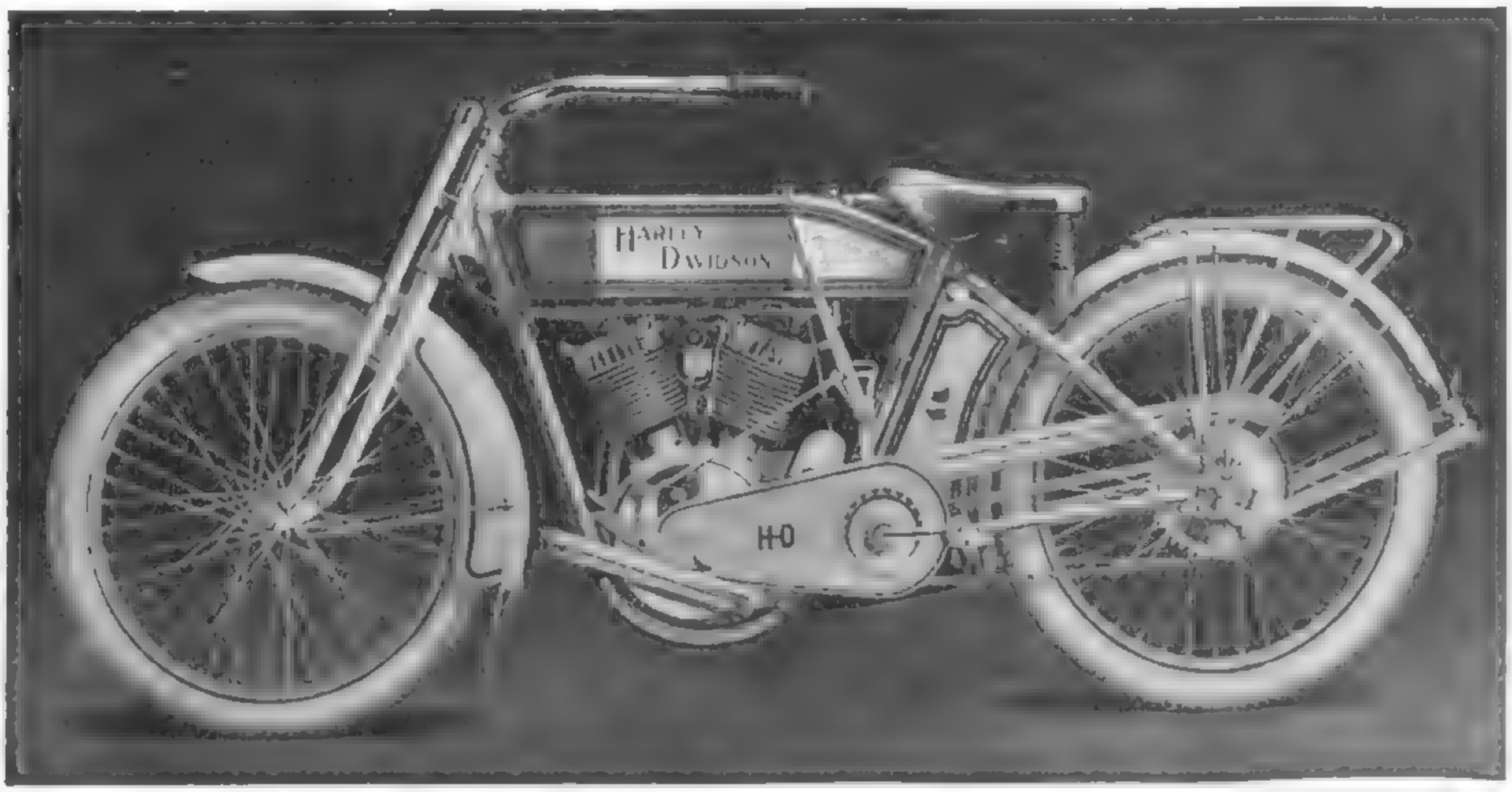
Simplicity in construction and operation are the things to look for in automobile electric starting and lighting systems. The Six-Thirty is equipped with the Entz system. This system consists of a motor-generator, storage battery, switch and wiring, all simple in themselves. The motor-generator is direct driven by a silent chain from the engine crank shaft. Starting the engine is simplicity itself — just throw the switch. There are no gears, pedals or buttons to work and no automatic device of any kind to look after. The switch that controls the starting also controls the magneto. While the switch is "on" the motor cannot stall.

The Franklin direct-cooled motor, requiring no radiator, no belted fan, no water jackets or pump, and, eliminating gears as well as noise and responsibility, makes minimum weight possible. Absence of water and radiator give an "all-year-around" service, with no freezing or leaking troubles. The Sirocco fan flywheel creates a vacuum beneath the cylinders, causing a large volume of fresh air to rush in over the cylinder flanges, literally wiping the heat away. Direct cooling, by decreasing complications and weight, increases reliability.

Franklin dealers everywhere are showing the car.

Catalogue sent to any address.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Syracuse, New York



1914 Harley-Davidson

Has Practically Every Desirable Feature to be Found in the Motorcycle Field and in Addition it is the Only Motorcycle with the Step-Starter—Double Clutch Control—Ful-Floteing Seat and Free Wheel Control

The Only Motorcycle with a Step-Starter

The step-starter, in case of an accidental stalling of the motor, does away with the necessity of getting off in the mud or holding up traffic while the rider finds a level place on which to lift or lurch the machine onto the stand in order that he may pedal the motor to start it. Instead, the rider sits in the saddle and gives either pedal a downward push—then the step-starter does its work and the motor again begins to throb.

Only Motorcycle with Double Clutch Control

The clutch can be operated either by hand lever or by a pedal lever convenient to the foot. It is no longer necessary to remove either hand from the handle-bars in order to operate the clutch, a decided advantage when negotiating sand, mud or rough roads.

Only Motorcycle with a Ful-Floteing Seat

A device which assimilates all the jars, jolts and vibration due to rough roads, etc.

It is the Motorcycle with Automobile Control

The brake, the clutch and the step-starter can all be operated by the feet, leaving only the spark and throttle for hand operation, making the control the same as that of the highest priced automobile.

It is the Motorcycle with a Protected Selective Two-Speed

A two-speed that the rider can shift from low to high or high to low or neutral at any time whether the machine is standing still or in motion. A two-speed that shifts only when the rider shifts it. A two-speed that is located in the rear hub away from dirt, dust or damage and withal the most efficient two-speed ever manufactured.

Then there are the Free Wheel Control, Folding Foot Boards and nearly forty other refinements which help to make the Harley-Davidson the greatest motorcycle value ever offered.

We tell all about these many improvements in our advance folder which will be sent on request.

More Dealers for 1914.

We have again this year increased our output over a million dollars and this increase gives us an opportunity to add to our organization additional dealers who are in a position to render the Harley-Davidson riders service. We have no openings, however, for "rider agents" or curb-stone brokers. We have just issued a booklet entitled "Dealers Who Have Made Good." It contains a number of human interest stories taken from real life—stories of red-blooded men who saw an opportunity and grasped it.

There is the story of a successful salesman who was tired of the road and wanted a business of his own;—the story of the automobile dealer who secured a new lease on life;—the story of the successful hardware dealer who became even more successful. It is the story of an out-of-door life in which some men have found their way to wealth. It is the gripping story of an industry which numbers among its dealers thousands of successes.

We want you to get this little book and read it carefully, for what these men have done others can and will do again. Perhaps your locality is one in which we need a dealer to partially complete our National service to riders. If so, this booklet will interest you deeply.

Each season for the past five years we have been obliged to turn down many dealers who have responded too late. We have no reason to believe this year will be an exception. Write today stating whether you wish the advance folder describing various models or booklet "Dealers Who Have Made Good."

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR COMPANY, 368 B Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Producers of High Grade Motorcycles for More than Twelve Years

THE BUCKLED BAG

(Continued from Page 15)

showed a distaste for the excursion that was understandable enough under the circumstances. Other things puzzled me, however her unwillingness to see Mr. Plummer was one. Yet she sat for hours looking at his picture. I suspected, too, that her maid was closely in her confidence. More than once I caught a glance of understanding between them. Sometimes I wondered if she was quite normal—not insane, of course, but with some queer mental bias.

Outwardly everything was calm. She lay or sat in her fairylike room, with flowers all about her. Her color was coming back. In her soft negligees she looked flowerlike herself. The picture was quite complete a lovely convalescent; a starched and capped nurse; a maid in black and white; flowers; order; decorum; with a lover hovering in the background. But the nurse was making notes that were not of symptoms on her record, the maid was not clever enough to mask her air of mystery, and the lover paced back and forth downstairs waiting for a word that never came.

On the day following my excursion with Mr. Patton, going into my own room unexpectedly, I found Hortense, the maid, in my clothes closet. She made profuse apologies and backed out. She had been looking, she said, for a frock that had been mislaid. I did not believe her.

After she had gone I made a careful examination of the closet. A row of my white linen dresses hung there, my street clothes, my mackintosh. In a far end, where I had placed them the night she arrived, were the ragged garments in which Clare had come home. I locked my door and, taking them out, went over them carefully.

There was a worn black skirt, rather short; a ragged and filthy waist of poor material and carelessly made, put together by hand with large stitches and coarse thread. The undergarments were similarly sewed. They might have come from just such a place as the house in Brickyard Road. The skirt was different. Though ragged, it was wellmade, and it had been shortened. It had been altered at the top, too, I decided—the belt taken off and put on again inside out.

I found something just then. On the inside of the belt was woven the name of one of the leading tailors in the city. I thought over that a while. The skirt could hardly belong to Brickyard Road. It seemed to me that this was a valuable clew. Also it seemed to me that Hortense knew this also, and that there was no time to be lost.

The situation was put up to me that day in an unexpected fashion. Mr. Patton slipped on the first ice of the season and injured the leg that had been hurt before. He was almost wild with vexation.

"Just keep wide awake," he wrote me by special delivery, "and send me the usual daily bulletins. If anything very important happens come round and see me. The people we saw are being watched. If you meet the blond chap follow him until you get a chance to telephone. I'll send some one to relieve you. We haven't got it all yet by any means."

It rather knocked my plans, especially as I could tell by the shaky writing that he was suffering when he wrote the letter. It seemed to me that for a day or so I should have to get along alone.

At least I could do something—I could perhaps trace the skirt.

I had been in the March house now for eight weeks and had had practically no time off. When I asked for two hours Mrs. March offered me the remainder of the day. I took it; I was glad to get it.

I took the skirt along, carrying it out quite calmly under Hortense's not too friendly eyes. I thought it probable she would miss it, but I could see no other way. I wanted to identify the skirt. If it had been made for Clare her story of having had all her clothing taken away from her fell to shreds. If it had not I meant to trace it. And trace it I did that autumn afternoon while the dead leaves in the park made crackling eddies under the trees; while the wind held me back at every corner; while fashionable women donned the first furs of the season and sallied forth to the tailors for their winter garments. I, too, went to a tailor.

I dare say I was not fashionable enough to be worth while. It was a long time before I received attention and my few hours were flying. When at last the manager turned to me I indicated my bundle.

"I want to trace a skirt that was made here," I began. "Your name is on the belt. It is very important."

"But, madam," he said, "we cannot give any information that concerns our customers."

"This is vitally important."

"It would be impossible. We turn out a great many costumes. We keep no record of the styles."

"There is a number on the belt."

I believe he suspected me of divorce proclivities. He held out both hands, palm up.

"Madam surely understands—it is impossible!"

I turned over the lapel of my coat and he saw a badge that Mr. Patton had given me. He had said:

"Don't use it unless you need to; but when the time comes flash it!"

I flashed it. I got my information within ten minutes, but it did not help at first. He gave me the name of the woman for whom it had been made. I had never heard of her—a Mrs. Kershaw.

"You are quite positive?"

"Positive, madam. The number is distinct. Also one of the skirtmakers recalls—it was part of a trousseau a year or so ago."

A sort of lust of investigation seized me. I had started the thing and I would see it out. With a new deference the tailor handed me my rewrapped bundle and saw me to the door.

"No trouble with the Kershaws, I hope?" he said.

"None whatever," I answered at random. "She gave the skirt away and I am tracing it."

That was it, of course. I said it first and believed it afterward. She had given the skirt away.

It took an hour and a half of my shortening afternoon to locate and interview Mrs. Kershaw. She was quite affable. I did not show my badge—it was not necessary. I made up a story about some stolen goods, with this skirt among them. She was anxious to help, she said, but ——

"I hardly remember," she said. "I gave away a lot of my wedding clothes—the styles changed so quickly. Why, I remember exactly what I did with that! I gave it to the Fräulein—Fraulein Schlenker. But stolen goods! She's the honestest old soul in the world."

"She is old then?"

"Oh, yes—quite. Such a quaint little figure. She taught me at boarding school, but she grew too old. Poor Fräulein Julie!"

My lips were dry. Julie!

"Would you mind describing the Fräulein, Mrs. Kershaw?"

"You do not suspect her of anything?"

"No, indeed; but I should like to find her."

"Well, she is a little thing, stooped and lame. She hurt her ankle after I knew her first. She is very saving—we all thought she was rich; but I believe not. There's a brother, or some one, that she helps. She wears a rusty black bonnet with jet on it, and a queer old wrap; and—oh, yes—she always carries the same bag—a foreign one, with buckles. I really think the bag was the reason we thought she was wealthy. It seemed such a secure affair."

Julie, then, was my little old lady of the dining room and the garden door! And there was more than that—the school was the school from which Clare had graduated.

"Have you seen the Fräulein lately?"

"We have been away all summer. She may have called. I'll ask."

The little old lady had not called, however. I got her address. It seemed to me that things were closing up.

It was quite dark when I left the Kershaw house. It was very cold and I was hungry; but excitement would not let me eat. I was getting my first zest for this new game I was playing, and I was losing my shrinking horror of spying into affairs that were not my own. It seemed to me that my cause was just; for if Clare March had not been incarcerated in the Brickyard Road house she might still, out of terror of the truth, insist that she had been. Hysterical young women had done such things before. I held no brief for the family in Brickyard Road; but if they were innocent they were not to suffer. I was after the truth, and I felt

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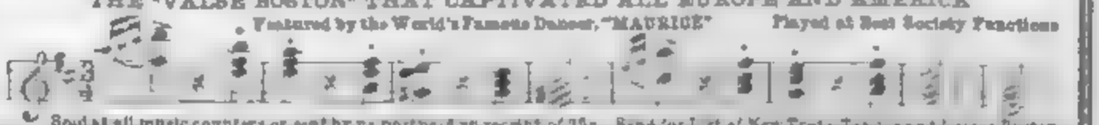
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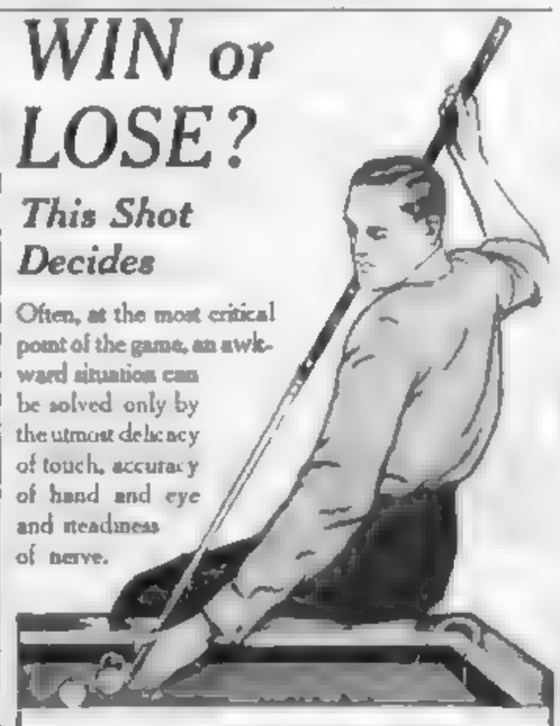

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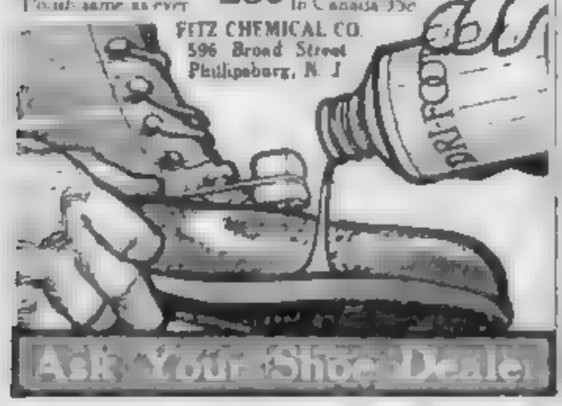

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that I should get it. I had no course of action mapped out. I wanted to confront the little old lady—I got no farther.

It was seven o'clock when I reached the house. I had crossed the city again. I was empty and shivering with cold, and I still carried the parcel under my arm. For the first time that day I was nervous. The fear of failure assailed me. I used to have the same feeling when I had charge of the operating room and a strange surgeon was about to operate. Would he want silk or catgut? What solutions did he use? Would the assistant get there in time to lay out the instruments? So now with the Fräulein—would she deny the skirt? If she did, should I accuse her of the night visit to the March house? Or of the letter in the buckled bag?

The house was a small one on a by-street, a comfortable two-story brick, with a wooden stoop and a cheerful glow through the curtains of a vestibule door. The woman who answered my ring was clearly the mistress. She wore a white apron and there was an agreeable odor of cooking food in the air.

"Fräulein Schlenker?" she said. "Yes; she made her home here. She is not here now."

"Can't you tell me where I may find her?" She hesitated.

"I don't know exactly. We've been anxious about her lately. She went away for a vacation about two months ago. Did you want to see her about renting the house in Brickyard Road?"

For just a minute I distinctly saw two white aprons and two vestibule doors!

"Yes," I said as coolly as I could. "When—when will it be empty?"

"It is empty," she replied. "I hardly know what to do. She's been anxious to rent it; but now that she's away and no word from her —— Would you like the key?"

The empty house in Brickyard Road!

"If I might have it."

"You'll return it soon, won't you?" She went into the hall and got a key from the drawer of a table. "She'll do anything that's reasonable—paper the lower floor and fix the roof. It's a nice little house." I took the key, still rather dazed. "It's a growing neighborhood out that way," she went on, evidently eager to do her roomer a good turn. "Some of these days that street will be paved." She had an air of doubt; she was clearly divided between eagerness and trepidation. "You'll be sure to return the key?"

"I'll have it back here tomorrow."

She watched me down the street, still vaguely uneasy. I tried to make my back honest, to step as one who walks the straight and narrow path. I had a feeling that she might suddenly change her mind and pursue me, commanding the return of the key. I hardly breathed until I had turned a corner.

I got something to eat at the first restaurant I saw. I needed food and time to think. I meant at first to telephone Mr. Patton. As I grew warmer and less fatigued I decided to go on alone. It was my first case; I wanted to make good—frankly I desired Mr. Patton's approval, and something he had said to me once came back.

"In this business," he said, "there are times when two's a crowd." I remembered that.

I ate deliberately. I never hurry with my food—I've seen too many stomachs treated like coal-cellars on the first cold day of fall. And as I ate, the key lay before me on the cloth. It had a yellow tag tied to it, indorsed in a small, neat script, very German.

"Key to the house in Brickyard Road," it said. "Kitchen door."

I had, at the best, about two hours and a half when I left the restaurant. That meant a taxicab. I counted my money. I had thirteen dollars. It would surely be enough.

Brickyard Road lay a square or two away from where I alighted. I retained the cab—out there in that potter's field of dead-and-gone real-estate hopes it was a tie with the living world. Its lamps made a comfortable glow. The chauffeur was broad-shouldered. I turned back and borrowed a box of matches from him. I have often wondered since what he thought.

The house Mr. Patton and I had examined was dimly lighted, as before. I passed it at a safe distance. The empty house, that was the only other building in Brickyard Road, was my destination. The two houses were alike—clearly built by the same builder. Only the courage of an idea took me on. In the lighted house the crone was singing—a maudlin voice. Some one was walking along the rickety boardwalk round the place—a step and a tap, a step and a tap—the one-legged man, of course.

There is something horrible about an empty house at night. A house is an intimate place; its every emanation is human. Life has begun and ended in it. Thoughts are things, I have always believed—things that leave their mark.

I had such a feeling about the little house in Brickyard Road. I was very nervous. The other house was near enough to be dangerous—too far away to be company. I felt terribly alone. There was not even starlight. I stumbled and fumbled along, feeling my way by the side of the house to the rear. There was a dispute going on next door. The crone had ceased singing. Some one broke a bottle with a crash.

I found the kitchen door at last. To reach it I had to go through a wooden shed. In the safety of the shed I struck a match and found the keyhole. The key turned easily. As I opened the door a breath of musty air greeted me and blew out my match. The thick darkness closed down on me like a veil; I was frightened.

It was a moment or two before I could light a fresh match, and it took more than that for me to survey the kitchen. It had been in use not very long before. There was a kettle on the stove and a few odds and ends of dishes in orderly stacks on an upturned box. And there was a loaf of bread, covered with gray-green mold. There was no table, no chair—only, in a corner, there was a cot bed, neatly made up. I remember distinctly the comfort of discovering that orderly bed, with a log-cabin quilt spread over it.

My match went out, but the box was almost full. I was not uneasy now. The peace of the log-cabin quilt was on my soul. I found a smoky lamp with a very little oil in it, and lighted it. My nerves are pretty good. I've laid out more than one body in the mortuary at night and alone. I was not going to be daunted by an empty house. Nevertheless the glow of the lamp was comforting. I put down my bundle and went into the front room.

I had a real fright there. Something shadowy stood in the center of the room, moving very slightly. I almost dropped the lamp. I had a patient once who used to say her heart "dropped a stitch." Mine did. Then I saw that it was a woman's black dress hanging to a gas fixture and moving in the air from the open kitchen door.

I began to feel uneasy. What if the house were inhabited? Certainly it had been occupied recently. I dare say I move softly by habit, but I doubled my ordinary caution. I wanted to get away, but I wanted more than that. I wanted desperately to see whether there was a steel engraving of the Landing of the Pilgrims in the attic room over the kitchen. If I was right—if in this house Clare March had been imprisoned—if her detail of the house next door was merely what she had gained from a window—what was the meaning of it all? Where was Julie? If I knew anything this old black silk swaying in the air belonged to her.

Not, of course, that I reasoned this all out. I felt it partly; for the next moment I heard a door open at the top of the stairs. I blew out the lamp instantly, but a sort of paralysis of fright kept me from flight. I could have made it. The stairs, like the house next door, were closed off with a door—a dash past this door and I should have been in the kitchen; but I hesitated, and it was too late. The steps were at the lower door.

Now and then since that evening I have a nightmare, and it is always the same. I am standing in a dark room and there are stealthy steps drawing nearer and nearer. At last the thing comes toward me; I can hear it; but there is nothing to see. And then it touches me with ice-cold hands—and I waken with a scream. I frightened a nervous patient almost into convulsions once with that dream of mine.

The darkness was terrible. Behind me the dress swayed, touched me. I almost fainted. The staircase door did not open immediately. I wondered frantically what was standing and waiting there. It showed my abnormal mental condition when it occurred to me that perhaps the old woman, Julie—perhaps she was dead, and that this on the staircase was she again, come back. I almost dropped the lamp.

I braced myself against I knew not what when I heard the door opening. Whoever it was, was listening, I felt sure. Through the open kitchen door came the sound of

singing from next door and of some one hammering on a table in time. It covered my gasping breaths, I dare say. The stair door opened wider and some one stepped down into the tiny passage. We were perhaps eight feet apart.

I lived a century, waiting to hear which way the footsteps turned. They went toward the kitchen, still stealthily, with a caution that was more terrible than curses. I had a moment's respite then, and I felt my way toward the front door. If the key was there I might yet escape. I found the door. The key was gone. Even in that moment of frenzy I knew where the key was—in the buckled bag at the police station. I was trapped!

There were various sounds now from the kitchen—a match struck, and a wavering search, probably for the lamp I held; then a dim but steady light, as though from a candle, followed by the cautious lifting of stovelids and much rustling of paper. The paper reminded me of something—my bundle lay on the cot!

I knew the exact moment when it was discovered. I heard it torn open and I shivered in the silence that followed. Then the candle went out and there was complete silence again; but this time it was the quiet of strained ears and quickened senses. I dream of that, too, sometimes—of a silence that is a horror.

I dared not move a muscle. I felt that if I relaxed I should stagger. I breathed with only the upper part of my lungs. Then, very slowly, there was movement in the next room—a step and then another. It was coming. While the light was burning I had been terrified by something desperate, but at least quick with life. Now, in the darkness, it became disembodied horror again! It came slowly but inevitably, and directly toward me. I tried to move, but I could not. The black dress moved in the air; a chill breath blew on me. Then, out of the black void all round, a cold hand touched my cheek. I must have collapsed without a sound.

VIII

WHEN I came to I was lying on the floor of the empty room, with the black dress swaying above me. There was a faint light in the room. By turning my head I saw that it came from the kitchen. Some one was moving quickly there; there was a rattle of china. A moment later a figure appeared in the doorway and peered in.

"Are you awake, Miss Adams?"

It was Clare! I struggled to a sitting position and stared at her.

"Was it—you—before?" I asked.

"Yes. Don't talk about it just now. I have a fire going and soon we can have some tea. I think you are almost frozen—and I know I am."

It was curious to see how our positions had been reversed. And there was a change in Clare—she was almost cheerful. She helped me out into the kitchen and on to the cot, and then busied herself about the room.

"I am sure there is tea somewhere," she said. "Julie was always making tea."

She was dressed for the street—suit and hat and furs. She tried to make talk as she moved about the room, but the really vital things of the evening she avoided. She fussed with the fire, filled the kettle afresh from a hydrant outside, rinsed out two cups, found tea, searched for sugar. And still her eyes had not met mine.

She found me staring at an engraving that lay on the floor, however, and she dropped her artificial manner.

"The Landing of the Pilgrims!" she said gravely. "I was going to burn it."

The sounds in the next house died away. The kettle on the stove began to boil cheerfully. The little room grew bright with firelight. Clare drew the box before the cot and poured two steaming cups of tea.

"We will drink our tea," she said, "and then I shall tell you, Miss Adams. I am very happy tonight—I have only one grief."

What that was she did not say. She had found a box of biscuits and opened it. She took very little herself. She was plainly intent on making up to me for my fright. She seemed to bear me no malice for being there. It was not until I had drained my cup that she put hers down.

"Now we'll begin," she said, and took off her jacket. Next she drew up the sleeve of the soft blouse she wore beneath and held out her arm for me to see. I gave a shocked exclamation.

"Cocaine!" she said briefly. "The other arm is also scarred. I got it first at school for toothache." I could not say anything; I only stared. "But that's all over now," she went on briskly. "Today I have—but I'll tell you about that later. I knew there was only one way out, Miss Adams—to do it myself. Father and mother would have helped me, of course; but it would have been their will, not mine. I had to educate my own will to be strong enough. Oh, I'd thought it all out. And then—I did not want them to know. Even now, when I know it's over, I'm afraid to have them know. I've lied to keep it from them; but the detective knew it wasn't true."

She told me the whole story eagerly, frankly. It was clearly a relief. She had made her plans that summer and made them thoroughly. She had tried before and failed. This time there was the great incentive—she wished to marry.

"I wanted to bring children into the world, Miss Adams," she said. "I should not have dared—the way things were. All summer I tried and broke over. I was almost crazy. Then I got a letter from Julie—she had been my German teacher at school and I was fond of her. She had been taking care of an insane brother, who had died. She wanted to work again. Poor Julie!

"I thought she could help me. I knew it would be hard, though I didn't know—well, I wrote her the whole story and told her my plan. I had been here to see the brother with her; I knew the house. I asked her to send out after night for just enough to keep us going for a time. I did not want the house opened. I thought there would be a hue and cry and they might trace me to Julie."

"Your father and mother said they knew of no one named Julie."

"They would have known of her as Fräulein Schlenker. They had never seen her. I came to the city, bought some blankets and a book or two, and came out here. She was here and partly settled. She was against the plan even then; but I showed her my arms and she knew it was desperate. I had a supply of cocaine—I had got it in town. I was to have it—I should have died without—but she was to reduce the quantity. I locked myself in and gave her the key."

"You had been getting the cocaine from the man with the blond hair?"

"Yes. He was in a pharmacy at first—where I got the prescription filled. He suspected me after a time. When he lost his position he still got it for me. I met him wherever I could—on the street, in the park, anywhere; but generally we met by the Embankment. He robbed me, I think. I owed him a great deal finally. He took to bothering me about it. It used up all my allowance and more.

"I gave Julie the cocaine; and she was to reduce it—a little at a time. I suffered the tortures of the lost, Miss Adams—but perhaps you know. There were many days when I wanted to kill myself; and once Julie tied my hands behind my back. She was wonderful—wonderful! I owe it all to her. I was lost, Miss Adams—I would lie, steal, almost murder, to get the cocaine. I lived for it."

"All this was here in this house?"

"Upstairs—in the back room one window looked out over a field and could be kept unshuttered. I chose it. Besides, the fire from below heated it. We had only a little coal left in the cellar, and we could get none. Julie went out after night and did our buying. It—it all took longer than I had thought. I planned for a month. It was more than that. We were running out of money. At the end of five weeks we were desperate—and I sent Julie to the house."

I remembered that well enough! But I did not interrupt.

"Father always gave me the fees from directors' meetings; and, as they were in gold, I dropped them under the cushion of a silver box on my dressing table. Sometimes there would be several; most of them went eventually to—to the man I spoke of. Before we went away in the summer I had put some there; I could not remember how many—my mind was hazy—but I was sure there was perhaps fifty dollars. I had my own house keys with me and I gave Julie the key to the garden door. She was terribly frightened, but we were desperate. She got in without any trouble and got it. There was forty dollars."

I remembered something.

"Forty dollars and a book," I said, smiling.

"Forty dollars and a book—was it yours? The day came when she told me I had had no cocaine for a week. I was faint and dizzy, but I wrote a line to father and mother. I shouldn't have written it. It could never be

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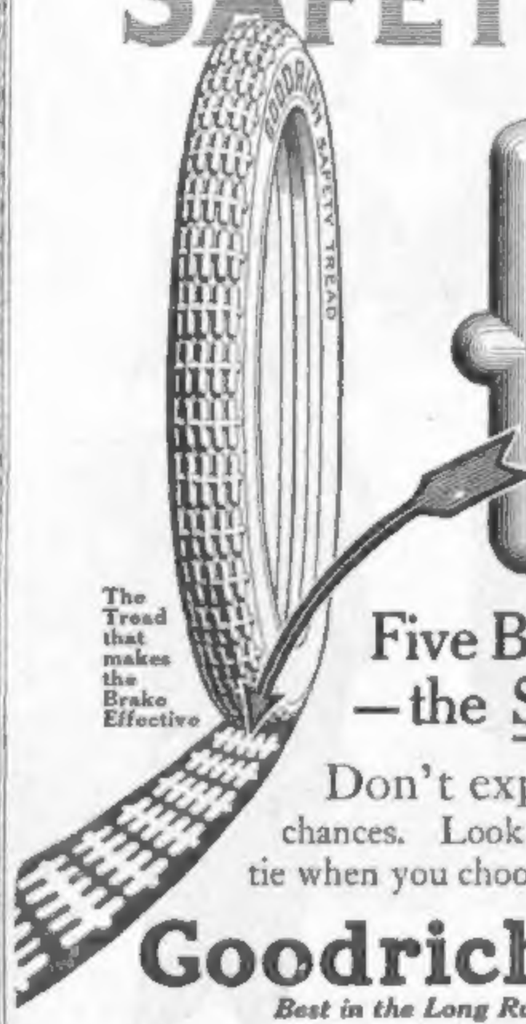

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The B. F. Goodrich Co.
Factories: AKRON, OHIO

Branches in All Principal Cities

Do You Buy Your Meat From The Banker?

Of course not, you say.

But every time you buy a pound of steak or roast you are contributing to the banker as well as to the cattle breeder, the feeder, the packer, the commission man, and the retail butcher.

Because 42 per cent of the cost of producing a four-year-old steer for market goes into interest charges on the money invested.

It's 42 per cent because the cattle man on the great ranges of the Southwest has to pay 8 per cent when he borrows money from the bank.

If he could get his money for 4 per cent the carrying charge would be cut in half.

And meat would cost you—the consumer—less.

Cheaper Money—Cheaper Beef

is one of the big stories you can't afford to miss in next week's issue of

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Five Cents the Copy of all Newsdealers $1.50 the Year by Mail

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

reconciled with anything but the truth, and I was morbid about that. They were never to know. I did not want Mr. Plummer to know—I thought he would never trust me again. But I wrote it and Julie took it out. She never came back—and I was locked in, upstairs!"

"She never came back!"

"She was killed—struck by an automobile. I thought—didn't the detective know that? He had her bag."

So my little old lady was dead after all! I was sorry. What a spirit she had!

"I was locked in," Clare was saying. "I waited—and she did not come. I had not eaten for a day or so before, and there were two days and a night without even water. I was so desperate that I tried to call the other house; but the old woman had hurt herself, and there was no one about outside. I tried to break down the door. There was a panel in it—for the brother who was crazy. I could almost reach the key on the nail outside. The last day I think I was delirious. The key made faces at me through the panel. I told you, didn't I, about getting out of the window?"

"Yes. When did you learn about Julie?"

"The night I went home. I went down to the library and searched the newspapers. I felt that she had been hurt. As soon as I was strong enough I slipped away from the house; and—they were going to give her a pauper burial. I pawned a ring and, at least, she did not have that."

She broke down, after keeping up bravely for so long. I gathered from broken sentences her terrible fear of having the facts known; her despair over the tissue of falsehood and truth that she had told Mr. Patton; her fear of seeing her lover again until she was sure of herself; her grief for Julie's death and her self-accusation of it; her terror that day when Hortense had been able to discover in my closet only a part of the clothing she had worn. But after a time she looked up, smiling through her tears.

"I am really only crying over Julie," she said. "The rest is—all gone, Miss Adams. I am cured—really cured! Today I sat for an hour with a bottle of cocaine beside me, and—I did not touch it!"

That was my first case for Mr. Patton; and, though I really discovered nothing that Clare would not have told eventually herself, he was kind enough to say some very pleasant things.

"Though," he said, wincing as he tried to move his foot, "courage carried to the nth power is often foolishness! What possessed you to go to that house alone?"

"I wanted to locate the Landing of the Pilgrims."

He leaned back and looked up at me, smiling.

"Curiosity!" he said. "That was the only quality I was afraid you lacked." He took an envelope from the stand at his elbow and held it out.

"Your check, as per agreement."

"I don't want money, Mr. Patton. I—don't think I am silly; but I had my reward—if I deserved one, which, of course, I don't—when I saw Mr. Plummer's eyes last night. She went straight into his arms."

"You won't take the check?"

"No, thank you."

"Then I'll bank it for you. We are going to have some interesting cases together, Miss Adams, but I wish you were back here to look after me. There's a spineless creature here who lets me bully her. Do you know—you're a queer woman! Taking as remuneration the sight of a young girl going into her lover's arms!"

"I've taken most of my pleasures and all of my sentiment vicariously for a number of years," I retorted. "And, even if it's the other person's, sentiment one has to have!"

"Yes," said Mr. Patton, looking at me curiously. "Sentiment one has to have!"

The bag is before me as I write. There are two keys—one to the house in Brickyard Road; the other to the garden door at the March home. The lavender envelope is there and its note from the blond youth—simply explained, as are all confusing things when one has a key. The envelope had contained the vial of cocaine that Clare took with her on her flight, and had come, of course, from the pharmacy clerk. I never examined the clipping carefully until today. It is curious to locate one's mental blind-spot. I had read it many times.

The reverse is an advertisement for the cure of the drug habit.

(THE END)

BLUE LABEL KETCHUP

Keeps After Opening

FROM the gathering, selecting and thoroughly washing of the red-ripe tomatoes—the slight cooking so that the true tomato taste is retained, accentuated by addition of pure, delicate spices—to the filling, corking and capping of the sterilized bottles, *every* step taken is with extreme care and under the strict surveillance of experts. All this tends towards making

BLUE LABEL KETCHUP

Delicious—Appetizing—Satisfying

Contains only those ingredients Recognized and Endorsed by the U. S. Government

Our other products, Soups, Jams, Jellies, Preserves, Meats, Canned Fruits, and Vegetables, you will find equally as pleasing as Blue Label Ketchup.

Our booklet of "Original Menus" is full of suggestions for dinners and dainty luncheons. Write for it today, giving your grocer's name and mentioning this weekly.

Curtice Brothers Co.
Rochester, N. Y.

TRADE Roodles MARK

A new game by the author of Flinch and said to be better

The most elaborately and artistically designed card game ever published. Each card beautifully illustrated in colors.

Great for two players, Still better for more.

Embodies a combination of luck and skill which delights children and fascinates experts. You'll like Roodles—it's irresistible.

Order today of your Dealer, or Postpaid from us, price 50¢

Your money back if not satisfied.

Write for sample cards and Rules FREE.

Flinch Card Co., 124 Burdick St., Kalamazoo, Mich.
"Sole Publishers of Flinch, Roodles, etc."

A GOOD POSITION

with UNCLE SAM is most desirable. Life positions, pleasant surroundings, good pay, steady work, short hours, promotions on merit. Both sexes. No political pull. Thousands of appointments yearly. Thorough preparation $5. Returned if not appointed. Full information and questions used by the Civil Service Commission free.

AMERICAN CIVIL SERVICE SCHOOL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Buy it today—
Use it tonight—
Penslar Buttermilk Cerate

Today!

Get acquainted with *Penslar* Toilet Preparations

Defend your complexion!—against the bite of winter wind, cold and sleet. Penslar Buttermilk Cerate—*a compound of buttermilk and cerates*—is Nature's great ally in keeping your skin clear, healthful and beautiful. It is a wonderfully efficient skin cream—to be gently massaged into your complexion before retiring.

Another excellent defensive measure is Penslar Vanishing Cream—a delightful peroxide cream for use before going outdoors.

These are but two from the attractive line of Penslar products, covering nearly every toilet need of the discriminating woman. You will find them exclusively at

Penslar Stores—Everywhere

Penslar Stores are those select drug stores whose dominant lines comprise the Penslar products—and whose character, reliability, high professional standing and good storekeeping methods, have made them eligible to display the Penslar sign, by which you and *everyone* may know and find them. There is a Penslar store near you. Look for this sign on door or window.

Sylvodora (Woodland Odors)—the wonderful brand of exquisite perfumes, toilet waters, soaps and powders carried in Penslar Stores—

comprises Lilaflor, Violaflor, Gardenflor, Cyclamen des Alpes and eight other perfumes; toilet waters of the same twelve enticing odors; toilet soaps at 25 and 50 cents; a face powder practically invisible on the skin, giving natural beauty; and toilet powders—Rosatalc, Violatalc and Lilatalc—in unique glass flasks, at 50 cents.

After-shaving suggestion to men

You'll find Penslar After-Shaving Lotion, Sylvodora Lilac Vegetal and the Sylvodora powders refreshing—and an excellent means of keeping the skin clear and healthful.

$1.00 "Get-acquainted" Packet—50 cents

For a short time only, every Penslar store will sell our popular dollar packet, Sylvodora Toilette Petite—at 50 cents,—in order to make your *immediate* acquaintance. It contains a *50 cent* cake of Sylvodora soap and utility sizes in Sylvodora perfume, toilet water and powder—convenient for guest room or traveling bag. *If your Penslar Store is not quite near enough* send 50 cents (stamps or coin) to the Peninsular Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich. In Canada the Penslar line is manufactured at Walkerville, Ont.

Penslar and Sylvodora products are sold exclusively by

Penslar

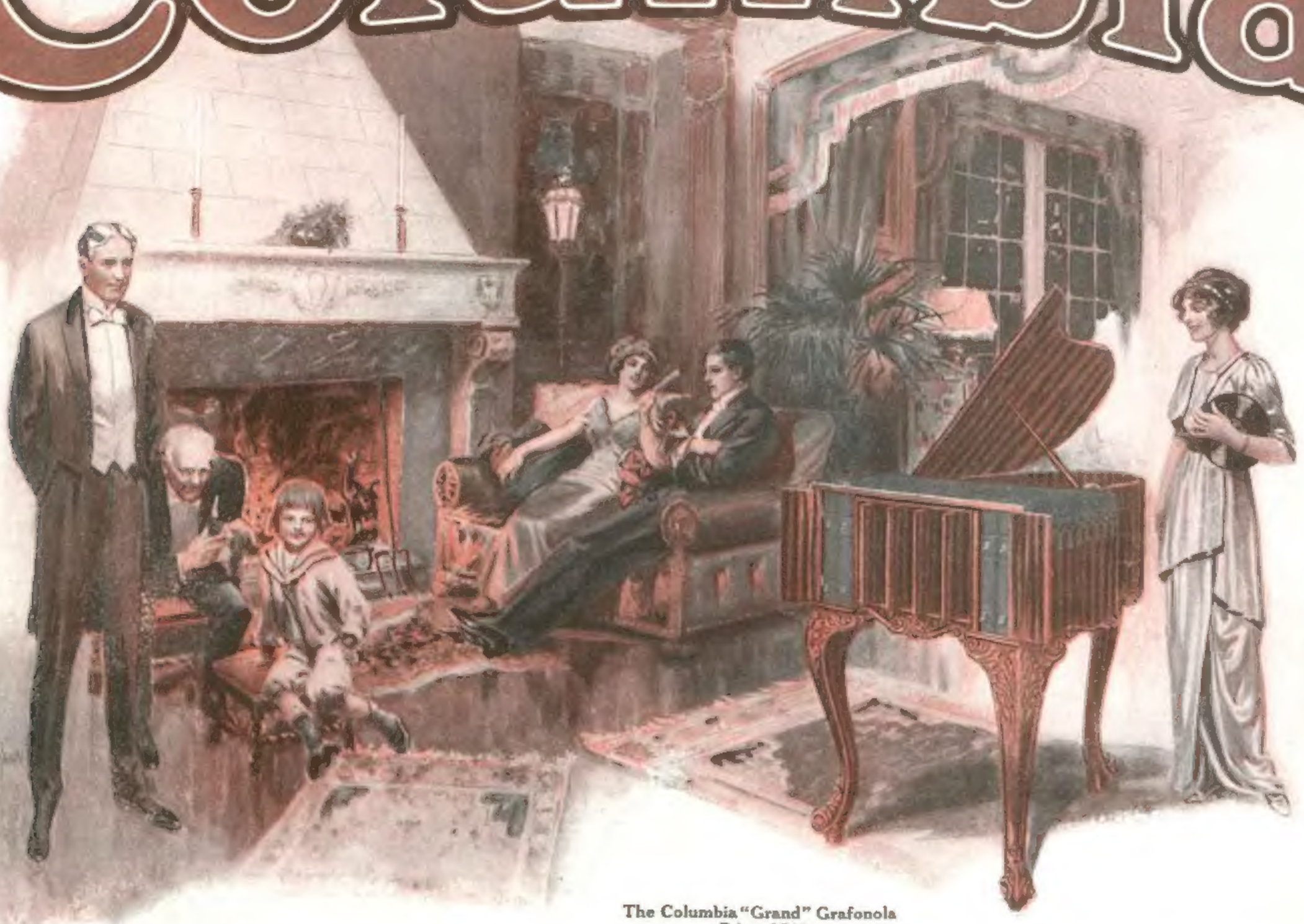
(The Sign of a Good Drug Store)

Stores—Everywhere

The Penslar Products shown here are:
Almond and Cucumber Cream
Buttermilk Cerate *Vanishing Face Cream*
Lilac Talcum Powder
Snowatilla
Lilac Face Cream

The Sylvodora Products shown here are:
Toilet Waters—Violaflor, Lilaflor, Rose, Lucuflor, Azuraflor, Lilac, Violet
Perfume—Lilaflor
Powder—Sylvodora Face Powder, Rosatalc

Columbia



The Columbia "Grand" Grafonola
Price, $500

65 cents each is the price of 1000 different 10-inch double-disc Columbia Records. Others from 75 cents to $7.50.

***OUR GUARANTEE*—Quality, tone, reproduction and durability absolutely unexcelled.**

Columbia
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Ask for catalog of Records; also of Columbia Grafonolas from $25. to $500.

***IMPORTANT NOTICE*— All Columbia Records can be used on *your* disc talking machine** (if any standard make).

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